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GOVERNMENT BY IMPULSE

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I

THE American people love their orators. No other people flock as we do to hear sonorous sentences, well rounded periods, plausible epigrams, multiplied alliteration, and picturesque metaphors. Nowhere else is a resonant voice so potent as in America. Where else in the world, and in history, could be reenacted the scene that witnessed the nomination of an obscure newspaper reporter for the highest office in the gift of a great nation, because of the full orotund of his voice and the appealing figures of his speech? And what greater tribute could be paid to man than was vouchsafed by the assembled thousands gathered from every state at the eastern gateway of the continent, to greet the necromancer of words as he returned to his native land from a world tour? It is not Bryan the statesman, nor Bryan the sage, nor Bryan the politician, but Bryan the orator, whom the masses adore.

And so of all orators in varying degree. The political orator exercises a mystic sway. The enchantment of the human voice is singularly complete over the average American audience. They will stand in downpouring rain for hours, they will fill the largest hall to suffocation, they will gather in unwieldy crowds at monster mass meetings, to hear a mighty wielder of phrases; they will get out of bed at unseemly hours in the morning, or stay up until midnight, to hear a stump speech from the rear platform of the train that bears the favored orator from town to town in a journey of triumph.

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And why do we love to hear our orators? It is not merely idle curiosity, for curiosity is transitory; it vanishes speedily, once that it is satiate. Nor is it surely for the logic or the wisdom or the originality of the orator. The public speaker who has a reputation for syllogisms or philosophy speaks to empty benches. We love to hear our political orators, not for what they teach, but for what they inspire. They make us enthusiastic. We love the thrills they give, the impulses they radiate. The function of the stump speaker is not conversion or conviction, but stimulation.

In some degree all republics have magnified the gift of speech. The spoken word is the medium of legislation and agitation. From the village debating club to Congress, volubility is the much sought gift. Oratory is, however, rarely the medium of logic. It is rather the vehicle of passion and the handmaid of impulse.

This fondness for the stimulant of loud-spoken words is only a mild manifestation of our national psychology of impulse. Our patronizing of the yellow journals is a less hopeful and a far less excusable manifestation of the same tendencies in our group temperament. Red headlines flaming forth uncouth exaggerations; great brazenfaced type uttering shameful slanders; melodramatic, overdrawn pictures portraying impossible situations; morbid news items magnified into disgusting prominence,—all these and a myriad other deplorable details we exalt above the sane, small-typed and small-paragraphed news items

of the conservative and legitimate newspaper.

And even of the drama and of literature and of art it is the sensational and the stimulating that attract the crowds. Crowds are always impulsive, masses are moved by nerve propulsion rather than by logic. And a government by crowds is a government by the impulses, by the convictions, by the predilections of the crowds.

From the point of view of good government, this is unfortunate. Sanity and sensationalism cannot dwell together in the same mind; emotional thrills do not lead to calm reflection, nor can impulse be the forerunner of reason.

It is this widespread desire of the people for the thrilling and the stimulating that bars many able men from participating in politics. The people reward the very qualities which the successful business or professional man avoids. The capacity that has made a man great in commerce is utterly unalluring to the public. The prosaic plodding of the man of affairs repels, but the fitful flights of the spell-binders always attract the public eye. It will be admitted that few men of great executive ability enter public life. Small recompense and honor await them at the doors of political service, and the pathway is strewn with thorns and sharpened stones. On the other hand, the political realm teems with "four-flushers" and charlatans, men of make-believe greatness and of inflated importance, whose immensity suddenly collapses after a decisive defeat at the polls.

II

The psychology of a people is reflected in its government. And with us impulse joins conviction in the creation of a government by parties. No other organization of the governmental powers is subject to such subtle, such sudden and spectacular changes as is a democracy. For a democracy must always be a government by parties; and par-

ties are the repository, not only of conviction, but also of prejudice, of dogma, and even of passion. Factional wars have threatened monarchies and laid waste principalities, while creedal differences have devastated whole continents and eradicated entire populations. In America we have a War of the Roses every quadrennium; and having outgrown religious intolerance, we have transferred to the political arena all the impulses of factional warfare.

Government is a human device for protecting society against encroaching individuals. The political parties that operate this device in a republic we have made paramount. For with us the party is not only the medium through which the public will is expressed, but it is the goal of supreme political contention. Controlling the parties amounts to controlling the government. We have therefore developed a complex party system covering the entire union; we have a party orthodoxy whose creed receives sanction from the fathers, a party tradition whose details are held as sacred as the faith, and a party tyranny that plays upon the entire gamut of human feelings.

And the party is controlled by that evanescent ephemeron who to-day is and to-morrow is not,—the politician. Even in this present day of political hysteria, that has added "muck rake," "boodle," "boss," and "machine" to our national vocabulary, even now when distrust towards their servants characterizes the people, it is perfectly apparent that the boss still rules, that the machine still works, and that the politician has his hands upon the levers. There is this difference between these gory days of reform and the good old days of quiescence: at present many a dilettante and demagogue has usurped the throne of the grim, tribute-loving boss. These "reform movements" are always the opportunity of countless charlatans.

We admit then that ours is a government by party, and that the party is controlled by the politician. The politician

must get his power through votes. So his daily task is the invention of cunning devices for catching voters. The average man is reached more quickly through his prejudices than through his reasoning faculties. Therefore it is that into the ordinary campaigns is carried casuistry rather than argument, passion rather than logic. Therefore it is that the vote-getter seeks to tingle the nerves rather than excite the brain cells. Therefore it is that the stump orator who has

"Held the banner upward from a-trailing in the dust,
And let loose on monopolies and cuss'd, and
cuss'd, and cuss'd,"

has attracted more people than the statesman whose only claim to consideration was common sense and a keen power of analysis. Disraeli said that his country was governed by Parliament, not by logic; we can affirm that our country is governed by politicians, not by postulates.

In this play to control the votes of the people there are two parts; the one secret and sinister, the other open and alluring. The one is the "organization," the "machine;" the other is the real spectacular show, the part composed of orators and handbills and great headlines in party papers. This dual nature of his mechanism clearly reveals the intent of the politician. If he cared only for the naked, native truth, why all this plotting behind locked doors, why this red fire and ceaseless flow of florid rhetoric? A political party is simply a great, complex invention designed for the purpose of transforming human impulses into political majorities. One part of the device is designed to arouse and to hold the impulses, the other part to gather them into unity and to wield them for some specific purpose. So with every Tammany you must have both a Croker and a Cochran; and every Platt must have his Depew.

This dual power is almost irresistible. It was the coercion of the machine, using the frantic impulse of the crowd, that

gave the Prince of Yellow Journalists his sway over the Empire State. It has been the blending of these two forces that has covered the land with a chain of "organizations," has given to each city its uncrowned czar, and to every state its boss. The bosses feed upon the impulses of the people. When the voters resort to reason, the bosses starve. It is only by the crafty and judicious use of the wild and curious elements of human nature that the political gangs can thrive. The existence of "rings" is proof that the reason of the electorate is lulled.

An ordinary political convention reveals the same pathological condition of the public mind. Here you see the dual forces at work. The boss writes the platform, and calls it "the party's declaration of principles." He writes the slate, selects the committees, and gives his orders, all behind the scenes; while in front of the curtain the orator is proclaiming in perfervid rhetoric the tale of how the glories of the party have made the grandeur of the country.

Then listen to a debate in Congress and sift the wheat of statesmanship from the chaff of flamboyant demagoguery. This will fairly represent the proportion of rampant impulse to dormant reason in an ordinary congressional campaign. And what is to be said of the state legislatures and city councils? How woefully small is the proportion of careful, able men to the superficial votaries of the "organization," who shout to the galleries and pose for the cameras.

In any case, whether convention or congress, legislature or council, the power of the dual forces is revealed. You see the subtle strength of the boss entrenched behind the voters who have allowed themselves to be deceived by the noisy emissaries of the machine, voters who have been ruled by impulse, not by reason.

III

And it has always been thus in our land, even in the "heroic" days of the

political fathers. For human nature, like our old world, does not change much from age to age. Our fathers were swayed by impulses like unto those that move us. They were men, subject to heat and cold, to controversy and compromise, much like their grandsons.

The first political question to divide them was how much power should be centralized in the national government. Upon this important issue they split into Federalists and Anti-Federalists, the primordial political parties of America.

The first president was chosen with practical unanimity. Every one instinctively turned to Washington as the wisest leader to inaugurate the great experiment of the Federal state, and to start the new government under the untried constitution that had been adopted only after a bitter struggle. But with his election ceased the unanimity of sentiment, and Washington became the object of fierce partisan criticisms that extended even into his cabinet meetings, where Jefferson, the leader of the opposition, made a hateful onslaught on his chief.

When Washington laid down the cares of office there was great rejoicing among the Jeffersonians, who now turned their wrath and vituperation upon puritanic and stable John Adams. The third national campaign was one of great violence; the papers indulged in personalities that suggest the realms of libel, and the pamphleteers grew eloquent over absurd and imaginary dangers. In New York, Burr, the Machiavelli of his party, metamorphosed Tammany Hall from a benevolent secret society into a violent and vicious political machine, which wrested the city from Alexander Hamilton and put it under the domination of the Jeffersonians. In Philadelphia, staid and gentle Quakers forgot their mild manners and partook of the general excitement; while in punctilious Boston the partisan fire raged with blistering heat. To the Puritans, Jefferson was the embodiment of anarchism, an "atheist" and a "Bonapartist," seeking to join the

states to France and to make atheism the state religion.

But Jefferson was elected. His triumph was made the cause for deep mourning throughout New England. The newspapers appeared with black borders, and the doom of the Republic was confidently foretold. This absurd feeling was shared with the artisans and farmers by college professors, clergymen, and men of business.

Perhaps no other incident so well illustrates the political animosities of that day as the melancholy death of Hamilton at the hand of his great antagonist, Burr. Among the Federalists of the Northern states there was the most profound and sincere mourning for the fallen statesman, and an even more intense feeling against his slayer. But to the Jeffersonian South, Burr was the hero of that terrible duel, — the "Little David who hath slain the Goliath of Federalism," as they toasted him at their banquets. And the New England Jeffersonians heaped insult upon the great dead statesman, crying that "any of his clerks could have organized the United States Treasury." Thus incongruously and unfortunately mingled the patriotic love and the partisan hatred of our fathers over the bier of Alexander Hamilton. Death itself could not, even for the moment, still their factional fury.

Only once in our history has there been a lull in the strife of national politics; and it was due to an abounding commercial prosperity. This "era of good feeling" was ushered in by the days of plenty that followed the War of 1812. It was the happy lot of Monroe to preside over the land when partisanship was merged with industry, and political contentment followed in the wake of peace and plenty. But it could not last. The warring elements of human nature were merely slumbering, and they were ruthlessly awakened when the warrior Jackson boldly marched into the arena with his conquering army of uncouth frontiersmen and hunters, and wrested from the

original states the dominion they had hitherto exercised over the land.

So deep-seated were the political sentiments of the fathers that even foreign wars failed to evoke their unreserved loyalty. The War of 1812 was viewed by the New England Federalists as an unjustifiable attempt on the part of the Jeffersonians to despoil them of their property. They sullenly gave of their militia and of their taxes to its support. And the war with Mexico was met with protests that sound to-day very near to treason.

All these national outbreaks of political impulse were the reflection of local disputes and jealousies as intense and as discreditable as any modern municipal campaign, and in the personal nature of their encounters were far beyond anything we may witness to-day. The records that remain of their local political struggles reveal our fathers in personal encounters, in duels and in mobs, calling one another by opprobrious names in pamphlets and papers, and acting as if robbed of their senses.

In 1787, a minority of the Pennsylvania legislature refused to attend the last session, in order to prevent the presence of a quorum, and thus to make impossible the calling of a convention to consider the new Federal Constitution. A turbulent mob of Philadelphians carried the recalcitrant members by force from the tavern to the State House. New York was not represented in the first electoral college because the Federalist senate and the Anti-Federalist assembly were deadlocked and could not agree on the electors. Wild scenes were enacted in Albany during that session. Gentle and learned John Jay was counted out of the office of governor in 1792 by the Clintonians. The year 1800 saw Federalist committees terrorizing Jeffersonians in Boston, and saw Burr making the first poll list in America, that his Tammany might the more easily ferret out every voter.

And all this at a time when theorists

would say that ideal conditions existed for political purity! Universal suffrage was regarded with fear, and offices were invested with manorial dignity. There were property qualifications for voters and religious tests for office-holders prescribed by the laws of the original states. In nearly all the New England states the right to vote was limited to the men who owned a freehold valued at sixty pounds or had an income of three pounds a year. In New York a freehold of twenty pounds or a leasehold of forty shillings a year was prescribed. New Jersey required real estate to the value of fifty pounds, while Maryland and South Carolina required fifty acres of land, and Georgia ten pounds of taxable property. These were the property restrictions for voting.

But for holding office much more was required, the amount depending upon the dignity of the office. For instance, in Massachusetts the property requirements for a justice of the peace were about the same as those required for a voter; but to be governor of the state required an estate of one thousand pounds. The religious tests were even more narrow. New England barred Catholics and atheists from voting, and allowed only members of a protestant church to hold office. As a necessary preliminary to holding civil office Pennsylvania required faith in the inspiration of the Bible, Delaware demanded faith in the doctrine of the Trinity, and South Carolina faith in future punishments and rewards.

Yet even over a body of voters all of whom were property-holders, and over a galaxy of office-holders most of whom were church members, the excitable and impulsive elements of human nature held sway.

And when, in the early twenties, these barriers to suffrage and to office were swept aside by the mighty rush of democratic sentiment, the sway of impulse did not increase; it merely became more picturesque. It invaded the capital in the garb of Jackson's "squirrel hunters;"

it moved eastward in irresistible volume from the new-found valley of the Mississippi, overflowing the Alleghanies and flooding the Atlantic plain. The "hard cider campaign" of 1840, wherein Whigs vied with Democrats in political orgies and absurdities, was no more a spectacle of rampant impulse than was the bitter personal warfare of the Jeffersonians against the Federalists in the early days of a selective franchise and a restrictive right to office.

In all periods of our history and in every presidential campaign the party leaders have sought to stir human prejudices and passions, and indeed it would be a prosaic sight to witness a national campaign without songs, marching clubs, oratorical geysers, party slogans, and red-fire.

Party slogans show the prevalence of stimulating sentiment and the absence of sedative reason. The earnest protests of John Quincy Adams were of no avail against the mighty shout of the Jacksonians, "Turn the rascals out!" No call to reason could stem the overwhelming tide of jingo sentiment that reëchoed the call, "Fifty-four forty or fight!" and "The re-annexation of Texas and the reoccupation of Oregon."

And in like manner to-day the voter is admonished to "stand pat," and to "let well enough alone;" he is told that he must vote for "American tin," and must remember the "full dinner pail." What are these but so many rattles for the baby?

IV

The impulse of the masses is like the flashing, erratic lightning. It has been the destruction of the ambition of many of our greatest men when they appeared for high office; because it has been attracted by secondary faults, or by idle tales, or by willful misrepresentation. The unthinking populace too often believe the canard; they allow trivial events to unbalance their judgment.

There was the princely Henry Clay.

Who ever was more widely acclaimed than this wonderful orator of the Whigs? The extraordinary in political life was commonplace to him. He never spoke to crowds, — he spoke to acres of people. His name was woven into song and story and paraphrased into a hundred appellations of endearment. For half a century he was the striking figure in our national life. Every journey he undertook was a progress, for towns emptied their populations into his pathway, and farms were deserted when he passed through a neighborhood. And whenever he arose to speak the nation was his auditory. The adoration of the American people for Henry Clay is one of the remarkable incidents of our political history.

Yet he was five times defeated for the presidency, — three times as a party candidate before the people, twice as a candidate for the nomination before the national convention. There were many reasons for these multiplied defeats, but principally the false charge that Jackson hurled against him in 1824, when Clay gave his votes in the House of Representatives to John Quincy Adams for president rather than to the emperor, Jackson. Adams made Clay his Secretary of State, and Jackson shouted, "Bargain and corruption!" It was a false and unjust cry. Clay was perfectly sincere in his desire to keep Jackson out of the White House, and John Quincy Adams could never be suspected of trickery. Yet the people believed the cry. It was reëchoed and rephrased every succeeding time the brilliant orator ran for the presidency. He could not live it down; he could not explain it away. Such was the credulity of the people and such their fickleness.

Clay is not a solitary victim to impulsiveness. A catalogue of the noted men who have been sacrificed to the misguided impulse and the blind unreason and dislike of the people would include the names of many of our really great men. Webster, Calhoun, Cass, Blaine, Reed, are included among the regal vic-

tims of the lightning of impulsive politics.

The usual explanation of this unfortunate phenomenon is that these great men are too big for the office. That is a stultifying admission for an American to make. No man is too great for the exalted office of president. But there are men too great to juggle with the follies and prejudices of the populace.

v

If sentimentalism and impulse enter so largely into the routine of an election, we cannot expect them to subside after the votes are counted. The rule of party does not cease with an election. It invades the council chambers of the state and infests the legislative halls. There are very few men in public life with courage and character enough to stand out against the wild clamor of their constituents. The imposing examples of great men whose judgment ruled their action in times of unusual public agitation are rare and inspiring.

The noblest instance of such coolness and steadfastness in our history is the example of Washington guiding the young nation safely between the Scylla of a war with England and the Charybdis of a military alliance with France, into the quiet precincts of neutrality and unbiased peace. There probably has never been a stronger influence exerted on a president than was brought to bear on Washington in those turbulent days. The Jeffersonians demanded, the populace clamored for, and even many Federalist leaders advised, an alliance with France. But Washington paid no heed to these demands; he was indifferent to clamor, and put aside the advice of his friends that he might follow his own cool judgment. President Hayes passed through a similar experience when he endorsed the resumption of specie payments. The angry shouts of the demonitizationists and the threats of the politicians were alike unavailing. His firmness and sound-

ness of judgment in this event entitle him to a high place in the list of the fearless servants of the republic. Indeed, it is such sound and unbiased service as this that in the ultimate issue alone saves the republic from a cataclysm of sentimentalism and impulse.

Our lawmakers are too shortsighted. A present clamor they interpret as an imperative command; whereas the people can easily be led into such clamor, for they are very childlike in their reasoning. They are not analytic, and seek the causes for their ills too near at hand. Sometimes they are right, and often they are wrong. The causes for economic and political conditions are usually remote and hard to locate. But when once their minds are fixed upon a supposed cause, the voters go for it with a directness that knows neither variableness nor shadow of turning. And the representative follows. He should stand between the people and their folly. But he usually lacks the courage. If all the acts passed thus in frenzy, to please the people, were erased from the statutes, our sheep-bound folios would shrink to octavos.

Many members of legislative bodies are elected to do certain specific things, and are therefore pledged to a certain definite course of action before they take their seats. To them the doorways to conviction are locked. They have sold their birthright for a mess of political pottage. This is one of the most baneful of our practices. No man has a right to manacle his judgment upon a question of far-reaching policy. Such a form of political slavery is more abject than caucus rule. It usually accompanies a bitter campaign, in which the pledged candidate has been made the dupe of some selfish interests or of silly sentiment.

Even constitutions, the fundamental adamant of our civic structures, that should be remote from every variable human passion and broad enough to carry securely the ever widening structure of government, have not escaped the impulsiveness of their makers. Thus, in

1850 Ohio wrote into her constitution a provision virtually prohibiting her from developing her great canal system. The taxpayers of the state had become alarmed and angry at the encroachments of public improvements upon the treasury, that had threatened the state with bankruptcy. There was widespread dissatisfaction with the canals. Railroads had superseded them. The framers of the constitution followed their impulse to prevent forever a recurrence of such conditions. But they forgot to consider the coming generations, and now Ohio is virtually robbed of her seven hundred miles of canals.

In Illinois and Wisconsin the Grangers got control of the state machinery in the seventies, and played havoc, not only with the laws, but with the judges on the bench, in their wild desire to get even with the railroads which they regarded as their particular foes.

The anti-canteen law is a good example of a measure passed under pressure of external excitement. The testimony of experts was thrown to the winds, and the guidance of misdirected though well-intentioned zeal was followed. The wild shouts of the jingoes stampeded the conservatives into the war with Spain. How far will zeal outstrip reason in the present campaign against capital?

VI

The founders of our government believed, with the French publicists of their day, that there was a mystic efficacy in the separation of the governmental powers. Thus we have in our political orthodoxy the triune powers, legislative, judicial, and executive, all distinct, yet uniting to form in a practical manner the Federal government. This form is adopted by all the states.

The virtue of this separation lies less in the protection against evil, scheming men than the founders thought; but in the safeguards it places between the people and their rash impulses it attains real

efficacy. Here we find the surest bulwark against that transient clamor, that impulsiveness which characterizes the political movements of all masses.

Of course it is necessary that these powers all remain directly in the custody of the sovereignty, the people. But they are subject to the voters in a varying degree. And the radicalism, the mobility of each power, varies directly in proportion to its remoteness from the source of political authority, the franchise.

The legislative body lies nearest the voter. It is therefore the least stable. Over it the populace exercises a mercurial sway.

The executive office is less mobile. The personality of the executive head himself determines in a large measure the degree of conservatism of his department. His election by the people makes him amenable to their impulses. He keeps his hand upon the public pulse, and feels the fever of its indignation or the fervor of its approval; and he is usually human enough to be prompted by the symptoms. And his desire to please the people he transmits to the executive departments. This is unfortunate, because it measures the public business by a standard that is never applied to private business. A singular sentiment pervades these offices, a feeling that throbs with political vitality. The restlessness of change comes periodically over them. Business is business, whether conducted for a private citizen or for the public. It should be devoid of sentiment, removed from impulse, and utterly free from political domination. Until we achieve this absolute divorcement, our public business, our Post Office Department, Pension Bureau, Land Office, and all other departments of the executive office, will fall far short of the standard of efficiency that a private concern sets for itself.

The one division of government that represents the conservative wisdom of the nation is the judiciary. As far removed from politics as is practically possible, the courts of our land are the

conserving force of the union. When impulse and thoughtlessness sway the populace, these tribunals remain amenable to reason.

The Supreme Court of the United States has been the anchor of the ship of state in many storms of passion and prejudice. One shudders to think what must have happened long ago to our republic but for the liberal conservatism of this noble tribunal. From the infant days of the government to the present, it has remained unshaken by popular clamor and unreasoning impulse. Laws passed in the heat of transitory agitation have found their deserving end in the decisions of this court. Upon its convictions, firm and unchangeable, the waves of popular wrath have dashed themselves to spray. Not that the court has escaped denunciation, even suspicion, in critical times, when a decision was of unusual gravity. Popular disapproval was loud, for instance, when the income tax decision was handed down. And the Dred Scott decision rent the nation, prepared by political and economic conditions for the final test with slavery.

Occasionally even an impulsive executive has been unwise enough to utter public criticism of the federal judges; as did President Jackson when Chief Justice Marshall decided against him in the Cherokee Indian cases. That militant president said, "John Marshall has issued his judgment, let him enforce it." And later presidents have publicly criticised the court, though in more delicate terms.

These exceptions are rare enough to emphasize the rule. Our supreme court is a unique and a magnificent tribunal, and we can easily believe that it was conceived in a moment of inspiration, so that its unbiased wisdom might guide the destinies of the republic.

VII

Our government thus ranges all the intervals between impulse and reason,

between the impetuous and the stable elements in human nature. We cannot expect anything else. But we should strive after a just subordination of one to the other. The opposite of a republic is a despotism. It is possible to conceive a despotism ruled entirely by reason; of a republic this is impossible. In a despotism patriotism is found only in the heart of the despot; in a republic it is universal. In a despotism only one man is actively engaged in the government; in a republic all men are interested in it. In a despotism impulse is subordinated to calculation; in a republic impulse is paramount to reflection. A despotism is human nature enchained; a republic is human nature emancipated.

We prefer the government by human nature. The American ideal exalts the many and frowns upon the few. We believe in universal liberty and in universal suffrage. If this leads to a tyranny of impulse, of unreason, it is but an incident in the glorious reality of self-government. We believe that the greater the number of people interested in the government, the better for the people. It may not be so well for the government; but government exists for the people, not the people for the government. This is no doubt a magnificent ideal. In its exalted contemplation we are willing to suffer the annoyances and the wrongs that the giddy and frivolous elements of human nature impose upon us.

The government of a vast republic, covering an area that embraces every clime and every altitude, busied with every pursuit known to civilization, composed of every race born into the family of man; the government of a mighty republic, wherein every man has a vote and is eligible to office, can at best be but a government by human nature in the raw. There are twelve million voters in America. Many of them are illiterate, few of them are learned, most of them are patriotic, all of them share in the government. Upon these millions of free-men play the ambitions of party leaders,

the cunning of politicians, the selfishness of private interests, and the instincts of the civilized animal, man. When these facts are passed in review, we cannot be surprised that impulse bears so leading a part in our government. The vote of the ignorant, impulsive, prejudiced man counts for as much as that of the sage. And there are only a few sages. The average voter is amenable to all the outward and inward impulses that unite to make the current of public sentiment. Our government is just as sound as the common sense of all the people, and just as weak as the prejudices and impulses of the masses.

These human feelings are like the sea. Every passing breeze ripples its surface, every storm strikes up the waves; but only the dread earthquake shakes the abyss. The profound depths of human convictions are aroused only once in a generation. And when they are thus intensely and vitally stirred the people do not err. Their ultimate judgment of right and wrong is sound. For the social conscience grows as unerring as the individual conscience.

But in the lesser activities, the minor

problems, ours is essentially a government by impulse. The surface of the unstable sea is constantly in commotion and the judgment of the voters is swayed by the waves of feeling.

The betterment of the government, then, lies through the difficult pathway of self-control, so that gradually even the lesser impulses shall become amenable to reason. The one lasting foundation of self government is the fundamental sanity of human nature. The more this sanity penetrates all judgments, the surer the foundations. And, conversely, the more fickle and impulsive a people, the more readily do the foundation stones of their governmental structure crumble under the heat of passing excitement. Witness our South American neighbors.

To broaden the influence of reason in our plain Anglo-Saxon natures, to teach the virtue of moderation to abide with the virtue of courage, becomes the hard task of the patriotic citizen. Then the natural political propensities of the American people will become a noble rivalry of intelligent conviction, not a foolish and destructive warfare of blind partisanship.

THE HELPMATE¹

BY MAY SINCLAIR

XXVIII

EASTWARDS along the Humber, past the brown wharves and the great square blocks of the warehouses, past the tall chimneys and the docks with their thin pine-forest of masts, there lie the forlorn flat lands of Holderness. Field after field, they stretch, lands level as water, only raised above the river by a fringe of turf and a belt of silt and sand. Earth and water are of one form and of one color, for, beyond the brown belt, the

widening river lies like a brown furrowed field, with a clayey gleam on the crests of its furrows. When the gray days come, water and earth and sky are one, and the river rolls sluggishly, as if shores and sky oppressed it, as if it took its motion from the dragging clouds.

Eleven miles from Scale a thin line of red roofs runs for a field's length up the shore, marking the neck of the estuary. It is the fishing hamlet of Fawlness. Its one street lies on the flat fields, low and straight as a dike.

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Beyond the hamlet there is a little spit of land, and beyond the spit of land a narrow creek.

Half a mile up the creek the path that follows it breaks off into the open country and thins to a track across five fields. It struggles to the gateway of a low, red-roofed, red-brick farm, and ends there. The farm stands alone, and the fields around it are bare to the sky-line. Three tall elms stand side by side against it, sheltering it from the east, marking its humble place in the desolate land. To the west a broad bridle-path joins the road to Fawlness.

Majendie had a small yacht moored in the creek, near where the path breaks off to Three Elms Farm. Once, sometimes twice, a week Majendie came to Three Elms Farm. Sometimes he came for the week-end, more often for a single night, arriving at six in the evening and leaving very early the next day. In winter he took the train to Hesson, tramped seven miles across country, and reached the farm by the Fawlness road. In summer the yacht brought him from "Hannay and Majendie's" dock to Fawlness creek. At Three Elms Farm he found Maggie waiting for him.

This had been going on, once, sometimes twice a week, for nearly three years, ever since he had rented the farm and brought Maggie from Scale to live there.

The change had made the details of his life difficult. It called for all the qualities in which Majendie was most deficient. It necessitated endless vigilance, endless harassing precautions, an unnatural secrecy. He had to make Anne believe that he had taken to yachting for his health, that he was kept out by wind and weather, that the obligations and complexities of business, multiplying, tied him and claimed his time. Maggie had to be hidden away, in a place where no one came, lodged with people whose discretion he could trust. Pearson, the captain of his yacht, a close-mouthed, close-fisted Yorkshireman, had a wife as reticent as himself. Pearson and his wife and

their son Steve knew that their living depended on their secrecy. And, cupidity apart, the three were devoted to their master and his mistress. Pearson and his son Steve were acquainted with the ways of certain gentlemen of Scale, who sailed their yachts from port to port, up and down the Yorkshire coast. Pearson was a man who observed life dispassionately. He asked no questions and answered none.

It was six o'clock in the evening, early in October, just three years after Edith's death. Majendie had left the yacht lying in the creek, with Pearson, Steve, and the boatswain on board, and was hurrying along the field path to Three Elms Farm. A thin rain fell, blurring the distances. The house stood humbly, under its three elms. A light was burning in one window. Maggie stood at the garden gate in the rain, listening for the click of the field-gate which was his signal. When it sounded she came down the path to meet him. She put her hands upon his shoulders, drew down his face, and kissed him. He took her arm and led her, half-clinging to him, into the house and into the lighted room.

A fire burned brightly on the hearth. His chair was set for him beside it, and Maggie's chair opposite. The small round table in the middle of the room was laid for supper. Maggie had decorated walls and chimney-piece and table with chrysanthemums from the garden, and autumn leaves and ivy from the hedgerows. The room had a glad light and welcome for him.

As he came into the lamplight Maggie gave one quick, anxious look at him. She had always two thoughts in her little mind between their meetings: Is he ill? Is he well?

He was, to the outward-seeing eye, superlatively well. Three years of life lived in the open air, life lived according to the will of nature, had given him back his outward and visible health. At thirty-nine Majendie had once more the strength, the firm, upright slenderness,

and the brilliance of his youth. His face was keen and brown, fined and freshened by wind and weather.

Maggie, waiting humbly on his mood, saw that it was propitious.

"What cold hands!" said she. "And no overcoat? You bad boy!" She felt his clothes all over to feel if they were damp. "Tired?"

"Just a little, Maggie."

She drew up his chair to the fire, and knelt down to unlace his boots.

"No, Maggie, I can't let you take my boots off."

"Yes, you can, and you will. Does *she* ever take your boots off?"

"Never."

"You don't allow her?"

"No. I don't allow her."

"You allow *me*," said Maggie triumphantly. She was persuaded that (since his wife was denied the joy of waiting on him) hers was the truly desirable position. Majendie had never had the heart to enlighten her.

She pressed his feet with her soft hands, to feel if his stockings were damp too.

"There's a little hole," she cried. "I shall have to mend that to-night."

She put cushions at his back, and sat down on the floor beside him, and laid her head on his knee.

"There's a sole for supper," said she, in a dreamy voice. "And a roast chicken. And an apple tart. I made it." Maggie had always been absurdly proud of the things that she could do.

"Clever Maggie."

"I made it because I thought you'd like it."

"Kind Maggie."

"You did n't get any of those things yesterday, or the day before, did you?"

She was always afraid of giving him what he had had at home. That was one of the difficulties, she felt, of a double household.

"I forget," he said, a little wearily, "what I had yesterday."

Maggie noticed the weariness and said no more.

He laid his hand on her head and stroked her hair. He could always keep Maggie quiet by stroking her hair. She shifted herself instantly into a position easier for his hand. She sat still, only turning to the caressing hand, now her forehead, now the nape of her neck, now her delicate ear.

Maggie knew all his moods and ministered to them. She knew to-night that, if she held her tongue, the peace she had prepared for him would sink into him and heal him. He was not very tired. She could tell. She could measure his weariness to a degree by the movements of his hand. When he was tired she would seize the caressing hand and make it stop. In a few minutes supper would be ready, and when he had had supper, she knew, it would be time to talk.

Majendie was grateful for her silence. He was grateful to her for many things, for her beauty, for her sweetness, for her humility, for her love, which had given so much and asked so little. Maggie had still the modest charm that gave to her and to her affection the illusion of a perfect innocence. It had been heightened rather than diminished by their intimacy.

Somehow she had managed so that, as long as he was with her, shame was impossible for himself or her. As long as he was with her he was wrapped in her illusion, the illusion of innocence, of happiness, of all the unspoken sanctities of home. He knew that, whether he was or was not with her, so long as he loved her no other man would come between him and her; no other man would cross his threshold and stand upon his hearth. The house he came to was holy to her. There were times, so deep was the illusion, when he could have believed that Maggie, sitting there at his feet, was the pure spouse, the helpmate, and Anne, in the house in Prior Street, the unwedded, unacknowledged mistress, the distant, the secret, the forbidden. He had never disguised from Maggie the temporary and partial nature of the tie that bound them. But the illusion was too strong

for both of them. It was strong upon him now.

The woman, Mrs. Pearson, came in with supper, moving round the room in silence, devoted and discreet.

Majendie was hungry. Maggie was unable to conceal her frank joy in seeing him eat and drink. She ate little and talked a great deal, drawn by his questions.

"What have you been doing, Maggie?"

Maggie gave an account of her innocent days, of her labors in house and farm and garden. She loved all three, she loved her flowers and her chickens and her rabbits, and the little young pigs. She loved all things that had life. She was proud of her house. Her hands were always busy in it. She had stitched all the linen for it. She had made all the tablecloths, sofa-covers, and curtains, and given them embroidered borders. She liked to move about among all these beautiful things and feel that they were hers. But she loved those most which Majendie had used, or noticed, or admired. After supper she took up her old position by his chair.

"How long can you stay?" said she.

"I must go to-morrow."

"Oh, why?"

"I've told you why, dear. It's my little girl's birthday to-morrow."

She remembered.

"Her birthday. How old will she be to-morrow?"

"Seven."

"Seven. What does she do all day long?"

"Oh, she amuses herself. We have a garden."

"How she would love this garden, and the flowers, and the swing, and the chickens, and all the animals, would n't she?"

"Yes. Yes."

Somehow he did n't like Maggie to talk about his child, but he had n't the heart to stop her.

"Is she as pretty as she was?"

"Prettier."

"And she's not a bit like you?"

"Not a bit, not a little bit."

"I'm glad," said Maggie.

"Why on earth are you glad?"

"Because — I could n't bear *her* child to be like you."

"You must n't say those things, Maggie; I don't like it."

"I won't say them. You don't mind my thinking them, do you? I can't help thinking."

She thought for a long time; then she got up, and came to him, and put her arm round his neck, and bowed her head and whispered.

"Don't whisper. I hate it. Speak out. Say what you've got to say."

"I can't say it."

She said it very low.

He bent forward, freeing himself from her mouth and clinging arm.

"No, Maggie. Never. I told you that in the beginning. You promised me you would n't think of it. It's bad enough as it is."

"What's bad enough?"

"Everything, my child. I'm bad enough, if you like; but I'm not as bad as all that, I can assure you."

"You don't think *me* bad?"

"You know I don't. You know what I think of you. But you must learn to see what's possible and what is n't."

"I do see. Tell me one thing. Is it because you love *her*?"

"We can't go into that, Maggie. Can't you understand that it may be because I love *you*?"

"I don't know. But I don't mind so long as I know it is n't because you love *her*."

"You're not to talk about her, Maggie."

"I know. I won't. I don't want to talk about her, I'm sure. I try not to think about her more than I can help."

"But you must think of her."

"Oh — must I?"

"At any rate you must think of me."

"I do think of you. I think of you from morning till night. I don't think of anything else. I don't want anything else."

I'm contented as long as I've got you. It was n't that."

"What was it, Maggie?"

"Nothing. Only — It's so awfully lonely in between, when you're not here. That was why I asked you."

"Poor child, poor Maggie. Is it very bad to bear?"

"Not when I know you're coming."

"See here — if it gets too bad to bear, we must end it."

"End it?"

"Yes, Maggie. *You* must end it; you must give me up, when you're tired —"

"Oh, no — no," she cried.

"Give me up," he repeated, "and go back to town."

"To Scale?"

"Well, yes; if it's so lonely here."

"And give you up?"

"Yes, Maggie, you must; if you go back to Scale."

"I shall never go back. Who could I go to? There's nobody who'd 'ave me. I've got nobody."

"Nobody?"

"Nobody but you, Wallie. Nobody but you. Have you never thought of that? Why, where should *I* be if I was to give you up?"

"I see, Maggie. *I* see. *I* see."

Until then he had seen nothing. But Maggie, unwise, had put her hand through the fine web of illusion. She had seen, and made him see the tragedy of the truth behind it, the real nature of the tie that bound them. It was an inconsistent tie, permanent in its impermanence, with all its incompleteness terribly complete. He could not give her up. He had not thought of giving her up: but neither had he thought of keeping her.

It was all wrong. It was wrong to keep her. It would be wrong to give her up. He was all she had. Whatever happened he could not give her up.

And so he said, "*I* see. *I* see."

"See here," said she (she had adopted some of his phrases), "when I said there was nobody, I meant nobody I'd have

anything to do with. If I went back to Scale, there are plenty of low girls in the town who'd make friends with me, if I'd let 'em. But I won't be seen with them. You would n't have me seen with them, would you?"

"No, Maggie, not for all the world."

"Well then, 'ow can you go on talking about my giving you up?"

No. He could not give her up. There was no tie between them but their sin, yet he could not break it. Degraded as it was, it saved her from deeper degradation.

He loved Anne with his whole soul, with his heart and with his body, and he had given his body to Maggie, with as much heart as went with it. In the world's sight he loved Maggie and was bound to Anne. In his own sight he loved Anne and was bound to Maggie.

It had come to that.

He did not care to look back upon the steps by which it had come. He only knew that, seven years ago, he had been sound and whole, a man with one aim and one passion and one life. But he and his life were divided, cut clean in two by a line not to be passed or touched upon by either sundered half. All of him that Anne had rejected he had given to Maggie.

As far as he could judge he had acted, not grossly, not recklessly, but with a kind of passionate deliberation. He knew he would have to pay for it. He had not stopped to haggle with his conscience or to ask, How much? But he was prepared to pay.

Up to this moment his conscience had not dunned him. But now he foresaw a season when the bills would be falling due.

Maggie had torn the veil of illusion, and he looked for the first time upon his sin.

Even his conscience admitted that he had not meant it to come to that. He had had no ancient private tendency to sin. He had wanted nothing but to live at home, happy with the wife he loved, and

with his child, his children. And poor Maggie, she too would have asked no more than to be a good wife to the man she loved, and to be the mother of his children.

This life with Maggie, hidden away in Three Elms Farm, in the wilds of Holderness, — it could not be called dissipation, but it was division. Where once he had been whole he was now divided. The sane, strong affection that should have knit body and soul together was itself broken in two.

And it was she, the helpmate, she who should have kept him whole, who had caused him to be thus sundered from himself and her.

They were all wrong, all frustrated, all incomplete. Anne, in her sublime infidelity to earth; Maggie, turned from her own sweet use that she might give him what Anne could not give; and he, who between them had severed his body from his soul.

Thus he brooded.

And Maggie, with her face hidden against his knee, brooded too, piercing the illusion.

He tried to win her from her sad thoughts by talking again of the house and garden. But Maggie was tired of house and garden now.

"And do the Pearsons look after you well still?" he asked.

"Yes. Very well."

"And Steve — is he as good to you as ever?"

Maggie brightened and became more communicative.

"Yes, very good. He was all day mending my bicycle, Sunday, and he takes me out in the boat sometimes; and he's made such a dear little house for the old Angora rabbit."

"Do you like going out in the boat?"

"Yes, very much."

"Do you like going out with him?"

"No," said Maggie, making a little face, half of disgust and half of derision. "No. His hands are all dirty, and he smells of fish."

Majendie laughed. "There are drawbacks, I must own, to Steve."

He looked at his watch, an action Maggie hated. It always suggested finality, departure.

"Ten o'clock, Maggie. I must be up at six to-morrow. We sail at seven."

"At seven!" echoed Maggie in despair.

They were up at six. Maggie went with him to the creek, to see him sail. In the garden she picked a chrysanthemum and stuck it in his buttonhole, forgetting that he could n't wear her token. There were so many things he could n't do.

A little rain still fell through a clogging mist. They walked side by side, treading the drenched grass, for the track was too narrow for them both. Maggie's feet dragged, prolonging the moments.

A white pointed sail showed through the mist, where the little yacht lay in the river off the mouth of the creek.

Steve was in the boat close against the creek's bank, waiting to row Majendie to the yacht. He touched his cap to Majendie as they appeared on the bank, but he did not look at Maggie when her gentle voice called good-morning.

Steve's face was close-mouthed and hard set.

Maggie put her hands on Majendie's shoulders and kissed him. Her cheek against his face was pure and cold, wet with the rain. Steve did not look at them. He never looked at them when they were together.

Majendie dropped into the boat. Steve pushed off from the bank. Maggie stood there watching them go. She stood till the boat reached the creek's mouth, and Majendie turned, and raised his cap to her; stood till the white sail moved slowly up the river and disappeared, rounding the spit of land.

Majendie, as he paced the deck and talked to his men of wind and weather, turned casually on his heel to look at her where she stood alone in the level

immensity of the land. The world looked empty all around her.

And he was touched with a sudden poignant realization of her life; its sadness, its incompleteness, its isolation.

That was what he had brought her to.

XXIX

The rain cleared off, the mist lifted, and at nine o'clock it was a fine day for Peggy's birthday. Even Scale, where it stretched its flat avenues into the country, showed golden in the warm and brilliant air.

The household in Prior Street had been up early, making preparations for the day. Peggy had waked before it was light, to feel her presents which lay beside her on her bed; and, by the time Majendie's sail had passed Fawlness Point, she was up and dressed, waiting for him.

Anne had to break it to her gently that perhaps he would not be home in time for eight o'clock breakfast. Then the child's mouth trembled, and Anne comforted her, half-smiling and half-afraid.

"Ah, Peggy, Peggy," she said, as she rocked her against her breast, "what shall I do with you? Your little heart is too big for your little body."

Anne's terror had not left her in three years. It was always with her now. The child was bound to suffer. She was a little mass of throbbing nerves, of trembling emotions.

Yet Anne herself was happier. The three years had passed smoothly over her. Her motherhood had laid its fine, soft finishing touch upon her. Her face, her body, had rounded and ripened, year after slow year, to an abiding beauty, born of her tenderness. At thirty-five Anne Majendie had reached the perfect moment of her physical maturity.

Her mind was no longer harassed by anxiety about her husband. He seemed to have settled down. He had ceased to be uncertain in his temper, by turns irritable and depressed. He had parted with the heaviness which had once roused

her aversion, and had recovered his personal distinction, the slender refinement of his youth. She rejoiced in his well-being. She attributed it, partly to his open-air habits, partly to the spiritual growth begun in him at the time of his sister's death.

She desired no change in their relations, no farther understanding, no closer intimacy.

To Anne's mind, her husband's attitude to her was perfect. The passion that had been her fear had left him. He waited on her hand and foot, with humble, heart-rending devotion. He let her see that he adored her with discretion, at a distance, as a divinely, incomprehensibly high and holy thing.

Her household life had simplified itself. Her days passed in noiseless, equable procession. Many hours had been given back to her empty after Edith's death. She had filled them with interests outside her home, with visiting the poor in the district round All Souls, with evening classes for shop-girls, with "rescue" work. Not an hour of her day was idle. At the end of the three years Mrs. Majendie was known in Scale by her broad charities and by her saintly life.

She had fallen away a little from her friends in Thurston Square. In three years Fanny Eliott and her circle had grown somewhat unreal to her. She had been aware of their inefficiency before. There had been a time when she felt that Mrs. Eliott's eminence had become a little perilous. She herself had placed her on it, and held her there by a somewhat fatiguing effort of the will to believe. She had been partly (though she did not know it) the dupe of Mrs. Eliott's delight in her, of all the sweet and dangerous ministrations of their mutual vanities. Mrs. Eliott had been uplifted by Anne's preposterously grave approval. Anne had been ravished by her own distinction as the audience of Fanny Eliott's loftier and profounder moods. There could be no criticism of these heights and depths. To have depreciated Fanny

Elliott's rarity by a shade would have been to call in question her own.

But all this had ceased long ago, when she married Walter Majendie, and his sister became her dearest friend. Fanny Elliott had always looked on Edith Majendie as her rival; retreating a little ostentatiously before her formidable advance. There should have been no rivalry, for there had been no possible ground of comparison. Neither could Edith Majendie be said to have advanced. The charm of Edith, or rather, her pathetic claim, was that she never could have advanced at all. To Anne's mind, from the first, there had been no choice between Edith, lying motionless on her sofa by the window, and Fanny at large in the drawing-rooms of her acquaintances, scattering her profuse enthusiasms, revolving in her intellectual round, the prisoner of her own perfections. To come into Edith's room had been to come into thrilling contact with reality; while Fanny Elliott was forever putting you off with some ingenious refinement on it. Edith's personality had triumphed over death and time. Fanny Elliott, poor thing, still suffered by the contrast.

Of all Anne's friends, the Gardners alone stood the test of time. She had never had a doubt of them. They had come later into her life, after the perishing of her great illusion. The shock had humbled her senses and disposed her to reverence for the things of intellect. Dr. Gardner's position, as president of the Scale Literary and Philosophic Society, was as a high rock to which she clung. Mrs. Gardner was dear to her for many reasons.

The dearness of Mrs. Gardner was significant. It showed that, thanks to Peggy, Anne's humanization was almost complete.

To-day, which was Peggy's birthday, Anne's heart was light and happy. She had planned that, if the day were fine, the festival was to be celebrated by a picnic to Westleydale.

And the day was fine. Majendie had

promised to be home in time to start by the nine-fifty train. Meanwhile they waited. Peggy had helped Mary the cook to pack the luncheon basket, and now she felt time heavy on her little hands.

Anne suggested that they should go upstairs and help Nanna. Nanna was in Majendie's room, turning out his drawers. On his bed there was a pile of suits of the year before last, put aside to be given to Anne's poor people. When Peggy was tired of fetching and carrying, she watched her mother turning over the clothes and sorting them into heaps. Anne's methods were rapid and efficient.

"Oh, mummy!" cried Peggy, "don't! You touch daddy's things as if you did n't like them."

"Peggy, darling, what do you mean?"

"You're so quick." She laid her face against one of Majendie's coats and stroked it. "Must daddy's things go away?"

"Yes, darling. Why don't you want them to go?"

"Because I love them. I love all his little coats and hats and shoes and things."

"Oh, Peggy, Peggy, you're a little sentimental. Go and see what Nanna's got there."

Nanna had given a cry of joyous discovery. "Look, ma'am," said she, "what I've found in master's portmanteau."

Nanna came forward, shaking out a child's frock. A frock of pure white silk, embroidered round the neck and wrists with a deep border of daisies, pink and white and gold.

"Nanna!"

"Oh, mummy, what is it?"

Peggy touched a daisy with her soft forefinger and shrank back shyly. She knew it was her birthday, but she did not know whether the frock had anything to do with that, or not.

"I wonder," said Anne, "what little girl daddy brought that for."

"Did daddy bring it?"

"Yes. Daddy brought it. Do you think he meant it for her birthday, Nanna?"

"Well, m'm, he may have meant it for her birthday last year. I found it stuffed into 'is portmanteau wot 'e took with him in the yacht a year ago. It's bin there—poked away in the cupboard ever since. I suppose he bought it, meaning to give it to Miss Peggy, and put it away and forgot all about it. See m'm—" Nanna measured the frock against Peggy's small figure—"It'd a bin too large for her, last birthday. It'll just fit her now, m'm."

"O Peggy!" said Anne. "She must put it on. Quick, Nanna. You shall wear it, my pet, and surprise daddy."

"What fun!" said Peggy.

"Is n't it fun?" Anne was as gay and as happy as Peggy. She was smiling her pretty smile.

Peggy was solemnly arrayed in the little frock. The borders of daisies showed like a necklace and bracelets against her white skin.

"Well, m'm," said Nanna, "if master did forget, he knew what he was about, at the time, anyhow. It's the very frock for her."

"Yes. See, Peggy—it's daisies, marguerites. That's why daddy chose it—for your little name, darling, do you see?"

"My name," said Peggy softly, moved by the wonder and beauty of her frock.

"There he is, Peggy! Run down and show yourself."

"O muvver," shrieked Peggy, "it *will* be a surprise for daddy, won't it?"

She ran down. They followed, and leaned over the banisters to listen to the surprise. They heard Peggy's laugh as she came to the last flight of stairs and showed herself to her father. They heard her shriek, "Daddy! daddy!"

Then there was calm.

Then Peggy's voice dropped from its high joy and broke. "O daddy, are you angry with me?"

Anne came downstairs. Majendie had the child in his arms and was kissing her.

"Are you angry with me, daddy?" she repeated.

"No, my sweetheart, no."

He looked up at Anne. He was very pale, and a sweat was on his forehead.

"Who put that frock on her?"

"I did," said Anne.

"I think you'd better take it off again," he said quietly.

Anne raised her eyebrows as a sign to him to look at Peggy's miserable mouth. "Oh, let her wear it," she said. "It's her birthday."

Majendie wiped his forehead and turned aside into the study.

"Muvver," said Peggy, as they went hand in hand upstairs again, "do you think daddy really meant it as a surprise for *me*?"

"I think he must have done, darling."

"Are n't you sorry we spoiled his surprise, mummy?"

"I don't think he minds, Peggy."

"I think he does. Why did he look angry, and say I was to take it off?"

"Perhaps, because it's rather too nice a frock for everyday."

"My birthday is n't every day," said Peggy.

So Peggy wore the frock that Maggie had made for her and given to Majendie last year. He had hidden it in his portmanteau, meaning to give it to Mrs. Ransome at Christmas. And he had thrown the portmanteau into the darkest corner of the cupboard, and gone away and forgotten all about it.

And now the sight of Maggie's handiwork had given him a shock. For his sin was heavy upon him. Every day he went in fear of discovery. Anne would ask him where he had got that frock, and he would have to lie to her. And it would be no use; for sooner or later, she would know that he had lied; and she would track Maggie down by the frock.

He hated to see his innocent child dressed in the garment which was a token and memorial of his sin. He wished he had thrown the damned thing into the Humber.

But Anne had no suspicion. Her face was smooth and tranquil as she came downstairs. She was calling Peggy her

"little treasure," and her eyes were smiling as she looked at the frail, small white and gold creature, stepping daintily and shyly in her delicate dress.

Peggy was buttoned into a little white coat to keep her warm; and they set out, Majendie carrying the luncheon basket, and Peggy an enormous doll.

Peggy enjoyed the journey. When she was not talking to Majendie she was singing a little song to keep the doll quiet, so that the time passed very quickly both for her and for him. There were other people in the carriage, and Anne was afraid that they would be annoyed with Peggy's singing. But they seemed to like it as much as she and Majendie. Nobody was ever annoyed with Peggy.

In Westleydale the beech-trees were in golden leaf. It was green underfoot and on the folding hills. Overhead it was limitless blue above the uplands; and above the woods, among the golden tree-tops, clear films and lacing veins and brilliant spots of blue.

Majendie felt Peggy's hand tighten on his hand. Her little body was trembling with delight.

They found the beech-tree under which he and Anne had once sat. He looked at her. And she, remembering, half turned her face from him; and, as she stooped and felt for a soft dry place for the child to sit on, she smiled, half unconsciously, a shy and tender smile.

Then he saw, beside her half-turned face, the face of another woman, smiling, shyly and tenderly, another smile; and his heart smote him with the sorrow of his sin.

They sat down, all three, under the beech-tree; and Peggy took, first Majendie's hand, then Anne's hand, and held them together in her lap.

"Mummy," said she, "are n't you glad that daddy came? It would n't be half so nice without him, would it?"

"No," said Anne, "it would n't."

"Mummy, you don't say that as if you meant it."

"O Peggy, of course I meant it."

"Yes, but you did n't make it sound so."

"Peggy," said Majendie, "you're a terribly observant little person."

"She's a little person who sometimes observes all wrong."

"No, mummy, I don't. You *never* talk to daddy like you talk to me."

"You're a little girl, dear, and daddy's a big grown-up man."

"That's not what I mean, though. You've got a grown-up voice for me, too. I don't mean your grown-up voice. I mean, mummy, you talk to daddy as if — as if you had n't known him such a very long time. And you talk to me as if you'd known me — oh, ever so long. *Have* you known me longer than you've known daddy?"

Majendie gazed with feigned abstraction at the shoulder of the hill visible through the branches of the trees.

"Bless you, sweetheart, I knew daddy long before you were ever thought of."

"When was I thought of, mummy?"

"I don't know, darling."

"Do you know, daddy?"

"Yes, Peggy. I know. You were thought of here, in this wood, under this tree, on mummy's birthday, between eight and nine years ago."

"Who thought of me?"

"Ah, that's telling."

"Who thought of me, mummy?"

"Daddy and I, dear."

"And you forgot, and daddy remembered."

"Yes. I've got a rather better memory than your mother, dear."

"You forgot my *old* birthday, daddy."

"I have n't forgotten your mother's old birthday, though."

Peggy was thinking. Her forehead was all wrinkled with the intensity of her thought.

"Mummy — am I only seven?"

"Only seven, Peggy."

"Then," said Peggy, "you *did* think of me before I was born. How did you know me before I was born?"

Anne shook her head.

"Daddy, how did you know me before I was born?"

"Peggy, you're a little tease."

"You brought it on yourself, my dear. Peggy, if you'll leave off teasing daddy, I'll tell you a story."

"Oh!"

"Once upon a time" (Anne's voice was very low) "mummy had a dream. She dreamed she was in this wood, walking along that little path — just there — not thinking of Peggy. And when she came to this tree she saw an angel, with big white wings. He was lying under this very tree, on this very bit of grass, just there, where daddy's sitting. And one of his wings was stretched out on the grass, and it was hollow like a cradle. It was all lined with little feathers, like the inside of a swan's wing, as soft as soft. And the other wing was stretched over it like the top of a cradle. And inside, all among the soft little feathers, there was a little baby girl lying, just like Peggy."

"Oh, mummy, was it me?"

"Sh-sh-sh. Whoever it was, the angel saw that mummy loved it, and wanted it very much —"

"The little baby-girl?"

"Yes. So he took the baby and gave it to mummy, to be her own little girl. That's how Peggy came to mummy."

"And did he give it to daddy, too, to be his little girl?"

"Yes," said Majendie, "I was wondering where I came in."

"Yes. He gave it to daddy to be his little girl, too."

"I'm glad he gave me to daddy. The angel brought me to you in the night, like daddy brought me my big dolly. You *did* bring my big dolly, and put her on my bed, did n't you, daddy? Last night?"

Majendie was silent.

"Daddy was n't at home last night, Peggy."

"O daddy, where were you?"

Majendie felt his forehead getting damp again.

"Daddy was away on business."

"O mummy, don't you wish he'd never go away?"

"I think it's time for lunch," said Majendie.

They ate their lunch; and when it was ended, Majendie went to the cottage to find water, for Peggy was thirsty. He returned, carrying water in a pitcher, and followed by a red-cheeked, rosy little girl who brought milk in a cup for Peggy.

Anne remembered the cup. It was the same cup that she had drunk from after her husband. And the child was the same child whom he had found sitting in the grass, whom he had shown to her and taken from her arms, whose little body, held close to hers, had unsealed in her the first springs of her maternal passion. It all came back to her.

The little girl beamed on Peggy with a face like a small red sun, and Peggy conceived a sudden yearning for her companionship. It seemed that, at the cottage, there were rabbits, and a new baby, and a litter of puppies, three days old. And all these wonders the little girl offered to show to Peggy, if Peggy would go with her.

Peggy begged, and went through the wood, hand in hand with the little beaming girl. Majendie and Anne watched them out of sight.

"Look at the two pairs of legs," said Majendie.

Anne sighed. Her Peggy showed very white and frail beside the red, lusty-legged daughter of the woods.

"I'm not at all happy about her," said she.

"Why not?"

"She gets so terribly tired."

"All children do, don't they?"

Anne shook her head. "Not as she does. It is n't a child's healthy tiredness. It does n't come like that. It came on quite suddenly the other day, after she'd been excited; and her little lips turned gray."

"Get Gardner to look at her."

"I'm going to. He says she ought to be more in the open air. I wish we could get a cottage somewhere in the country, with a nice garden."

Majendie said nothing. He was thinking of Three Elms Farm, and the garden and the orchard, and of the pure wind that blew over them, straight from the sea. He remembered how Maggie had said that the child would love it.

"You *could* afford it, Walter, could n't you, now?"

"Of course I can afford it."

He thought how easily it could be done, if he gave up his yacht and the farm. His business was doing better every year. But the double household was a drain on his fresh resources. He could not very well afford to take another house and keep the farm too. He had thought of that before. He had been thinking of it last night, when he spoke to Maggie about giving him up. Poor Maggie! Well, he would have to manage somehow. If the worst came to the worst they could sell the house in Prior Street. And he would sell the yacht.

"I think I shall sell the yacht," he said.

"Oh no, you must n't do that. You've been so well since you've had it."

"No, it is n't necessary. I shall be better if I take more exercise."

Peggy came back, and the subject dropped.

Peggy was very unhappy before the picnic ended. She was tired, so tired that she cried piteously, and Majendie had to take her up in his arms and carry her all the way to the station. Anne carried the doll.

In the train Peggy fell asleep in her father's arms. She slept with her face pressed close against him, and one hand clinging to his breast. Her head rested on his arm, and her hair curled over his rough coat-sleeve.

"Look!" he whispered.

Anne looked. "The little lamb," she said.

Then she was silent, discerning in the

man's face, bent over the sleeping child, the divine look of love and tenderness. She was silent, held by an old enchantment and an older vision; brooding on things dear and secret and long-forgotten.

XXX

Though Thurston Square saw little of Mrs. Majendie, the glory of Mrs. Elliott's Thursdays remained undiminished. The same little procession filed through her drawing-room as before,—Mrs. Pooley, Miss Proctor, the Gardners, and Canon Wharton. Mrs. Elliott was more than ever haggard and pursuing; she had more than ever the air of clinging, desperate and exhausted, on her precipitous intellectual heights.

But Mrs. Pooley never flagged, possibly because her ideas were vaguer and more miscellaneous, and therefore less exhausting. It was she who now urged Mrs. Elliott on. This year Mrs. Pooley was going in for thought-power, and for mind-control, and had drawn Mrs. Elliott in with her. They still kept it up for hours together, and still they dreaded the disastrous invasions of Miss Proctor.

Miss Proctor rode rough-shod over the thought-power, and trampled contemptuously on the mind-control. Mrs. Gardner's attitude was mysterious and unsatisfactory. She seemed to stand serenely on the shore of the deep sea where Mrs. Elliott and Mrs. Pooley were forever plunging and sinking, and coming up again, bobbing and bubbling, to the surface. Her manner implied that she would die rather than go in with them; it also suggested that she knew rather more about the thought-power and the mind-control than they did; but that she did not wish to talk so much about it.

Mr. Elliott, dexterous as ever, and fortified by the exact sciences, took refuge from the occult under his covering of profound stupidity. He had a secret understanding with Dr. Gardner on the subject. His spirit no longer searched for Dr. Gardner's across the welter of his

wife's drawing-room, knowing that it would find it at the club.

Now, in October, about four o'clock on the Thursday after Peggy's birthday, Canon Wharton and Miss Proctor met at Mrs. Elliott's. The canon watched his opportunity and drew his hostess apart.

"May I speak with you a moment," he said, "before your other guests arrive?"

Mrs. Elliott led him to a secluded sofa. "If you'll sit here," said she, "we can leave Johnson to entertain Miss Proctor."

"I am perplexed and distressed," said the canon, "about our dear Mrs. Majendie."

Mrs. Elliott's eyes darkened with anxiety. She clasped her hands. "Oh, why? What is it? Do you mean about the dear little girl?"

"I know nothing about the little girl. But I hear very unpleasant things about her husband."

"What things?"

The canon's face was reticent and grim. He wished Mrs. Elliott to understand that he was no unscrupulous purveyor of gossip; that if he spoke, it was under restraint and severe necessity.

"I do not," said the canon, "usually give heed to disagreeable reports. But I am afraid that where there is such a dense cloud of smoke there must be some fire."

"I think," said Mrs. Elliott, "perhaps they did n't get on very well together once. But they seem to have made it up after the sister's death. *She* has been happier these last three years. She has been a different woman."

"The same woman, my dear lady, the same woman. Only a better saint. For the last three years, they say, *he* has been living with another woman."

"Oh — It's impossible. Impossible. He is away a great deal — but —"

"He is away a great deal too often. Running up to Scarby every week in that yacht of his. In with the Ransomes and all that disreputable set."

"Is Lady Cayley in Scale?"

"Lady Cayley is at Scarby."

"Do you mean to say —"

"I mean," said the canon, rising, "to say nothing."

Mrs. Elliott detained him with her eyes of anguish.

"Canon Wharton — do you think she knows?"

"I cannot tell you."

The canon never told. He was far too clever.

Mrs. Elliott wandered to Miss Proctor.

"Do you know," said Miss Proctor, searching Mrs. Elliott's face with an inquisitive gaze, "how our friends, the Majendies, are getting on?"

"Oh, as usual. I see very little of her now. Anne is quite taken up with her little girl and with her good works."

"Oh! That," said Miss Proctor, "was a most unsuitable marriage."

It was five o'clock. The canon and Miss Proctor had drunk their two cups of tea, and departed. Mrs. Pooley had arrived soon after four; she lingered, to talk a little more about the thought-power and the mind-control. Mrs. Pooley was convinced that she could make things happen. That they were, in fact, happening. But Mrs. Elliott was no longer interested.

Mrs. Pooley, too, departed, feeling that dear Fanny's Thursday had been a disappointment. She had been quite unable to sustain the conversation at its usual height.

Mrs. Pooley indubitably gone, Mrs. Elliott wandered down to Johnson in his study. There, in perfect confidence, she revealed to him the canon's revelations.

Johnson betrayed no surprise. That story had been going the round of his club for the last two years.

"What will Anne do," said Mrs. Elliott, "when she finds out?"

"I don't suppose she'll do anything."

"Will she get a separation, do you think?"

"How can I tell you?"

"I wonder if she knows."

"She's not likely to tell you, if she does."

"She's bound to know, sooner or later. I wonder if one ought to prepare her?"

"Prepare her for what?"

"The shock of it. I'm afraid of her hearing in some horrid way. It would be so awful, if she did n't know."

"It can't be pleasant, any way, my dear."

"Do advise me, Johnson. Ought I, or ought I not, to tell her?"

Mr. Elliott's face told how his nature shrank from the agony of decision. But he was touched by her distress.

"Certainly not. Much better let well alone."

"If I were only sure that it *was* well I was letting alone."

"Can't be sure of anything. Give it the benefit of the doubt."

"Yes — but if you were I?"

"If I were you I should say nothing."

"That only means that I should say nothing if I were you. But I'm not."

"Be thankful, my dear, at any rate, for that."

He took up a book, *The Search for Stellar Parallaxes*, a book that he understood and that his wife could not understand. That book was the sole refuge open to him when pressed for an opinion. He knew that, when she saw him reading it, she would realize that he was her intellectual master.

The front door bell announced the arrival of another caller.

She went away, wondering, as he meant she should, whether he were so very undecided after all. Certainly his indecisions closed a subject more effectually than other people's verdicts.

She found Anne in the empty, half-dark drawing-room, waiting for her. She had chosen the darkest corner, and the darkest hour.

"Fanny," she said, and her voice trembled, "are you alone? Can I speak to you a moment?"

"Yes, dear, yes. Just let me leave

word with Mason that I'm not at home. But no one will come now."

In the interval she heard Anne struggling with the sob that had choked her voice. She felt that the decision had been made for her. The terrible task had been taken out of her hands. Anne knew.

She sat down beside her friend and put her hand on her shoulder. In that moment poor Fanny's intellectual vanities dropped from her, like an inappropriate garment, and she became pure woman. She forgot Anne's recent disaffection and her coldness, she forgot the years that had separated them, and remembered only the time when Anne was the girl-friend who had loved her, and had come to her in all her griefs, and had made her house her home.

"What is it, dear?" she murmured.

Anne felt for her hand and pressed it. She tried to speak, but no words would come.

"Of course," thought Mrs. Elliott, "she cannot tell me. But she knows I know."

"My dear," she said, "can I or Johnson help you?"

Anne shook her head, but she pressed her friend's hand tighter.

Wondering what she could do or say to help her, Mrs. Elliott resolved to take Anne's knowledge for granted and act upon it.

"If there's trouble, dear, will you come to us? We want you to look on our house as a refuge, any hour of the day or night."

Anne stared at her friend. There was something ominous and dismaying in her solemn tenderness, and it roused Anne to wonder, even in her grief.

"You cannot help me, dear," she said. "No one can. Yet I had to come to you and tell you —"

"Tell me everything," said Mrs. Elliott, "if you can."

Anne tried to steady her voice to tell her, and failed. Then Fanny had an inspiration. She felt that she must divert Anne's thoughts from the grief that made

her dumb, and get her to talk naturally of other things.

"How's Peggy?" said she. She knew it would be good to remind her that, whatever happened, she still had the child.

But at that question, Anne released Mrs. Elliott's hand, and laid her head back upon the cushion and cried.

"Dear," whispered Mrs. Elliott, with her inspiration full upon her, "you will always have *her*."

Then Anne sat up in her corner, and put away her tears and controlled herself to speak.

"Fanny," she said, "Dr. Gardner has seen her. He says I shall not have her very long. Perhaps — a few years — if we take the very greatest care —"

"Oh, my dear! What is it?"

"It's her heart. I thought it was her spine, because of Edie. But it is n't. She has valvular disease. O Fanny, I did n't think a little child could have it."

"Nor I," said Mrs. Elliott, shocked into a great calm. "But surely — if you take care —"

"No. He gives no hope. He only says a few years, if we leave Scale and take her into the country. She must never be over-tired, never excited. We must never vex her. He says one violent crying fit might kill her. And she cries so easily. She cries sometimes till she's sick."

Mrs. Elliott's face had grown white; she trembled, and was dumb before the anguish of Anne's face.

But it was Anne who rose, and put her arms about the childless woman, and kissed and comforted her.

It was as if she had said, "Thank God you never had one."

XXXI

The rumor which was going the round of the clubs in due time reached Lady Cayley through the Ransomes. It roused in her many violent and conflicting emotions.

She sat trembling in the Ransomes'

drawing-room. Mrs. Ransome had just asked whether there was anything in it; because if there was, she, Mrs. Ransome, washed her hands of her. She intimated that it would take a great deal of washing to get Sarah off her hands.

Sarah had unveiled the face of horror, of outraged virtue, and the wrath and writhing of propriety wounded in the uncertain, quivering, vital spot. During the unveiling Dick Ransome had come in. He wanted to know if Topsy had been bullying poor Toodles. Whereupon Topsy wept feebly, and poor Toodles had a moment of monstrous calm.

She wanted to get it quite clear, to make no mistake. They might as well give her the details. Majendie had left his wife, had he? Well, she was n't surprised at that. The wonder was that, having married her, he had stuck to her so long. He had left his wife, and was living at Scarby, was he, with her? Well, she only wanted to get all the details clear.

At this Sarah fell into a fit of laughter very terrifying to see. Since her own sister would n't take her word for it, she supposed she'd have to prove that it was not so.

And, under the horror of her virtue and respectability, there heaved a dull, dumb fury born of her memory that it once was, her belief that it might have been again, and her knowledge that it was not so. She trembled, shaken by the troubling of the fire that ran underground, the immense, unseen, unliberated primeval fire. She was no longer a creature of sophistries, hypocrisies, and wiles. She was the large woman of the simple earth, welded by the dark, unspiritual flame.

Dick Ransome turned on his sister-in-law a pale, puffy face in which two little dark eyes twinkled with a shrewd, gross humor. Nothing could possibly have pleased Dick Ransome more than an exhibition of indignant virtue, as achieved by Sarah. He knew a great deal more about Sarah than Mrs. Ran-

some knew, or than Sarah knew herself. To Dick Ransome's mind, thus illuminated by knowledge, that spectacle swept the whole range of human comedy. He sat, taking in all the entertainment it presented; and, when it was all over, he remarked quietly that Toodles need n't bother about her proofs. He had got them too. He knew that it was not so. He could tell her that much, but he was n't going to give Majendie away. No, she could n't get any more out of him than that.

Sarah smiled. She did not need to get anything more out of him. She had her proof; or, if it did n't exactly amount to proof, she had her clue. She had found it long ago; and she had followed it up, if not to the end, at any rate quite far enough. She reflected that Majendie, like the dear fool he always was, had given it to her himself five years ago.

Men's sins take care of themselves. It is their innocent good deeds that start the hounds of destiny. When Majendie sent Maggie Forrest's handiwork to Mrs. Ransome, with a kind note recommending the little embroideress, by that innocent good deed he woke the sleeping dogs of destiny. Mrs. Ransome's sister had tracked poor Maggie down by the long trail of her beautiful embroidery. She had been baffled when the embroidered clue broke off. Now, after three years, she leaped (and it was not a very difficult leap for Lady Cayley) to the firm conclusion. Maggie Forrest and her art had disappeared for three years; so, at perilous intervals, had Majendie; therefore they had disappeared together.

Sarah did not like the look in Ransome's eye. She removed herself from it to the seclusion of her bedroom. There she bathed her heated face with toilette vinegar, steadied her nerves with a cigarette, lay down on a couch, and rested, and, pure from passion, revised the situation calmly. She was an eminently practical, sensible woman, who knew the facts of life, and knew, also, how to turn them to her own advantage.

Seen by the larger, calmer spirit that was Sarah now, the situation was not so unpleasant as it had at first appeared. To be sure, the rumor in which she had figured was fatal to the matrimonial vision, and to the beautiful illusion of propriety in which she had once lived. But Sarah had renounced the vision; she had abandoned the pursuit of the fugitive propriety. She had long ago seen through the illusion. She might be a deceiver; but she had no power to hoodwink her own indestructible lucidity. Looking back on her life, after the joyous romances of her youth, the years had passed like so many funeral processions, each bearing some pleasant scandal to its burial. Then there had come the dreary funeral feast, and then the days of mournful rehabilitation. Oh, that rehabilitation! There had been three years of it. Three years of exhausting struggle for a position in society, three years of crawling, and pushing, and scrambling, and climbing. There had been a dubious triumph. Then six years of respectable futility, ambiguous courtship, and palpable frustration. After all that, there was something flattering in the thought that, at forty-five, she should yet find her name still coupled with Walter Majendie's in a passionate adventure.

It might easily have been, but for Walter's imbecile, suicidal devotion to his wife. He had got nothing out of his marriage. Worse than nothing. He was the laughing stock of all his friends who were in the secret; who saw him groveling at the heels of a disagreeable woman who had made him conspicuous by her aversion. Of course, it might easily have been.

Sarah's imagination (for she had an imagination) drew out all the sweetness that there was for it in that idea. Then it occurred to her sound, prosaic common-sense, that a reputation is still a reputation, all the more precious if somewhat precariously acquired; that, though you may as well be hung for a sheep as a

lamb, hanging is very poor fun when for years you have seen nothing of sheep or lamb either; that, in short, she must take steps to save her reputation.

The shortest way to save it was the straight way. She would go straight to Mrs. Majendie with her proofs. Her duty to herself justified the somewhat unusual step. And more than her duty Sarah loved a scene. She loved to play with other people's emotions and to exhibit her own. She wanted to see how Mrs. Majendie would take it; how the white-faced, high-handed lady would look when she was told that her husband had consoled himself for her highhandedness. She had always been possessed by an ungovernable curiosity with regard to Majendie's wife.

She did not know Majendie's wife, but she knew Majendie. She knew all about the separation and its cause. That was where she had come in. She divined that Mrs. Majendie had never forgiven her husband for his old intimacy with her. It was Mrs. Majendie's jealousy that had driven him out of the house, into the arms of pretty Maggie. Where, she wondered, would Mrs. Majendie's jealousy of pretty Maggie drive him?

Though Sarah knew Majendie, that was more than she would undertake to say. But the more she thought about it, the more she wondered, and the more she wondered, the more she desired to know.

She wondered whether Mrs. Majendie had heard the report. From all she could gather, it was hardly likely. Neither Mrs. Majendie nor her friends mixed in those circles where it went the round. The scandal of the clubs and of the Park would never reach her in the high seclusion of the house in Prior Street.

Into that house Lady Cayley could not hope to penetrate except by guile. Once admitted, straightforwardness would be her method. She must not attempt to give the faintest social color to her visit. She must take for granted Mrs. Majendie's view of her impossibility. To be

sure, Mrs. Majendie's prejudices were moral even more than social. But moral prejudice could be overcome by cleverness working towards a formidable moral effect.

She would call after six o'clock, an hour incompatible with any social intention. An hour when she would probably find Mrs. Majendie alone.

She rested all afternoon. At five o'clock she fortified herself with strong tea and brandy. Then she made an elaborate and thoughtful toilet.

At forty-five Sarah's face was very large and horribly white. She restored, discreetly, delicately, the vanished rose. The beautiful, flower-like edges of her mouth were blurred. With a thin thread of rouge she retraced the once perfect outline. Wrinkles had drawn in the corners of the indomitable eyes, and ill-health had dulled their blue. That saddest of all changes she repaired by hand-massage, pomade, and belladonna. The somewhat unrefined exuberance of her figure she laced in an inimitable corset. Next she arrayed herself in a suit of dark blue cloth, simple and severely reticent; in a white silk blouse, simpler still, sewn with innocent daisies, Maggie's handiwork; in a hat, gay in form, austere in color; and in gloves of immaculate whiteness.

Nobody could have possessed a more irreproachable appearance than Lady Cayley when she set out for Prior Street.

At the door she gave neither name nor card. She announced herself as a lady who desired to see Mrs. Majendie for a moment on important business.

Kate wondered a little, and admitted her. Ladies did call sometimes on important business, ladies who approached Mrs. Majendie on missions of charity; and these did not always give their names.

Anne was upstairs in the nursery, superintending the packing of Peggy's little trunk. She was taking her away to-morrow to the seaside, by Dr. Gardner's orders. She supposed that the

nameless lady would be some earnest, beneficent person connected with a case for her rescue committee, who might have excellent reasons for not announcing herself by name.

And, at first, coming into the low-lit drawing-room, she did not recognize her visitor. She advanced innocently, in her perfect manner, with a charming smile and an appropriate apology.

The smile died with a sudden rigor of repulsion. She paused before seating herself, as an intimation that the occasion was not one that could be trusted to explain itself. Lady Cayley rose to it.

"Forgive me for calling at this unconventional hour, Mrs. Majendie."

Mrs. Majendie's silence implied that she could not forgive her for calling at any hour. Lady Cayley smiled inimitably.

"I wanted to find you at home."

"You did not give me your name, Lady Cayley."

Their eyes crossed like swords before the duel.

"I did n't, Mrs. Majendie, *because* I wanted to find you at home. I can't help being unconventional —"

Mrs. Majendie raised her eyebrows.

"— It's my nature."

Mrs. Majendie dropped her eyelids, as much as to say that the nature of Lady Cayley did not interest her.

"And I've come on a most unconventional errand."

"Do you mean an unpleasant one?"

"I'm afraid I do, rather. And it's just as unpleasant for me as it is for you. Have you any idea, Mrs. Majendie, why I've been obliged to come? It'll make it easier for me if you have."

"I assure you I have none. I cannot conceive why you have come, nor how I can make anything easier for you."

"I think I mean — it would have made it easier for you."

"For me?"

"Well — it would have spared you some painful explanations." Sarah felt herself sincere. She really desired to

spare Mrs. Majendie. The part which she had rehearsed with such ease in her own bedroom was impossible in Mrs. Majendie's drawing-room. She was charmed by the spirit of the place, constrained by its suggestion of fair observances, high decencies, and social suavities. She could not sit there and tell Mrs. Majendie that her husband had been unfaithful to her. You do not say these things. And so subdued was Sarah that she found a certain relief in the reflection that, by clearing herself, she would clear Majendie.

"I don't in the least know what you want to say to me," said Mrs. Majendie, "but I would rather take everything for granted than have any explanations."

"If I thought you would take my innocence for granted —"

"Your innocence? I should be a bad judge of it, Lady Cayley."

"Quite so." Lady Cayley smiled again, and again inimitably. (It was extraordinary, the things *she* took for granted.) "That's why I've come to explain."

"One moment. Perhaps I am mistaken. But, if you are referring to — to what happened in the past, there need be no explanation. I have put all that out of my mind now. I have heard that you, too, have left it far behind you; and I am willing to believe it. There is nothing more to be said."

There was such a sweetness and dignity in Mrs. Majendie's voice and manner that Lady Cayley was further moved to compete in dignity and sweetness. She suppressed the smile that ignored so much and took so much for granted.

"Unfortunately a great deal more *has* been said. Your husband is an intimate friend of my sister, Mrs. Ransome, as of course you know."

Mrs. Majendie's face denied all knowledge of the intimacy.

"I might have met him at her house a hundred times, but, I assure you, Mrs. Majendie, that, since his marriage, I have not met him more than twice, anywhere. The first time was at the Han-

nays'. You were there. You saw all that passed between us."

"Well?"

"The second time was at the Hannays', too. Mrs. Hannay was with us, all the time. What do you suppose he talked to me about? His child. He talked about nothing else."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Majendie coldly, "there was nothing else to talk about."

"No — But it was so dear and naïf of him." She pondered on his naïveté with down-dropped eyes whose lids sheltered the irresponsibly hilarious blue. "He talked about his child — your child — to *me*. I had n't seen him for two years, and that's all he could talk about. I had to sit and listen to *that*."

"It would n't hurt you, Lady Cayley."

"It did n't. And I'm sure the little girl is charming. Only — It was so delicious of your husband, don't you see?" Her face curled all over in its soft and sensual smile. "If we'd been two babes unborn there could n't have been a more innocent conversation."

"Well?"

"Well, since that night we have n't seen each other for more than five years. Ask him if it is n't true. Ask Mrs. Hannay —"

"Lady Cayley, I do not doubt your word — nor my husband's honor. I can't think why you're giving yourself all this trouble."

"Why, because they're saying *now* —"

Mrs. Majendie rose. "Excuse me, if you've only come to tell me what people are saying, it is useless. I never listen to what people say."

"It is n't likely they'd say it to you."

"Then why should *you* say it to me."

"Because it concerns my reputation."

"Forgive me, but — your reputation does not concern me."

"And how about your husband's reputation, Mrs. Majendie?"

"My husband's reputation can take care of itself."

"Not in Scale."

"There's no more scandal talked in Scale than in any other place. I never pay any attention to it."

"That's all very well — but you must defend yourself sometimes. And when it comes to saying that I've been living with Mr. Majendie in Scarby for the last three years —"

Mrs. Majendie was so calm that Lady Cayley fancied that, after all, this was not the first time she had heard that rumor.

"Let them say it," said she. "Nobody'll believe it."

"Everybody believes it. I came to you because I was afraid you'd be the first."

"To believe it? I assure you, Lady Cayley, I should be the last."

"What was to prevent you? You did n't know me."

"No. But I know my husband."

"So do I."

"Not *now*," said Mrs. Majendie quietly.

Lady Cayley's bosom heaved. She had felt that she had risen to the occasion. She had achieved a really magnificent renunciation. With almost suicidal generosity, she had handed Majendie over intact, as it were, to his insufferable wife. She was wounded in several very sensitive places by the married woman's imperious denial of her part in him, by her attitude of indestructible and unique possession. If she did n't know him, she would like to know who did. But until now she had meant to spare Mrs. Majendie her knowledge of him, for she was not ill-natured. She was sorry for the poor, inept, unhappy prude.

Even now, seated in Mrs. Majendie's drawing-room, she had no impulse to wound her mortally. Her instinct was rather to patronize and pity, to unfold the long result of a superior experience, to instruct this woman who was so incompetent to deal with men, who had spoiled, stupidly, her husband's life and her own. In that moment Sarah contemplated nothing more outrageous than a little straight talk with Mrs. Majendie.

"Look here, Mrs. Majendie," she said, with an air of finely ungovernable impulse. "You're a saint. You know no more about men than your little girl does. I'm not a saint, I'm a woman of the world. I think I've had a rather larger experience of men —"

Mrs. Majendie cut her short.

"I do not want to hear anything about your experience."

"Dear lady, you shan't hear anything about it. I was only going to tell you that, of all the men I've known, there's nobody I know better than your husband. My knowledge of him is probably a little different from yours."

"That I can well believe."

"You mean you think I would n't know a good man if I saw one? My experience is n't as bad as all that. I can tell a good woman when I see one, too. You're a good woman, Mrs. Majendie, and I've no doubt that you've been told I'm a bad one. All I can say is, that Walter Majendie was a good man when I first knew him. He was a good man when he left me and married you. So my badness can't have hurt him very much. If he's gone wrong now, it's that goodness of yours that's done it."

Anne's lips turned white, but their muscles never moved. And the woman who watched her wondered in what circumstances Mrs. Majendie would display emotion, if she did not display it now.

"What right have you to say these things to me?"

"I've a right to say a good deal more. Your husband was very fond of me. He would have married me if his friends had n't come and bullied me to give him up for the good of his morals. I loved him —" She suggested by an adroit shrug of her shoulders that her love was a thing that Mrs. Majendie could either take for granted or ignore. She did n't expect her to understand it. "And I gave him up. I'm not a cold-blooded woman; and it was pretty hard for me. But I did it. And" (she faced her) "what was the

good of it? Which of us has been the best for his morals? You or me? He lived with me two years, and he married you, and everybody said how virtuous and proper he was. Well, he's been married to you for nine years, and he's been living with another woman for the last three."

She had not meant to say it, for (in the presence of the social sanctities) you do not say these things. But flesh and blood are stronger than all the social sanctities; and flesh and blood had risen and claimed their old dominion over Sarah. The unspeakable depths in her had been stirred by her vision of the things that might have been. She was filled with a passionate hatred of the purity which had captured Majendie, and drawn him from her, and made her seem vile in his sight. She rejoiced in her power to crush it, to confront it with the proof of its own futility.

"I do not believe it," said Mrs. Majendie.

"Of course you don't believe it. You're a good woman." She shook her meditative head. "The sort of a woman who can live with a man for nine years without seeing what he's like. If you'd understood your husband as well as I do, you'd have known that he could n't run his life on your lines for six months, let alone nine years."

Mrs. Majendie's chin rose, as if she were lifting her face above the reach of the hand that had tried to strike it. Her voice throbbed on one deep monotonous note.

"I do not believe a word of what you say. And I cannot think what your motive is in saying it."

"Don't worry about my motive. It ought to be pretty clear. Let me tell you — you can bring your husband back tomorrow, and you can keep him to the end of time, if you choose, Mrs. Majendie. Or you can lose him altogether. And you will, if you go on as you're doing. If I were you, I should make up my mind whether it's good enough. I should n't think it was, myself."

Mrs. Majendie was silent. She tried to think of some word that would end the intolerable interview. Her lips parted to speak, but her thoughts died in her brain unborn. She felt her face turning white under the woman's face; it hypnotized her; it held her dumb.

"Don't you worry," said Lady Cayley soothingly. "You can get your husband back from that woman to-morrow, if you choose." She smiled. "Do you see my motive now?"

Lady Cayley had not seen it; but she had seen herself for one beautiful moment as the benignant and inspired conciliator. She desired Mrs. Majendie to see her so. She had gratified her more generous instincts in giving the unfortunate lady "the straight tip." She knew perfectly well that she would n't take it. She knew, all the time, that whatever else her revelation did, it would not move Mrs. Majendie to charm her husband back. She could not say precisely what it would do. Used to live solely in the voluptuous moment, she had no sense of drama beyond the scene she played in.

"Your motive," said Mrs. Majendie, "is of no importance. No motive could excuse you."

"You think not?" She rose and looked down on the motionless woman. "I've told you the truth, Mrs. Majendie, because, sooner or later, you'd have had to know it; and other people would have told you worse things, that are n't true. You can take it from me that there's nothing more to tell. I've told you the worst."

"You've told me, and I do not believe it."

"You'd better believe it. But, if you really don't, you can ask your husband. Ask him where he goes to every week in that yacht of his. Ask him what's become of Maggie Forrest, the pretty work-

girl who made the embroidered frock for Mrs. Ransome's little girl. Tell him you want one like it for your little girl; and see what he looks like."

Anne rose too. Her faint white face frightened Lady Cayley. She had wondered how Mrs. Majendie would look if she told her the truth about her husband. Now she knew.

"My dear lady," said she, "what on earth did you expect?"

Anne went blindly towards the chimney-piece where the bell was. Lady Cayley also turned. She meant to go, but not just yet.

"One moment, Mrs. Majendie, please, before you turn me out. I would n't break my heart about it, if I were you. He might have done worse things."

"He has done nothing."

"Well — not much. He has done what I've told you. But, after all, what's that?"

"Nothing to you, Lady Cayley, certainly," said Anne, as she rang the bell.

She moved slowly towards the door. Lady Cayley followed to the threshold, and laid her hand delicately on the jamb of the door as Mrs. Majendie opened it. She raised to her set face the tender eyes of a suppliant.

"Mrs. Majendie," said she, "don't be hard on poor Wallie. He's never been hard on you. He might have been." The latch sprang to under her gentle pressure. "Look at it this way. He has kept all his marriage vows — except one. You've broken all yours — except one. None of your friends will tell you that. That's why I tell you. Because I'm not a good woman, and I don't count."

She moved her hand from the door. It opened wide, and Lady Cayley walked serenely out.

She had had her say.

(To be continued.)

THE POWER THAT MAKES FOR PEACE

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

FEW movements of the last half-century have commended themselves more to thoughtful men than the present organized effort for the establishment of the principle of international arbitration, and through this the securing of a world peace. In the last two decades this cause has gained in strength and coherency, and the world owes a debt which can never be paid to the men who have persistently pressed upon the attention of nations its importance and its feasibility.

The last decade in the history of the peace movement is its best. The establishment of the Hague Tribunal, the gift of Mr. Carnegie for a fitting building for its meetings, and, above all, the focusing of international attention upon the feasibility of and necessity for international arbitration, have marked real progress in the practical solution of the problem of world peace. Every friend of humanity must feel encouraged at these steps, and must have had his faith quickened for the work of the future. That that work shall be a real one; that it shall lead not merely to international gatherings, but to international agreements; that it may make war not only less horrible, but less frequent; that it may bring about a common understanding under which questions of dispute may be adjudicated by reason, not by force; that it may create a public opinion that shall prove a powerful factor in restraining nations from war; all these things we may reasonably hope for. The movement will hasten them in just such measure as it is led wisely, sanely, effectively.

Any such movement, which has to do with the larger relations of mankind and which touches fundamental human tendencies and qualities, is likely to pass through a period of progress followed by

a period of depression. It is likely to receive strength from unexpected sources and to be weakened by unexpected defections. It is sure to suffer from the lack of knowledge on the part of those who oppose it; and it is equally sure to suffer from the zeal of its own friends, who expect more of an organized movement than any organization can accomplish. The history of the present-day peace movement is in some respects the analogue of the history of the anti-slavery agitation of a century ago. The movement against slavery appealed, as does the movement against militarism, to the higher moral instincts and inspirations of men. The men of the nineteenth century saw clearly the vast evils of slavery, as the men of the twentieth see clearly the evils of war and of militarism. In proportion as one appreciates such burdens to the social order, one is tempted to be influenced by his emotions and to find himself stirred with indignation at a condition of affairs which he seeks at once to remedy. It is at such times that one is led to overestimate the power of an organization and to assume that it can take the place of the deeper underlying human education which alone can deal with such conditions. It is at such times that men are prone to become the partisans rather than the advocates of a cause, and to lose their perspective of social forces and of human nature. The advocate of peace is likely to be a real force in the progress of the movement for world peace; the partisan of peace has an attitude of mind likely to injure rather than to help the cause he supports. The man who is so eager for world peace that he is ready to fight for it has forgotten for the moment the long history of our race and its rise from savagery to civilization.

As one profoundly interested in this movement, I venture to call attention to certain fundamental human qualities which must inevitably be reckoned with in any such movement, and to point out at the same time certain directions in which our neglect of these considerations may lead us to hinder rather than to further our cause.

When we look back over the history of our race, so far as we know it, it seems clear that man is fundamentally a fighting animal. The fact that he is a fighting animal is perhaps the most important element in his evolution, and has had as much to do as any other quality with the slow process of improvement which has made the world of to-day out of the world of fifty thousand years ago. The whole process of civilization has been a development out of this life of continuous fighting and toward a life of comparative peace.

Just what this power is which has brought men out of a life of warfare into a life of comparative peace is a question about which men differ. Some will answer vaguely that the power is a combination of forces which have evolved the human race; some call it religion; and many have believed during the last two thousand years that it is Christianity. But however our notions may differ as to what the power may be, there is no difference as to the process. We know that the process by which men have passed from a life of warfare to a life of peace is nothing other than the slow and sure process of the education of the minds and of the consciences of men, and we know further that this slow and sure process is the only one that will ever bring a true world peace. There are no short cuts by which men may be made good, or by which men may be made peaceful, though good men have sought in all ages to find such. If the world could have been saved by an organization, it would have been saved a thousand years ago by the Christian church; if it could have been saved by legislative

enactment, it would have been saved centuries ago by the parliaments of the nations; if it could have been saved by administrative process, it would have been saved by the rulers who have governed it for two thousand years. There is no such royal road to peace. The world, if it is ever to know universal peace, will find it only through that same slow process by which we have attained our present civilization; and however important peace congresses and international agreements and international tribunals may be, let us not lose our perspective of their true place in this process. They are not the agencies which are to do the real work, but are only the methods by which public opinion is to be influenced and quickened.

Nor can one afford to forget, when he seeks to serve the cause of world peace, the elemental influences to which our human nature responds and the fundamental virtues to which they give rise. To bring about peace we cannot make human nature over; we can hope only to discipline and to refine it. That fighting spirit of our race, the spirit that is in every man, the spirit that has been ingrained in us by hundreds of thousands of years of our race life, and that has played so great a part in our evolution from barbarism to civilization, is not wholly bad. It grew on the one side out of aggressiveness, selfishness, suspicion; but on the other side its roots went deep into the nobler qualities of bravery, courage, loyalty, patriotism. The whole process of civilization has been an effort not to eradicate this spirit, but to discipline and refine it; to retain the old-time virtues while getting rid of the old-time vices. The man of the highest civilization to-day is no less a fighter than his savage ancestor of ten thousand years ago, but he holds the spirit of the fighter under the discipline of self-control and of the law. We could not, if we would, banish from our social and political life the things which appeal to this fighting spirit, because they pervade our whole

civilization, our literature, our language, our religion. When a band of scholars rises to its feet and breaks into that martial song, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," it is partly the appeal to this old-time inbred human spirit which stirs them, as well as the motive of Christian duty and of Christian service.

For this reason it seems to me unwise in the advocate of world peace to seek to banish such patriotic sentiments and influences. Such a criticism as has been made of the Jamestown Exposition, on account of the naval display which is to be had in connection with it, seems to me, on the whole, to hinder, not to further the cause of universal peace. To make such a criticism and to urge the banishment from our everyday life of all those things which appeal to the fighting spirit of man is to forget the long story of human development. It is to confuse symptoms with causes. For it is not soldiers and cannon and ships which make national quarrels, but the injustice, the greed, the selfishness, the ambitions, and above all the ignorance of man, which sets armies and navies to their dreadful work. If we could to-morrow destroy every war vessel and dissolve every army, it would not insure universal peace, any more than the destruction of all the liquor in the world would bring about universal temperance. We serve best the cause of peace when we recognize frankly the process out of which we have come, when we deal clear-eyed with the universal human spirit and the elemental human tendencies, and when we lend ourselves to that process which the power that makes for righteousness has given us, the process of the education of the great mass of mankind. It is when we take a step in that slow evolution of education that we take a real step toward a true world of peace. A nation helps the cause of peace when it takes official part in a world's congress for this cause, but it works immeasurably more efficiently when it deals justly and fairly with its own citizens and with other nations. A university

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does well to send its representatives to a peace congress, but it does a real work for peace when it sends into the world men who deal rightly with their fellowmen. A corporation helps the cause of peace best when it deals fairly, not only with its own interests but with the interests of its employees. A labor union aids the cause of peace most effectively when it develops a policy of unselfishness and fairness instead of a policy of selfishness and greed. A soldier stands for peace when he uses the military power justly, fairly, mercifully. We bring a world peace nearer when we so educate the individual man as to bring about a common understanding between men and between nations. The first step to individual agreement is individual confidence; the first step to international peace is international confidence and respect for the common motives of nations. And the first step in common confidence and respect is common knowledge and acquaintance. Ignorance of the motives, of the ideals, of the purposes of those with whom we have to do is the author, not only of armies and navies, but of wars and battles.

The old-time savage life was a life of isolation. Each man held a suspicion and dread of his neighbor which was in proportion to his ignorance of his neighbor's purposes and ideals. The first steps of civilization were those which led to association and acquaintance; and these must be the first steps in an international peace which is to be lasting. Intellectual and social isolation has bred more wars than hatred and revenge.

Among the many causes of our Civil War, one which is seldom thought of was the intellectual and political isolation of the Southern States. The Southern leaders sincerely believed in 1860 that they could organize a nation which could go on perpetuating slavery in disregard of the public opinion of the rest of the world. Had these leaders been men in touch with the world's thoughts and the world's ideals they would have known

that slavery was already dead, that no civilized nation could long maintain it, that the world was already ripe for its abandonment; and they themselves realized before the war was half over that, even if the Southern Confederacy were established, slavery was gone. A nation pays a fearful price for intellectual and moral isolation, a price paid down in centuries of suffering and in the blood of unnumbered battlefields.

However deeply we may regret war, however sincerely we may desire peace, there are probably few men who do not sincerely believe that for years to come our nation, in common with other nations, must maintain an army and navy, whatever limitations may be placed on their development.

So long as an army and a navy are to be maintained, it is important that the men who make up the military service shall be drawn from citizens of the highest character. If we are to place in the hands of men military power, it is above all essential that they shall be men of high intelligence and of high ideals.

There has grown up in Europe, and in America in recent years, amongst those active in the cause of international peace, a disposition to discredit and to belittle the military service; a tendency to discourage by all means young men of high character from entering the service of the army and of the navy.

In the light of our history and of our development this effort also seems to me against the interest of the peace movement, not in favor of it. No citizen or group of citizens can belittle the service of one's country in any direction without striking a blow at the same time at the deeper human qualities of loyalty and patriotism which lie back of all service and of all devotion.

No man who will look carefully into the work of the army or the navy can fail to realize that a career in either branch of our military service is one to which any man may give himself with the fullest devotion and with the highest ideals.

Americans, as a rule, know little about the actual work of either of these services, and few realize that when a man enters the service of the army or the navy, whether as officer or as enlisted man, he enters a great school, a school in which is taught not only the discipline of self-restraint, of cleanliness, of devotion to duty, but also the elements of an education. An enlisted man who enters a regiment of the army, barely able to read and write, comes out, if he be a man of ambition and industry, at the end of three years, in possession of the fundamentals of an English education. His officer stands to him not only in the relation of military director, but in the relation also of a teacher and of a friend. There is no career open to an American boy, unless it be that of a teacher, which offers a larger opportunity than that of the army or navy officer to minister to the service of men.

There are, to be sure, in both services men who do not take their profession seriously; there are men who are lazy and who are indifferent; but the great body of officers are earnest, hard-working, patriotic men. There is no life to which an American boy can give himself better worth his metal than that which he can find in either of these services. To belittle this life, to minimize its value, to seek to place it under social condemnation, is to strike a blow, not for peace but against that inbred spirit which stands for courage and loyalty and patriotism. For one cannot destroy the old-time fighting spirit of the race without weakening at the same time these elemental human virtues.

Of the truth of this statement the world has had an object lesson so striking that he who runs may read. For more than twenty-five centuries the Chinese have developed under a philosophy which led them to belittle in every way the soldier's life and to exalt in comparison with it the life of commerce and of peace. In this matter the philosophy of Confucius has been accepted by that

nation with a completeness and sincerity seldom shown in the history of any religious or philosophical evolution. The Chinese have become essentially a peaceful people. No nation needs to fear their aggressions. Amongst them the profession of the soldier has come to be considered the lowest of all callings.

The result of centuries of education in this philosophy is that China is at the mercy of all the so-called Christian nations; but, what is more serious, the process of eradicating the old fighting spirit has not only banished the worse qualities of that spirit, but it has also rooted out the old-time human virtues of loyalty and patriotism. There are those who have read in the teachings of Jesus Christ a similar lesson. "Blessed are the peace-makers" has been taken to mean "blessed are the peaceful." As a matter of fact, one can scarcely find a greater contrast than is shown in this respect between the philosophy of Jesus Christ and the philosophy of Confucius. Christ lived at a time when the burdens and horrors of war were felt in every hamlet and in every home. The military power held the social order at its mercy. Yet He never sought to array society against the soldier or the soldier's calling. On the other hand, looking beneath the surface of things, He dealt with the causes which made men and nations selfish and cruel and warlike, and to the soldier He said, "Live your life as a soldier honestly, justly, mercifully," knowing full well that he who lived the soldier's life in this spirit served the cause of peace as truly as he who advocated peace upon the housetops.

It is in view, too, of this age-long racial history that I cannot make myself believe that the artificial remedies which have been advocated as an antidote for war have serious significance. The idea that war can be made so dangerous that men will not engage in it, or that peace can be arbitrarily brought in by force, fails alike to take account of our racial history and of the underlying influences

which move men. Such remedies have the same significance in the social order that the Keeley cure for drunkenness has in medicine.

The nation which should act on such a theory might well expect to share the experience of a doughty Confederate colonel who, after the Civil War, returned with his war-worn and defeated veterans to his native village and was twitted on the fact that four years earlier he had boasted that he and his men could lick the Yankees with popguns. "So we could," answered the colonel stoutly, "but the Yankees would n't fight that way."

The truth is, there are no such short cuts to peace. Dreadful as war is, there are some things even worse. Under certain circumstances a nation will fight if it have left in it a spark of the elemental human virtue. And the remedy for such conditions lies far back of any influences which force or arbitrary restrictions can create.

And so I venture, in this day of enthusiasm for organization, to recall the fact that the cause of universal peace which we advocate is really no new thing, that it is nothing other than the cause of universal education; not necessarily the education of the school, but the education which makes man understand man, which makes state understand state, and which brings nations into relations of confidence and trust with other nations. Let us by all means further by these formal gatherings the cause of international organization, but let us not lose our perspective with respect to the organization, and the results which it may accomplish. And let us by all means not forget that the process which is in the end to bring about the result is, after all, the same slow process which has brought us up from savagery to the civilization of our day. That process we may hasten, but it cannot be done by disregarding our age-long racial history or our inbred human nature.

The beginning of the peace movement lies in the promotion of common confi-

dence and better understanding, not in the effort to belittle and to ostracize any class of citizens. The largest result which it may hope to gain is by focusing public attention, by creating a better understanding, by replacing ignorance with knowledge, by creating an international conscience. The real work will always remain the work of educating the consciences and the minds of the great mass of mankind.

It is through this slow process that we may venture to hope that the time will come when international differences shall be in the keeping of international tribunals; and it is by the furthering of this sure process that the peace advocates

of to-day may hope to bring about a movement which shall have as its consummation the deliverance of the world from the burden and horror of war. The cause of organized peace is worthy of our race and of its highest representatives. Let us hope that they may go forward in this effort, not only with true enthusiasm, but also with true judgment; that they may preserve a fair perspective, realizing that the causes of war lie far back of armies and navies, in the fundamental qualities of human nature; and that such organized effort will have force and value in proportion as those who direct it preserve a true vision and a serene judgment.

NOON AT PAESTUM

(In the Temple of Poseidon)

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

LORD of the Sea, we sun-filled creatures raise
 Our hands among the clamorous weeds,— we too,
 Lord of the Sun, and of the upper blue,
 Of all To-morrow, and all yesterdays.
 Here, where the thousand broken names and ways
 Of worship are but shards we wandered through,
 There is no gift to offer, or undo;
 There is no prayer left in us, only praise.

Only to glory in this glory here,
 Through the dead smoke of myriad sacrifice;—
 To look through these blue spaces, blind and clear
 Even as the seaward gaze of Homer's eyes;
 And from high heart and cup, red wine to pour
 Unto the Unknown God.—We ask no more.

THE DIME NOVEL IN AMERICAN LIFE

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

I

ARE not more crimes perpetrated these days in the name of the dime novels than Madame Roland ever imagined were committed in the name of liberty? It looks that way. Nearly every sort of misdemeanor into which the fantastic element enters, from train robbery to house-burning, is laid to them.

But these offending books must be only base counterfeits of the originals of their name. When the average American of fifty years of age or upward hears about dime novels he thinks of Beadle's. They were the first and the best of their order. Although nearly all of them bubbled over with thrills, they were not of a character to provoke breaches of the peace. For a few years they had a great run, incited many imitations, all of a lower grade; and at length, after suffering a gradual deterioration in quality, dropped out under the competition. Many of Beadle's original novels deserved the social and financial conquests which they won.

What boy of the sixties can ever forget Beadle's novels! To the average youngster of that time the advent of each of those books seemed to be an event of world consequence. The day which gave him his first glimpse of each of them set itself apart forever from the roll of common days. How the boys swarmed into and through stores and news-stands to buy copies as they came hot from the press! And the fortunate ones who got there before the supply gave out — how triumphantly they carried them off to the rendezvous, where eager groups awaited their arrival! What silver-tongued orator of any age or land ever had such sympathetic and enthusiastic audiences as did the happy youths at those trysting-

places, who were detailed to read those wild deeds of forest, prairie, and mountain!

And how those heroes and heroines and their allies, their enemies and their doings, cling to the memory across the gulf of years! The writer of this article has a far more vivid picture of some of the red and white paladins whom he met in Beadle's pages than he has of any of Red Cloud's, Spotted Tail's, or Black Kettle's fierce raiders, whom he saw at unpleasantly close range, or of the white warriors who alternately defeated them and were defeated by them, in the irruptions into Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, and Wyoming, in the later sixties and early seventies. Through Beadle's hypnotic spell, —

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

Soon after the middle of the nineteenth century the Beadles began selling ten cent books, each a complete work in its field. They comprised manuals of games of many kinds, family medicine, etiquette, letter-writing, dreams, cookery, prose and poetical quotations, and so on. Most of these attained such a sale that the publication of little books on American adventure suggested itself.

Irwin P. Beadle, his brother Erastus F. Beadle, and Robert Adams were the founders of the Beadle publications. Orville J. Victor was the editor. Beadle's dime novels, issued once in each month at first, but much oftener subsequently, made their appearance in 1860. Many Americans who were old enough to read at that time remember 1860 better from that circumstance than they do because it was the year of Lincoln's election and the secession of South Carolina.

These little books ranged from 25,000

to 30,000 words, or about a third of the average bound novel of to-day. Conveniently shaped for the pocket, they promptly became an inseparable part of the outfit of the boy (and to some extent of the girl also) of the period. Their paper covers were salmon-colored. And they were just as free from yellowness on the inside as they were on the outside.

Orville J. Victor organized victory for the house of Beadle. He selected some writers of ability and standing to contribute to his series. He discovered other writers who made reputations in higher fields of literature afterward. He invented a few writers who quickly "made good." Rules of possibility, morality, and action in the narrative were laid down by him, which all writers had to observe. Mr. Victor himself, who, at the age of eighty, is to-day not only alive but also mentally and physically alert, had done some good journalistic and literary work before the first of Beadle's novels was issued. He had edited two or three papers, was a leading contributor to *Graham's Magazine*, a well known periodical of the days just before the Civil War, and had written some short biographies of Paul Jones, Israel Putnam, and other American heroes.

A contributor to the *North American Review*, writing a little over forty years ago in that periodical, said this:—

"A young friend of ours was recently suffering from that most harassing of complaints, convalescence, of which the remedy consists in copious draughts of amusement, prescribed by the patient. Literature was imperatively called for, and administered in the shape of Sir Walter Scott's novels. These did very well for a day or two, when, the convalescence running into satiety of the most malignant type, a new remedy was demanded, and the clamor de profundis arose: 'I wish I had a dime novel.' The coveted medicament was obtained, and at once took vigorous hold of the system."

That was a typical boy of the sixties.

There were millions like him, as well as many thousands of girls, back in the spacious times of Abraham Lincoln.

Malaeska, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, published in the summer of 1860, was the first of Beadle's dime novels. Although forgotten long since, Mrs. Stephens was as well known to the literary world of that year as Edith Wharton or Mrs. DeLand is to that of 1907, and she was much better known to the social world than is either of these writers.

Like many greater novelists of the olden day,—Scott, Cooper, and others,—Mrs. Stephens began her chapters with a poetical quotation; but she departed from most of her contemporaries and predecessors in rejecting the "happy ending." The time of the tale, the eighteenth century, saw a large part of the country east of the Alleghenies still in possession of the red man. After her father killed her white husband, Malaeska carried their child to her father-in-law Danforth in New York City (a town which was more familiar with sights of the blanket Indian than Tahlequah or Pawhuska is to-day), was prevented by Danforth from revealing her relationship, and went back alone to her tribe. Years afterward she returned, met her son just as he was about to be wedded, told him of his Indian blood, and in the general catastrophe he killed himself and she died.

The plot was crude, but there was action in it. Editor Victor always insisted on action in his stories. In *Malaeska* herself there was some vitality. A little of the aroma of the forest swept through the book's pages. Mrs. Stephens received \$250 for the story; but the compensation for these tales usually ranged from \$100 to \$150.

Harry Cavendish's *Privateer Cruise*, Mrs. Metta V. Victor's *Backwoods Bride*, and Col. A. J. H. Duganne's *Massasoit's Daughter* were a few of the best known of the earlier Beadle's. Mrs. Victor was the wife of the editor of the series, and

she had won some reputation as a writer before she appeared in this company. She wrote half a score of stories for the Beadles. By far the most popular of them all was *Mammy Guinea and Her Plantation Children*.

Mammy Guinea was a tale of slave life, and appeared in the early part of the Civil War. It was spirited and pathetic, and had a good deal of "local color;" its sales exceeded 100,000 copies, and it was translated into several languages. "It is as absorbing as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*," was the judgment which Lincoln was said to have passed on it. The *New York Tribune*, the *New York Evening Post*, and other prominent papers in that day of large deeds, when newspaper space was valuable, gave some space to Mrs. Victor's story.

One day in the fall of 1860 a bustling youth of twenty crossed from the wilds of New Jersey, entered the office at 141 William Street, New York, and laid a manuscript on the desk of Editor Victor. It was a great moment in the annals of the house of Beadle. The boy was Edward S. Ellis. The manuscript told the adventures of *Seth Jones, or the Captive of the Frontier*, the most successful novel which ever bore the Beadle imprint.

A few years later Dr. Ellis, who is alive to-day, graduated from the 10-cent into the \$1.50 class of fiction writers, and he has also, in the past fifth of a century, written histories and educational works, some of which have been very popular. His juveniles, many of which have been translated into several languages, exceed in number the sixty-seven years of his life. His readers, diffused through America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the sea, won't allow him to stop. As a writer of Indian tales he easily holds the world's long-distance record.

"How de do? How de do? Ain't frightened, I hope. It's nobody but me, Seth Jones of New Hampshire."

As read to-day, these words, for thousands of Americans, will rouse recollections which will turn time's flight back-

ward several decades. This salutation was Seth Jones's introduction to Alfred Haverland (and likewise to the reader of the story) at Haverland's clearing in the wilderness of Western New York near the close of the eighteenth century. They may also serve to recall, faintly at least, the woodcut picture on the cover of the book, of a stalwart bearded man garbed in fringed hunting shirt, fringed breeches, and coonskin cap, and armed with rifle, powder-horn, and knife. To-day, costume, armament, and picture would strike the observer as archaic; but on the scale of their time all were adequate.

Seth, who had been a scout among the Green Mountain boys under Ethan Allen in the war of the Revolution a few years earlier, and who was fully equipped in the tricks of the fighting frontiersman's trade, told Haverland that the Indians of the vicinity were about to go on the war-path again, and his warning was immediately verified by the capture of Haverland's sixteen-year-old daughter Ina, and by the burning of Haverland's house just as the latter and his wife had fled from it to seek refuge at a white settlement twenty miles away. Just at this moment Evarard Graham, a sweetheart of Ina, turned up, and, under Seth's leadership, joined in the cautious pursuit of the Indians and their captive. After some wonderful, though not inherently impossible, adventures, lasting several days, Ina was recovered, and she and her rescuers reached the settlement and safety.

About this time it was divulged that Seth Jones was a myth, that his real name was Eugene Morton, and that his uncouth garb and language were a mask which he assumed in searching the frontier for his affianced, Mary Haverland, sister of the backwoodsman in the tale, from whom he had become separated during the Revolutionary War. He discovered her soon after he met Alfred at the clearing; but he postponed revealing himself until the clouds rolled by. There was a double wedding—Ina

and Graham, Mary and Morton — with a fiddler and revelry as accompaniments. And then —

“Slumber, with the exception of the sentinels at the block house, fell upon the village. Perhaps the Indians had no wish to break in upon such a happy settlement, for they made no demonstration through the night. Sweetly and peacefully they all slept. Sweetly and peacefully they entered on life’s duties on the morrow. And sweetly and peacefully these happy settlers ascended and went down the hillside of life.”

Believing that this tale could be made a “best seller,” the counting-room rose to the occasion with Napoleonic audacity. One morning the residents of most of the big towns of the United States found staring at them from gutters and dead walls the words, “Seth Jones,” which were followed a week afterward by “Who’s Seth Jones?” The book’s appearance on the news-stands in immense stacks a few days later answered that query. This booming and the plaudits of its readers quickly exhausted several editions, and sent the sales ultimately up to more than 600,000 copies, in half a dozen languages.

The Civil War, which started about three quarters of a year after the advent of Beadle’s novels, opened a new and vast market for them. In their leisure moments the soldiers craved cheap and exciting reading. Beadle bundled it like bales of hay and sent it to them in carloads. And, in their rate of increase, the carloads kept step with the expanding armies.

Mrs. Stephens, Col. Duganne, Mrs. Victor, Mrs. Mary A. Denison (who wrote *Chip, the Cave Child*, and a few other novels for this series) and Dr. Ellis, fairly represented the Beadle contributors when the corps was at its best estate. Of all the persons connected with these publications in their great days, only Ellis, Mrs. Denison, and Editor Victor are alive to-day.

Prosperity killed Beadle. He would

have done better had he done worse. The streams of money which flowed to him made 141 William Street seem, to some envious persons, like a branch of Secretary Chase’s United States Treasury. Rivals sprang up in New York, Boston, Chicago, and other places, who pandered to passions which Beadle shunned. These soon began to take away many of his patrons, and with the hope of regaining his ascendancy he lowered the tone of his publications. It was vain. The days of his supremacy never returned.

The blow which hit Beadle first and hardest came from his own household. “Over there is a man,” said Erastus F. Beadle, the head of the firm, one day, to one of his leading contributors, “who will be content with his routine work forever.” He referred to George Munro, who was a bookkeeper for the house. The original partners had by that time been reduced in number by the withdrawal of Irwin P. Beadle, leaving in the concern Erastus F. Beadle and Robert Adams. Less than a year after Beadle passed this judgment, Munro stepped out, hunted up Irwin P. Beadle, and the two began publishing Munro’s “Ten Cent Novels.” That was in 1866. With the Munro competition began the decline and fall of the house of Beadle.

Munro’s novels won a large patronage from the start, and in connection with these he drifted into other fields of publication, establishing the *Fireside Companion* in 1867, and beginning the “Seaside Library” in 1877. The latter contained the work of many foreign writers of ability. At the time of his death in 1896 Munro had amassed a fortune of ten million dollars.

Beadle’s pocket-form publications were changed into the large folio page “Beadle’s Dime Library” in 1876, and the name Beadle and Adams still figures on dime and half-dime publications issued by N. J. Ivers and Company, New York. But the glory of the house of Beadle vanished when the pocket-form tales passed on.

II

By the close of the seventies several sorts of "dime," "half-dime," and "nickel" novels appeared, the Indian eventually dropping out as the reservation corralled him, and the cowboy, the detective, and the train robber taking his place. At length the dime novel—a term applied to all the cheap fiction indiscriminately—became an atrocity. Many are published to-day in the United States, and almost as many like them in quality and scope are printed in England.

Not all the dime novels, though, even of to-day, deserve this epithet. Between some of them and some of the bound novels the only recognizable difference is the difference between ten cents and \$1.50.

Of the writers of the "dimes" and the "half-dimes" of the past third of a century the best were Thomas C. Harbaugh, Albert W. Aiken, Edward L. Wheeler, Joseph W. Badger, Jr., and Col. Prentiss Ingraham. There are whole "libraries" of Buffalo Bill "dimes," but Ingraham wrote most of them. Bill himself is credited with the authorship of about a dozen of them. Among them is *Death Trailer, the Chief of the Scouts, or Life and Love in a Frontier Fort*. As Colonel Cody had seen something of life, and possibly of love, at frontier posts, the reader would presume that this book would be the "real thing." It starts out briskly, as most of the "dimes" did:—

"Mingling with the rumble of wheels and the rattle of hoofs upon the stone road, came the clear notes of a bugle, piercing the deepest recesses of the chaparrals, and floating far off over the prairie until the sound died away upon the evening air. Suddenly out of a dense piece of timber dashed a horseman, well mounted, and wearing the uniform of an officer of the cavalry of the United States army."

Dime novel horses never trot or walk, — they always gallop. The officer who dashed out of the timber was Col. Hugh Decatur, the place was Texas, near the

Rio Grande, and the colonel, with his daughter Helen and an escort of four dragoons, was on the way to Nebraska, where he was to take command of a military post. After a breathless succession of encounters with Cortina's Mexican guerrillas, road agents, renegade jayhawkers, and villains of a promiscuous and desperate order of villainy, — in which regulators, avengers of different kinds, British noblemen, and other titled personages figure, and in which daylight is let into many sorts of mysteries, — the end came at Castle Glyndon, in England, where Helen became Lady Radcliffe.

Injun Dick, Detective, or Tracked from the Rockies to New York, is a typical tale by Aiken, who was probably the most skillful, and nearly the most prolific, of writers of detective stories.

"You have seen your last sunrise, as I am going to shoot."

Thus the story opened. There was no preface. In dime novels deeds and not words talk. Scene: A mining camp on the Bear River, in southwestern Colorado. Personages: Dick Talbot, hero of a score of Aiken's tales; Joe Bowers, another Aiken favorite; Limber Bee, and Limber's wife, Alethea, "about twenty-five, tall and queenly, with the most magnificent hair, and eyes black as the raven's wing." Limber, drunk as usual, and insanely jealous of Talbot, was to be the executioner, and Talbot the victim.

"You have been trying to separate me from my wife, the peerless Alethea, and you must die."

Right here Joe Bowers's frying-pan, loaded with flapjacks, hit Limber in the face; he went down under the blow; the bullet intended for Talbot flew wide of the mark, and Talbot sprang upon him and held him down until he begged for mercy. Alethea, angry at Talbot for sparing Limber, revenged herself subsequently on both by running away with a mysterious stranger, who assassinated Limber, and by making off with Talbot's, Bowers's, and Limber's gold, hidden in their cabin. Tracked across the

continent, the stranger, who turned out to be Malachi Everest, a notorious burglar, was encountered red-handed in robbing a safe in New York, and killed by Talbot.

Aiken had a record of one story a week for a long time. When pressed, Wheeler and Badger often equaled this gait. Some of the dime-novel writers had several aliases. Col. Thomas C. Harbaugh wrote under his own name and those of Capt. Howard Holmes and Maj. A. F. Grant (in the "Old Cap. Collier" series). Though retired from the dime providing business, Col. Harbaugh is an active contributor to-day to literary papers in Chicago and other places.

The most prolific, however, of all the dime novelists was Col. Prentiss Ingraham, who wrote more than six hundred cheap stories in all, besides many plays and poems. One of his "dimes," forty thousand words, was written on a "rush" order in twenty-four hours, and that was before the popularization of the typewriter. It has been mentioned here that Ingraham wrote most of the Buffalo Bill stories. Ingraham had been an officer in the Confederate army, and afterward served under Juarez in Mexico, in the Austrian army against Prussia, in Crete against Turkey, and in part of the Cuban war of 1868-78 against Spain; and he had traveled widely in Europe, Asia, and Africa. He led a far more adventurous life than Buffalo Bill, and more adventurous than did the hero of almost any of his own tales. In *A Rolling Stone*, one of Beadle's books, his friend William R. Eyster, a well-known dime novelist, told some of the story of Ingraham's life. In the past quarter of a century the average compensation to Aiken, Ingraham, and their associates was \$150 for writing "dimes," and \$100 for "half-dimes."

III

What did the dime novel stand for? What influence did it have on the minds of its readers? What forces did it repre-

sent in the evolution of American society?

The aim of the original dime novel was to give, in cheap and wholesome form, a picture of American wild life. At the time when it began to be published, 1860, less than fifteen years had passed since the country's boundary had been pushed from the Sabine, the Red, and the Arkansas rivers, and the Rocky Mountains, onward to the Pacific. In that decade and a half we had gained Texas, Oregon, New Mexico, and California, and had enlarged the national area to an extent equal to that of the entire territory east of the Mississippi. A real frontier in 1860 along the line of the Missouri and the Arkansas, with thousands of fighting Indians beyond that line, and some of them east of it, gave the reader an ardent concern in the adventures in *Malaeska*, *Seth Jones*, *Mas-sasoit*, and other tales which told of life when the frontier was in New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. These tales had both contemporaneousness and vitality.

"As editor I sought the best work of the best writers in that particular field of fiction," said Mr. Victor a few years ago to the author of this article. "All was up to an excellent standard of literary merit. The detective and love story came later, when rank competition on the ten-cent trade made it seem necessary to introduce these elements. Almost without exception the original dime novels were good. Their moral was high. All were clean and instructive."

This judgment by the man who shaped these little books will be accepted by most persons who remember them in their best days. Ethically they were uplifting. The hard drinkers, and the grotesquely profane and picturesquely depraved persons who take leading rôles in many of the dime novels of recent times were inexorably shut out from their progenitors of Beadle's days.

These tales incited a love of reading among the youth of the country. Though

making no pretensions to be historical novels, they often dealt with historical personages. Many of the boys and girls who encountered Pontiac, Boone, the renegade Girty, Mad Anthony, Kenton, and Black Hawk in their pages were incited to find out something more about those characters and their times, and thus they were introduced to much of the nation's story and geography. Manliness and womanliness among the readers were cultivated by these little books, not by homilies, but by example. It can be truthfully said that the taste and tone of the life of the generation which grew up with these tales were improved by them.

No age limit was set up among Beadle's readers. Lincoln was one of them. So was Seward, and Henry Wilson of Massachusetts. Report of a later day had it that Toombs—who, however, as an officer of the Confederacy, was on the wrong side to find them accessible in their early days—was a devourer of these tales when he could get at them. "The man," said Zachariah Chandler, "who does not enjoy *Onomoo, the Huron*, has no right to live."

One at least of Beadle's tales registered itself in the politics of the time. *Maum Guinea*, Mrs. Victor's slavery tale, which issued at a critical moment in the Civil War, and which, republished in London (all Beadle's novels were republished in London until 1866), circulated by the tens of thousands in England, had a powerful influence in aid of the Union cause at a time when a large part of the people of that country favored the recognition of the independence of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Victor's own "Address to the English People," issued at the same time, and in connection with the London edition of the novels, was widely distributed in England, and helped to overcome the sentiment which was clamoring for the breaking of the blockade and the purchase of Southern cotton for Lancashire's idle mills.

"My dear fellow," said Henry Ward

Beecher to Mr. Victor afterward, "your little book and Mrs. Victor's novel were a telling series of shots in the right spot." This is testimony which counts. Beecher was a special commissioner from Lincoln to England in 1863, to counteract the hostility to the Union cause in the Palmerston cabinet and among the aristocracy.

The very small claim which the black man ever had upon the dime novelists ended with Appomattox and emancipation; but the red man had a far longer and more prosperous career. While Red Cloud, Black Kettle, and their compatriots ravaged the frontier, the Indian tales had an easy ascendancy. The annihilation of Colonel Fetterman and one hundred of his troops near Fort Phil Kearney in 1866, and the slaughter of Custer and two hundred and fifty of his men on the Little Big Horn in 1876, sold forest and prairie stories by millions of copies. But that was near the end of the Indian's service for the fictionists. The campaign against Chief Joseph and the Nez Percés in 1877, and the rounding up of Geronimo and the Apaches in 1886, shut up the last of the descendants of King Philip and Pontiac on the reservations, and the novelists had to turn to other fields for material. Before Sitting Bull's ghost-dance irruption at Pine Ridge in 1890, the cowboy and detective tales had supplanted the Indian story in the popular favor.

For a few years the Santa Fé trader and the cowboy ran a flourishing career among the dime novelists. Soon after the Mexican war Capt. Mayne Reid, one of the heroes of that conflict, began his tales of the Southwest—*Rifle Rangers*, *Scalp Hunters*, *Captain of the Rifles*, and the rest of them,—some of which told of bloody deeds along the Santa Fé trail, and a few of which were reprinted among Beadle and Adams's "dimes" and "half-dimes." Like most of the early cowboy tales, these stories had Indians among their leading characters, intermixed with "Greasers."

The alien white ingredient in these tales injected an element of variety which the youthful reader appreciated. Reid had seen the Mexican at close range. He knew enough of the Mexican language to make his imprecations and objurcations — his “Sacre-e-s” and “Carambas” — sound real. This delighted the boy readers, and set the fashion in profanity which later writers in this field followed. Reid, J. E. Badger, Oll Coomes, P. S. Warne, and others, who told of the wild riders of the plains, red, yellow, and white, made every foot of ground between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevadas, and the Arkansas and the Rio Grande, familiar to dime novel readers.

More than a quarter of a century ago, however, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé railway ended the days of the old trail and its story tellers. Between the railroads which transported the cattle from the ranges to the stockyards, and the barbed wire fences of the settlers who are abolishing the ranges, the cowboy as a picturesque feature of the Western landscape has passed out, and the dime novel will know him no more. This leaves the detective in possession of the stage.

In certain directions the detective tale has attractions for writers and readers beyond those offered by the average Indian story. The white “bad man” is more versatile in his badness than is his red or yellow counterpart. His field of activities is far wider. For the past half century the Indian’s operations have been shut in between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevada Mountains, but the white crook’s ravages have covered the whole landscape between the two oceans. Aiken’s *Black Hoods of the Shasta* made life exhilarating in the neighborhood of the Golden Gate, but in most of his most popular tales the action centred in New York. In Boston, St. Louis, Philadelphia, New Orleans, St. Paul, and other towns, the Vidocqs of Harold Payne, William H. Manning, Edward Willett, J. W. Osbon, and others cut their Gordian knots.

Calling the roll of the items in the vast output of Wheeler, Ingraham, Aiken, and their associates, it would seem that there could not be enough truth in the United States to last them. No complaint of this sort, however, was ever made by any of their constituents. In their pages the reader encountered life in all tints of shade and brightness. His imagination was kindled. He was incited to do things; and commonly the things which he wanted to do were heroic.

There were no problems in any of the dime novels, old or new, not even in *Maum Guinea*. Duganne’s *Massasoit* appeared before psychology was invented. If a paragraph or two of Arthur Dimmesdale’s soul torture had strayed into any of Beadle’s novels, the whole series would have been ruined. The things which were done in those little books were physical, and they were told in language that made pictures in the mind. There were no verbal puzzles in any of them, like those which James or Meredith impose. Long ago James said novelists ought to make their readers do a share of the work. Capt. Mark Wilton, Major S. S. Hall, Dr. Frank Powell, and their coworkers believed that their duty to their readers was to entertain them.

Between the writer and his constituents there was a bond of affection which incited him to make them glad to be alive. In the mind of every healthy boy there is romance. For that boy’s entertainment the producer of dime fiction strewed romance through farm, mining camp, and city street. Out of his surroundings, however sordid, the boy was lifted. He became, to himself, the centre of the universe. At the particular spot on the globe on which he stood all the parallels and the meridians converged. In no more intense a degree than this did exaltation ever come to the Count of Monte Cristo; — the world was his. What was Edmond Dantes’s paltry twenty million dollars to the vast treasures, physical and spiritual, spread out by Osbon before “Plucky Paul, the Boy Prospector,” and his tens

of thousands or hundreds of thousands of readers?

And the boy got all of this without any prefaces. The action began right in the first line. No little Peterkin ever needed to ask any Old Kaspar what this was all about. The battles with Indians and "Greasers," the capture of road agents and bank burglars, and the retribution which hit the villain who attempted to cheat the girl out of her patrimony, told their story in language so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, never made any mistake in grasping it.

From Beadle's days onward most of the dime tales have been American. Names, scenes, atmosphere, are familiar. In reading them the American boy's soul soared and sang. This is why the average youth who found *Rob Roy* and *Ivanhoe* dull was immensely entertained by Ellis's *Bill Biddon*, or Leon Lewis's *Daredeath Dick*, *King of the Cowboys*.

Were these things all illusions? Many of them were, yet they were pleasing illu-

sions. Illusions jolt us every day, which the dime novelists never touch, and which we would not want to read about. Some of us might like occasionally to see time's clock turned back to the days when the world was young enough and rich enough to have illusions that make us glad.

Was everything that the dime necromancers told us melodrama? Much of it unquestionably was. But an age which has seen a nation rise from Balboa's isthmus at the wave of a Prospero wand from Washington; which has recently looked on while a people in the Caribbean committed suicide; which is watching Nome's argonauts, up under the Pole Star, rival the glories of the Comstock under the reign of Mackay, Flood, and O'Brien; and which held its breath in November, 1906, while Roosevelt and Croker, like Castor and Pollux, rushed to rescue the nation from a New York editor who had built up an army in a night, has no right to object to melodrama in fiction.

SCHOOL REFORM IN BOSTON

BY DAVID SPENCER

A SIGNIFICANCE singularly marked and singularly broad attaches to the reconstitution of the Boston School Committee. The reform involved no technical problem of the schools, but concerned itself merely with the reconstruction of a faulty administrative system; it consisted, in fact, solely in the reduction of the school committee from a membership of twenty-four to a membership of five; yet so fundamental and so timely was this simple measure that its effect upon Boston school administration, great though that has been, is but a part of its scope. The reformers found themselves building better than they knew. They found that the principle of their reform was widely

applicable, that elsewhere it had already been applied, and, later, that its application would be urged in Boston to affairs outside the schools. In the light of their success, indeed, the reformers believe that the principle upon which they worked is now become of interest, not chiefly to the schoolmaster nor exclusively to the Bostonian, but to the thoughtful citizen in every municipality of the country.

The principle thus proclaimed so important is not new and is nothing cryptic; it is simply concentration of authority and responsibility for the sake of efficient administration. It is a common mandate of expediency, to be followed where abstract principles are not at issue; it coun-

sels merely economy of time and energy, by asserting that business, as business, had better be taken from the hands of many men and put into the hands of a few. The idea is important because it has heretofore been considered, and has doubtless properly been considered, to present a policy dangerous to adopt in American affairs. It is now the more important because, being obviously applicable, without present danger, to the administration of the American city, it has as yet been very seldom so applied. The effects of its application in Boston are almost worthy to be called blessed. In them and in the story of the reform which produced them, the principle will best reveal its certain and increasing value.

The story of the reform movement can best be told, however, in the story of two minor revelations, both of which, happily, will help to illuminate the principle in question. The two other revelations were: a political lesson for reformers — and a man.

The man is James J. Storrow. Mr. Storrow does not pretend to be an educator, but he is a true school reformer. For purposes of organization the schools stand less in need of the psychologist and the professional pedagogue than of the man of affairs; and thus, as the work of the schools must ultimately depend upon the organization of them, the practical organizer is often the truest school reformer. Now a true reformer of the schools is rarest, perhaps, where school reform is most the fashion. For school reform is a good shibboleth: it serves the rising politician for a slogan, it sanctifies the scheme of the grafter, and compels attention to the Utopian symmetries of the dreamer and the disproportioned enthusiasm of the crank. These are the false prophets of the schools, of whom some lack ideals and some lack powers, and all alike lack the magnanimity of true leadership. The true reformer towers above them. Large service to our city schools demands all that they lack, and

more. It demands vision,— the power to foresee the future of the community and its need, to comprehend the changing function of the schools in the social whole and their deepening import in the life of the individual, and from this comprehension to conceive a standard for the work. Something of an idealist, in other words, the school reformer must be, yet without losing his grasp of the practical situation. And to this capacity for applied idealism he must add political leadership. The progress of American education depends — and may it never cease to depend! — upon the public intelligence and the public will. Concentration for efficiency can never in America be applied, as in Germany it is applied, to the extent of taking the control of the schools out of the hands of the people. But the people are inclined to seek principles where they can find them embodied in men. Fortunate the city that finds a man who can “illuminate” a saving principle! Partly on account of this necessity for political leadership, the layman who would reform the schools — and it is the layman who must do a large part of that reforming — must have another remarkable trait: he must be far above pride of opinion. He must be frank to seek the expert’s advice and careful to weigh it in the balance with the practical exigencies of the moment. Only thus, in technical matters, can he be sure that he advocates before the people a saving principle. As a reward for all which, he will have the opportunity for continued well-doing; like charity, he must bear all things and seek not his own. These four qualities — vision, leadership, magnanimity, devotion — combined for Boston in James J. Storrow; without the combination of them in a single man, the application to the schools of a fundamentally remedial principle might have been long delayed.

For the “political lesson for reformers” lay in the need of the man. In 1904 the schools of Boston were governed by a committee of twenty-four members, whose business was transacted mainly in

twenty-six sub-committees. Meetings of the whole board were taken up chiefly by an "avalanche of votes, or by formal speeches intended to attract attention rather than enlighten, and to be sensational enough for a headline in the next morning's paper rather than to change the conviction of fellow-members."¹ The system, in spite of the presence on the committee of many able and high-minded men and women, had become a morass of encumbrances, recriminations, conflicting rulings, and petty graft. A radical change was needed, but for years no radical change had been attempted. At last, in April, 1905, after a struggle which swayed long in the balance, the "Storrow Bill" was passed by the state Legislature. By its provisions, a new board of five members was to be chosen at the next city election. The old Committee was to be "concentrated" for the sake of efficient administration. In December came the political battle over the personnel of the new "small board." The field was hotly contested by persons who violently opposed the reform, but who could "illuminate" no principle whatever; but the vote resulted in the election of five admirable candidates. The record thus far made by these gentlemen is a matter of congratulation to all who supported them. Now here was a hard fight in the Legislature, followed by a sharp city contest and thereafter by administrative labors of peculiar difficulty and importance. One who watched all this with the eye of a strategist has said of it, "Reforms are conceived, begun, guided, defended, only by the leader. The leader is the only fulcrum by which the world of civic unrighteousness may be forced from its orbit." To the success of the Boston school reform many men and many forces contributed; but the influence of James J. Storrow was upon them all, persuasive, continuous, directive. It would be hard to tell how often,

¹ From a speech by Mr. Storrow before the Committee on Cities of the Massachusetts Legislature.

without it, the movement might have gone astray. As necessary to reform as principle is the leader.

Such is the story of the reform campaign, as it depended upon the man and embodied the "lesson." The connection of these incidental revelations with the principle of the reform lies in this, that the principle of the reform is entirely different and in a sense directly opposed to the principle which the "revelations" may be said to embody. But this very opposition makes the need of a leader "as a fulcrum" fit, curiously enough, into a broad argument for "concentration for efficiency." The work of the new Boston Board, which will best illustrate the practical effects of the reform, can itself be more profitably reviewed in the light of this broader argument. For the argument puts a new construction upon the reform, causing it to appear no longer as an isolated educational movement, but as part of a wide social readjustment demanded by the peculiar needs of our day. It presents, in other words, a philosophy into which the results of the reform fit like the articles of a creed.

The philosophy is as simple as the reform, and as fundamental. It concerns itself merely with the question, "How many?" The campaign demanded concentration to the point of one-man power; the reformers worked for concentration to the point of five-man power. Here is a difference, apparently, only in degree. As a matter of fact, however, there is involved also a difference in kind. It frequently happens in human affairs that a difference between five and one means more than a difference of four. In this case it means a difference of four *plus* the difference between the kind of command needed in a fight and the kind of command needed in the administration of public affairs.

Evidently the latter sort of command, far more than the former, is characteristic of our day. Broadly speaking, the age is not an age of war. Modern civilization seldom reproduces that stress of tribal

conflict which evolved the tyrant. The fear of swift death at the hands of hostile tribesmen no longer compels us to submit to the command of a single military leader. Under milder penalties, and in those few activities which are the softer analogues of war, the necessity for one-man power does still, of course, exist. Witness our case in point, the political campaign: whether for reform or for party power, its success depends on leadership. Witness also athletics and the sterner exigencies of railroading and of life at sea. These examples show our continued need of commanders in activities which partake of the nature of war; but such activities cannot be called distinctively modern.

Yet activities distinctively modern do demand a certain degree of concentration. The "unconcentrated" representative assembly is no more truly a typically modern form of control than is the tyrant. It is true that in the long struggle for personal liberty against the power of kings, the representative assembly played an indispensable part. To establish democracy and to define its scope, the discussions of deliberative assemblies were essential. That work is likely to remain uncompleted for centuries, and the deliberative assembly, in consequence, for centuries indispensable. This argument does not demand that representative assemblies be condemned root and branch. No one is likely to deny that wherever prolonged deliberation is necessary, the large assembly will always be the best agent of civilization, — witness the great associations of scientific men, of merchants, and of educators. Nor are we likely to recommend radical changes in our national government. That institution has still before it the great work of extending and defining democracy. It is the heart of democracy, which beats as strongly now as when our body politic was born. We have no desire to apply the knife to it. But the extremities are not the heart. City government, school government, church government, the control of public trusts and corporate affairs

generally, do not involve the functions of the national government. They do not call for the extension and definition of democracy by means of large representation. In them small representation will guard quite as well the democratic principle and will serve much better the business in hand.

For in these cases the business in hand is not the establishment or the defense of principles, but the construction of practical policies; it is literally business, not in the sense of detailed execution, but in the sense of organization and direction. The age of discussion is merging into an age of administration, and the extremities of the social organism are the first to feel the change. Distinctively modern activities are economic activities, for which the large representative assembly is not the best agent. Deliberations upon questions of policy must be carried effectively and expeditiously to definite conclusions. When an assembly is forced by reason of numbers to become a debating society, it cannot properly administer, even under well-established principles, interests which are unequivocally practical. Such interests, when they are public interests, demand more than one head; it is not safe, ordinarily, to entrust them to a single man; but they demand conference rather than debate, and the limit of conference is the limit of conversation in which every one concerned can join without temptation to speechmaking. The exact number, and the manner of putting that number into office, will naturally vary with place and circumstances; but the essential point is the "conversational limit."

The Boston school reformers found direct election a necessity, and thought five a good number. This decision is easily tested. With the story of the reform campaign already before us, we may turn to examine the effect of its success in the record made since January, 1906, by the new Boston School Committee. This record has been mentioned above as a matter for congratulation. Such it might

be, of course, without proving that the results were due specifically to concentration. The personal integrity of the gentlemen composing the board is beyond question a chief cause of many happy effects. Moreover, if it were shown that specific improvements in the Boston schools were due directly to the reduction of school-committee membership, irrespective of persons, it would not follow that similar specific improvements would ensue upon reductions of other school committees, of boards of trustees, of boards of aldermen, common councils, commissions, and like bodies generally. Boston school business differs from the business of other institutions. But if we find in the Boston schools a number of specific benefits due to improved conditions of administration, irrespective both of persons and of the nature of the affairs in hand, we may reasonably conclude that like improvements in the conditions of administrative action would follow like reductions of other administrative bodies. Other cities have an equal chance to get good men; other affairs depend equally upon the general conditions of administrative action; concerning the good deeds of the Boston School Board, therefore, we need but ask if to any extent they are due to conditions inherent in a conference of five, but hardly to be looked for in an assembly of twenty-four.

One might well ask in the first place if the personal character of the new board is not due in a measure to the fact that the board consists of only five men. Of the old board of twenty-four at least a third could not be relied upon for entirely honest and efficient service. A school-employee once boasted that he controlled nineteen of them. The present committee, to a man, is honest, earnest, hard-working, and efficient. Members habitually refuse even to discuss appointments, which are now entirely under the jurisdiction of the superintendent, subject only to confirmation by the board. It is the sort of board one might hope the people would elect, but of whose election one

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could never be sure. Yet when we consider that eight of the old committee came up for election every year, whereas of the new committee the people will never be called on to choose more than two at a time, may we not feel some assurance of continued good choice? When the attention of the voters is concentrated upon candidates for two places, there is some likelihood that they will avoid mistakes; such a result is more likely, at least, in the election of two candidates than in the election of eight. In the election of two there is no chance, either, for selection by wards. The old committee corresponded in number very nearly to the number of Boston wards, — twenty-five. There was a consequent tendency to the evils of ward representation, a tendency reproduced wherever there are enough candidates to “go round” among the wards. Concentration makes this tendency inoperative, except, perhaps, in a large way: five members may be profitably taken from five large sections of a city, thus securing difference in point of view without inviting ward politicians to exercise their influence. Concentration, besides, increases the chance of good party nominations. In the first election under the provisions of the Storrow Bill, an independent body called the Citizens’ Union was able to persuade the dominant parties to endorse good men despite strong influences against it. In the second election under the new régime, David A. Ellis, candidate for reelection, received both the Republican and the Democratic endorsement, and won against Julia E. Duff, a member of the old board, who controlled thousands of votes and who violently opposed the whole reform. When parties must show their hands in nomination for an office ostensibly beyond party spoilsmanship, they are more likely to be careful if they find themselves unable to hide venal henchmen in a crowd of nominees. On the whole it is not too much to say that the principle of concentration tends to insure the election of good men.

There is a corollary to this proposition in the argument that a small committee is less open to graft than a large one. The question involved may be purely hypothetical, but discussion of it will serve to reveal the greatest defect in a large committee system. There is at least a show of reason, too, in the argument itself. Publicity is the greatest enemy of graft, and the doings of one man in five are more public than the doings of five in twenty-four. It is in a system of sub-committees that graft finds its most favorable atmosphere. The public usually watches meetings of the whole board, most of which, in fact, are bound to be open; but sub-committees, adroitly formed, usually meet in executive session, unnoticed of the press; and sub-committee measures are railroaded through the meeting of the whole board under cover of misunderstanding. This sort of thing was repeatedly charged against the old Boston School Board, with ample confirmation from the records; against the new board it simply cannot be charged with the slightest show of truth. In any case, the weakness of large boards is that they are bound to break up into sub-committees. This is true of them whether they have much to do or little; it is not rush of business that causes it, but their own weight. Consequently the large board is sure sooner or later to offer good cover for the dodgings of the grafter. Better, surely, not to have even the cover.

And while the quiet political wire-puller is using the sub-committee system in one way, the demagogue will use the solemn assembly of the whole board in another. The meeting of a board large enough for speeches is too good an opportunity to be lost. "You may go into executive session if you like," said one member of the old board, "but what I am going to say has already been given to the newspapers." Better, surely, to exclude speech-making from the meetings of an administrative body.

But the greatest evil of the large board with its sub-committees lies in the lack of

unity in its work. In the mere matter of unanimity of opinion the small board has an advantage. Under the old Boston Committee the rules and regulations for the schools were amended in one year twenty-three times, in another, twenty-five times. Originally an excellent body of rules, based on years of experience, they finally became almost unintelligible. It was simply a case of "too many cooks." The new board's first business was to codify and revise the rules. The old board broke its conflicting regulations right and left. Under a consistent code it is now the invariable policy of committeemen and school officers alike to insist on recognition of its provisions.

A still more fatal defect than this of conflicting rules is presented in what Mr. Storow said in defending his bill: "[A] thing that would soon strike a new member of the [old] school board is the fact that, although he may be faithfully attending the meetings of his five or six sub-committees, yet he can never really grasp the school business. This is the inevitable result of the system; . . . twenty-[one] other committees [are] grinding out business and putting things into operation without any notice to the board, or else rushing matters through the board after incomplete explanation." It is safe to say on the other hand that every member of the new board knows all that is necessary about the business properly before that body. Nothing is put into operation without the cognizance of the whole board, and nothing is "rushed through." There is far more deliberation on the new board than there was on the old. It is credible that there should be, for before five men issues are hard to confuse. To convince a board of five, without advantage of oratory and with no chance to fall back on sub-committee findings, is a task which demands the inspiration of a good cause.

Thus of any small board it may be hoped that its compactness will bring unity of administration, with such concomitant benefits as harmony of rulings

and certainty of deliberation. By virtue of this necessary unity a small board is also a more democratic body than a large board; its work, that is to say, is more clearly exposed to the public view. So diffused was the work of the old Boston School Board that not even the members themselves could grasp it, to say nothing of the public. The matter of hearings is a case in point. The old board hearings were private, sub-committee affairs. Only the findings came to the whole board and the printed minutes. As late as November, 1905, the public was apprised of a sub-committee plot to protect an unfit principal, the means of publicity being the report of a sturdy minority of one! Such things are impossible on the new board. Its work is done in a single room, at known hours, and by a single body. Whatever is tabled, referred, passed, or lost appears, as so disposed of, in public minutes. Hearings upon important matters, such as corporal punishment and coeducation in elementary schools, have been entirely public and searching. And in the printed minutes of the meetings the eager citizen may find a record of consistent accomplishment instead of a tangle of minority and majority reports from sub-committees.

Consistent accomplishment has thus at least some connection with small membership; but the connection will become more clearly inevitable as we consider another aspect of that unity of administration which small membership permits. Small membership forces each member to see the functions and duties of the board in their just proportions and in their complete inter-relations. Sharing responsibility to the whole public for work of the board, no member of it can forget his duty to the city in his desire to favor a district. In the old Boston School Board there were nine district sub-committees; in the new board there are none. Though the members of the new board live in different parts of the city, they are charged with no responsibility for their respective sections; as they are members

of no body but the main body, their jurisdiction covers the whole city. Thus "geographical" favoritism has no formal sanction. More important still, each member must see the work of the board as a whole. He must measure his duty to the children by his duty to the teachers, and both by his knowledge of the state of school finances. His view of the situation must be as complete as his responsibility; he has no sub-committee labors to excuse him from seeing the whole circle of affairs. One striking result of this completeness of view has already appeared in the work of the new board. The old board, harried by the recommendations of seventeen standing committees and nine division committees, so far exceeded its appropriation for 1905, that Boston teachers had to go without their December salaries. Mr. Storrow, replying to charges against the new board by Mrs. Duff, wrote as follows: "This board has not felt justified in appointing teachers to positions for which it did not have the funds to pay the salaries; and we are certain that this year no teachers will be faced by a bankrupt school committee, unable to pay the salaries of the Christmas month." It is conceivable that the better element of the old committee might have prevented so miserable a fiasco, had not confusion of powers and duties, inherent in a sub-committee system, kept the matter from appearing in a clear light. It is even conceivable that five of the least worthy of the old committee-men, had they been charged with complete responsibility for the work of their board, might have succeeded in conducting at least a more respectable retreat. Unquestionably the mere matter of numbers had something to do with the mistake. It is probable that the members of a large board can never secure so just and so complete a view of the business before their body, as is forced upon the members of a board of five.

There can be no doubt, in the case of the small Boston School Committee, of the thorough understanding, by each mem-

ber, of the duties before the board. The old board spent hours on minor matters, the new board goes to the heart of things. Under excellent professional advice it has begun constructive work at exactly the points where reform is most needed. American schools stand most in need of better teachers and of smaller classes. Thanks to the new board, Boston is in the way of securing both. A merit system of appointment, and changes in the requirements for certificates to teach, will go far towards securing better teachers for entrance into the service. A supervisor of substitutes, to help raw teachers in their work; a system of requirements for promotion, in the way of professional and academic study and successful teaching; and a liberal system of leave of absence on half-pay, for purposes of study and travel, — all these, the work of the new board, tend to keep good teachers in the service and to increase their powers for good work. A school appropriation based on the valuation of taxable property prevents much advance towards higher salaries and smaller classes, but every possible shift in this direction has been tried. Reorganization of the business department and stringent economy in materials have been made to yield something for increased salaries and smaller quotas of pupils. Thus the board has seized unerringly upon the most effective means for improving the schools, and has subordinated other means in an effort to increase its efficiency. Much work has been done besides, but none that shows so well the insight of the committee into its own problem. Perhaps a committee of twenty-four might have done as well; but the old board never did. At least it is possible that for other institutions, in Boston and out, a reduction of the governing body might produce similar effectiveness of administration. When a few men share the full responsibility for certain public affairs their grasp of them is likely to be sure and firm.

There remains one further advantage

of the small board: it must leave the execution of its policies to paid official experts. This result is hardly less important than the administrative unity just insisted on, and is in effect more striking because more concrete. There used to be an American notion that citizenship in the United States was sufficient training for any public duty whatever. Happily, the notion is passing. Perhaps the schools will be the last institution to be free from its effects, because every American seems to be born with the notion that an educational hobby is meant for riding and that the best place for riding it is the public school. Personal interference with the running of the schools is still the usual school-committee-man's conception of his duty. But such a conception is surely wrong. School-committee duties are best summed up in the word "administration." Now "to administer the law is to declare it or apply it; to execute the law is to put it in force." In part legislative and in part judicial seems to be the proper complexion of school-committee functions. Such also are the functions of most boards of control. These boards represent the public in dealing with the affairs of an institution; and the public is willing to pay professionally trained experts to advise the board as to the needs of the institution and to carry out the policies inaugurated under such advice. The board cannot itself execute its policies, nor ought it to act without professional advice upon technical matters. Specialists are not lacking: in hospitals there are doctors and nurses; in libraries, trained librarians; in city governments, police, firemen, accountants, engineers, counsel; in charitable institutions, the modern trained charity-worker; and in schools, the teacher and supervisor. These experts should know their work and should be allowed to do it unmolested.

Interference, however, is a great temptation to the member of a large board, particularly if the precedent of non-interference has never been firmly established.

Concentration usually does establish it. A large committee divides its work, making a sort of specialist of every member and increasing the temptation to interfere. A small committee retains its general character and gets so forcible an impression of its general duties that it has no time to play specialist. Accordingly, we find a marked difference on this point between the old Boston School Board and the new. One of the first acts of the new board was to define clearly the duties and powers of its school officers. The position of supervisor was dignified by increased salary and a six-year term of office, secured by legislation. The appointing power, subject to confirmation by the board, was more firmly fixed in the superintendent. In the old days members used to interfere by personal order with the working of the schools, in order to make places for applicants. Admission to the Boston Normal School was secured by personal influence. Nowadays, persons who cannot get rid of old habits go to members in the hope of getting positions or admissions — and are referred to the superintendent, with the surprising information that he will act under the rules. In the old days, bad boys with “important” fathers triumphed over teachers, supervisors, and

superintendent, by “going higher up.” Nowadays they go up only to find that short cuts do not count and that regularly constituted authority is to be upheld. Transfers of pupils to create a new class or secure a new building in one district used to leave another with empty seats which cost the city thousands of dollars. Members of district committees grew so careless as to grant transfers verbally. Now transfers are made only upon the signature of assistant-superintendents. Concentration has helped the board to rely on its experts and on its rules.

Would it not help other boards to do the same? Is there not in the reduction of large boards to smaller membership some guarantee of better general character, of less politics, of more consistent and more effective administration, and, finally, of this wholesome reliance on official specialists? Boston has experienced these effects in her school system. At a meeting of the Boston Economic Club last January, G. K. Turner of New York told what concentration had done for the city government of Galveston. It took a flood to bring Galveston to it; may something less costly force other cities to adopt the “saving principle.” May a true reformer arise for every board of twenty-four!

THE LAW AND THE LADY

BY LILY A. LONG

NAOMI STAPLES, nearer sixty than fifty, strong, erect and quiet, sat opposite Judge Warren in his law office and listened to the demolition of the familiar past which had been her life, and which had seemed as unassailable as her own identity.

"I blame David very much," the judge said at last, with the exasperated desire to hold someone responsible for any tangle, which is an unconscious testimony to our faith in the essential justice of the universe. "He should have got a divorce when Lucinda ran away. Certainly he should have had a divorce recorded before he married you."

"But he thought she was dead, you know," Naomi said. She spoke in an absent fashion, as though her mind were far away from her words. "A divorce would have seemed crazy."

"He should have investigated. It was too serious a matter to take chances on. Good heavens, David should have realized what it might mean to you! I blame him very much."

"Then I don't," she said, arousing herself from her half-attentive abstraction. "David wasn't one to take thought. You know that as well as I. If anyone should have thought of it, I should. I always had to remind him about things, from paying the taxes to calling on the minister. But I don't see as either of us was much to blame. Lucinda had left him four years before, and it was common talk that she was dead. Perhaps she wanted us to think so; but for all that Lucinda was always flighty, she wasn't tricky. I don't believe she would ever have thought of coming back to stir things up if that sharp lawyer Dodge hadn't got hold of her,—I'll say that for her."

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Judge Warren turned the pages of a legal digest impatiently. He had no need to consult the authorities further, but it gave him a chance to avert his eyes from the uncrowned woman who so quietly discussed her own sentence.

"It's hard on you," he muttered.

Naomi understood the implication of sympathy for an inexpressible humiliation, and the lightening of her face was almost a smile.

"Oh, I don't think *that* matters much," she said.

"You don't?" Astonishment made the judge stare. "Why, I thought a woman"—

Naomi lifted her head ever so slightly.

"I was David's wife in the sight of God and men for over thirty years. That stands."

"But legally —"

She smiled, and spoke with the gentle patience of a mature mind helping a child to comprehend.

"Do you remember what sort of a day last Saturday was? It was a golden day, beautiful enough in the morning to make your heart ache. In the afternoon I went up to David's grave and planted bulbs that will come up in white and yellow and crimson flowers before the snow is gone next spring. In the evening, this man Dodge, who says he is Lucinda's lawyer, came to the house to say that Lucinda had come back to claim what belonged to her. That was last Saturday, August 31. Now if the printer that made that calendar you have hanging there on the wall had made a mistake and given August thirty days instead of thirty-one, and left that Saturday out, would it do away with the day that I know I lived through? Don't you see that it's the same way with this? There may be a

misprint about the record, but David and I know that I am his wife,— not only was, but *am*.”

The lawyer smote his open book with his clenched hand. “By God, I believe you are right.”

“And I ’m not worrying about the children, either,” Naomi went on, thoughtfully. “It would be different if they were school-children among school-children. You see I ’ve had all week to think it out. Now they are both grown and married, and well married, and this talk in Warrenvale can’t touch them very close. No, there is just one thing I want you to tell me the law of. That ’s the property.”

Judge Warren nodded his head respectfully. It was entirely contrary to feminine precedent as he understood it, that a woman suddenly robbed of her “marriage lines” should take things in this unemotional and practical way; but no one ever treated Naomi Staples otherwise than with respect when it came to a question of handling property.

“Just what have I a right to claim?”

“Well,— not much, I ’m afraid.”

“My clothes?”

“Yes, and jewelry and personal effects.”

“Jewelry!” She laughed with quick derision. “I haven’t been much given to that. I have the watch David gave me before we were married, and my wedding ring,”— she held the word steadfastly and the judge did not fail her by the quiver of an eyelid,— “and some trinkets the children have given me at Christmas and birthdays. Those are mine?”

“I ’d like to see any court that would let Dodge touch them.”

“I ’m not going to give him a chance. You can tell me the law as well as the court can, and that is all I want at this time. When I know just where I stand I ’ll know what to do. The money in the bank,— how about that?”

“If David had made a will, as I often told him to, it would be different. I

would have something to fight on, then. But as he left it to the law to distribute his property, the court will have to order the money paid over to his —”

“To Lucinda,” she cut in. “I supposed that would be the way, but I thought I ’d ask on the chance that the children might have a claim.”

“Not in this state. You see, the law doesn’t recognize the existence of children born,” — he stammered, — “of either the children or yourself. It simply proceeds as though you were not.”

“Well, for that matter, there isn’t so very much money in the bank just now,” she said, with a gleam of satisfaction in her eye. “I had to draw on that when David was sick; and I ’m glad I spent so much on his funeral,— solid silver the handles were, and everything to match. I heard people thought it was extravagant, but I guess it was Providence. Dodge won’t get his hands on that, anyhow. That settles about everything except” — and for the first time she had to make an effort to keep her voice steady — “except Hilltop Farm and the house. I suppose I haven’t any claim on them?”

He shook his head without looking at her. There was a moment’s silence in the room.

“Do you remember what Hilltop Farm looked like when I married David Staples?” she asked curiously.

The old judge pushed his chair back and walked across the room, to ease his nervousness by action.

“Of course I remember,” he said, explosively. “There isn’t a man or woman of our age in Warrenvale who doesn’t remember how you took hold of that stony, unprofitable, twenty-acre patch of waste ground and turned it into a gold mine. No one here had ever thought of raising asparagus for the city markets. It was genius,— the same sort of genius that has made men famous.”

Naomi’s deep eyes deepened. She knew that she had achieved. Life, love, and death, are the common heritage of

the race, but not to all is given the power of creation. Through the long, hard years there had been daily joy for her in that knowledge, and the joy could not die on the moment, though the fruit of her toil was to be torn from her and cast in the dust.

"It was a great thing you did," the judge continued, warming to his subject. "You took David when he was broken-spirited, discouraged, hopeless, and you made a man of him. You took his poverty-stricken little farm, and turned it into a veritable garden of Eden. You took his dilapidated little four-room house, and turned it into a place that all Warrenvale is proud of. There isn't a prettier home in the town."

Naomi's lip quivered for a moment, but it was rather with scorn than with weakness. "And now you say that the law will take it from me,—the *law*, which is supposed to do justice between man and man?"

"I said it was hard on you," he muttered.

"It is n't that,—I can stand things. I am not one to whimper. But it is not right. It is not just. How, then, can it be the law?"

"The law has to go by rules," the uncomfortable judge made answer. "It has to—strike an average. It does n't claim to do ideal justice. It sometimes even does a wrong in a particular case, to prevent an uncertainty which would lead to a more widespread wrong. Nobody could deal in property, for instance, unless the ownership went by established rules."

"It is n't just property," said Naomi, slowly. "Not to me. To her it is, I suppose. I would n't mind if it were just wood and mortar worth so many thousand dollars. But it is home to me,—and more. It was home at a time when things meant to me what they never can again. It is alive with memories. And in a queer kind of a way, it is n't just memories. The things I hoped for are alive in the house to me. It is—everything."

"But all that is beyond the jurisdiction of any court," the judge said gravely.

Naomi searched his face, and the stifled pain in her eyes was more tragic than any cry. For a long moment she seemed to be weighing the world for which he stood in the balance of her own mind. Then her look fell, and the lines of her face hardened.

"So, after all, I must depend on myself," she said, slowly. "Well, I've fought my fights alone before this. I had to mortgage the farm, you remember, to build the house, and many people thought it was crazy, and made a mock of me. But I could n't bear that the children should have that other place to remember among their first impressions. I had to start them right. I wanted them to look back always to a beautiful childhood. And so they do, now. Hilltop Farm will always be to them the most beautiful memory in the world."

"And quite right, too. I suppose," he added, with rather too obvious an intent to change the current of her thoughts, "I suppose you will be going on now to make your home with either Tom or Patty."

"Yes." She pulled herself together, and dropped the trap-door upon her emotion. "They have both wanted me to come, ever since their father died, but I kept putting them off. But now I'm going. I don't think Warrenvale and I will have much to do with each other after this. I'm going this evening."

"You don't need to hurry. Dodge has n't got his decree yet."

"But you say he will get it, and that's all I wanted to know. I shall go right home and pack up my belongings,—clothes and jewelry and personal presents, you said,—and then I'll turn the keys over to you for Lucinda, and take the east-bound train at eight o'clock. By the way,"—and she reached for her handsome Boston bag,—“will you bear witness that I did n't use any money I had n't a legal right to for my ticket?"

Tom sent me this check last week, so I should n't have any excuse for putting off my visit longer. It just comes in handy. Will you cash it?"

The Judge handed her ten clean ten-dollar bills in exchange, with obvious relief. He had, indeed, been silently cogitating for the last half hour on the ways and means for supplying his suddenly impoverished but most independent client with money for current expenses.

"Is there anything else I can do?"

"No, thank you. I'm used to looking out for myself, you know. Good-bye, Judge."

"Surely not good-bye for good, Naomi?"

"Most likely."

They had been school-children together fifty years before, and had lived their lives out in village intimacy. The judge's voice was unrecognizably husky when he pressed her hand and muttered,

"Good-bye, Naomi. God bless you!"

But there was no dimming of Naomi Staples's clear eye. She nodded quietly and walked out into the street with her own firm and light step.

People turned to look after her as she went from place to place, for there was no one in Warrenvale who did not know that Lucinda Staples had come back, after thirty-five years of absence, to lay claim to her husband's now valuable estate. There had been hardly any other subject deemed worthy of discussion since the man Dodge, who represented himself as Lucinda's lawyer, had appeared with her on the scene a week ago. The legal and social aspects of the case were so thoroughly threshed out that any boy in the street could have explained all the technicalities to the court. There was no question of disputable identity to complicate matters. Lucinda Staples, now worn and dingy and hardly used, was still, unquestionably, the Lucinda who, wearying after a dull year on Hilltop Farm, had given Warrenvale its one sensation in a generation by running away from home to join a wandering

opera company. Her return had been an equal sensation. She was David Staples's widow, — she, and not the long-respected Naomi. And the provincial moralists were greatly perplexed.

But no one spoke of these matters to Naomi as she went from place to place that morning. There was something in her abstraction that forbade even a wordless expression of sympathy. She paid all her outstanding bills, secured her ticket and railway berth, and arranged with Jim Stinson, the local express agent and general utility man, to come to Hilltop Farm for her trunk at six o'clock. Then, with the slate clear, she went to the livery stable where she had left her horse and buggy, and started on the two-mile drive that lay between the village and her home.

Every step of the way was familiar. As she drove slowly up the winding country road, she knew just when to look for this and that especial vista. She looked intently, deeply, registering each scene upon her visual memory; but again and always her look came back to the goal of her journey, where a white house gleamed out against the green background of the higher hill, — the white house which had been the dream of her early ambitions, the pride and joy and satisfaction of her maturer life. When a turn of the road hid it she knew just where it would reappear, nearer and more clearly detailed. The colonial columns at the front thrilled her again as they had in the first days of her possession, and as they had never failed to thrill her on every return to her home. The windows that overlooked the valley were intelligent to her eyes. The air of substantial comfort, of dignity and prosperity, about the place, greeted her like a presence. She looked at her creation with the same high look that had awed the villagers, and the place looked back at its creator with conscious response.

She put away the horse and took a scrutinizing survey of the barn and the garden. Every part of it was as familiar

as the lines of her own hand. But she did not linger here. There was much to be done inside.

It was time for her luncheon, and with a thoughtful glance at the clock she proceeded with the work she had planned for herself for the afternoon. First, she set the table for her meal,—the last she would eat in this house. This was no mere midday consumption of food, to be dispatched in the summary fashion of womankind. It was a function, a memorial service, in which she was to take part, and she proceeded with the care befitting the performance of a ritual. Her finest damask she laid on the table, with the best china and silver, and the embroidered centre-piece which she had always reserved for her most appreciative “company.” She went to the garden for a spray of trailing nasturtium, and arranged it gracefully in an old silver vase in the centre of the table. Then she brought out bread and butter and her best jelly. She was not particularly fond of sweets, and seldom cared to taste her own jellies; but this special kind had taken the prize at the state fair, and it was entitled to this formal recognition. The white breast of a cold roast chicken, with sweet pickles from her choicest lot, and tea and cake, completed the repast. Her critical eye viewed the table with quiet satisfaction. It was quite as nice as any table she had ever seen. It was worthy of even this occasion.

She ate with deliberation and enjoyment, and then restored everything to immaculate order. The ceremony was complete.

Then she went to the attic for a trunk, for she must begin her packing. All here was in the perfect order that rejoiced her housewifely soul. A row of little blue and white bags hung from the ceiling, each labeled to show at a glance the variety of household supply which it carried in reserve. The window to the east, where the rain was apt to come in during a storm, was open. She carefully closed it. On the north side was a row of trunks,

and Naomi ran her eye over them with a flicker of disdainful amusement. David had always bought the trunks as household necessities,—would Judge Warren think she had a right to take one away with her? That big trunk which they called Tom’s,—well that *was* Tom’s, come to think. His father had bought it for him when he went to college, and it had grown too shabby in those four years for him to countenance when he went out into the world to make his fortune afterwards. Yes, that one definitely was Tom’s, not David’s, and if Tom’s, then no one could gainsay her right to use it. She thumped it down the two flights of stairs to the front hall, with a triumphant sense of having scored one against the law.

It was not difficult to gather the personal belongings which Judge Warren said she had a right to. She knew the genealogy and collateral relations of every article in the house, and she collected, with expedition and yet with that same air of disdainful care, the books, pictures, and trinkets which had been the tallies of the passing holidays for thirty years. Some were absurd and pathetic, evidences of the children’s unhampered choice in their first eager bargainings; some absurd and magnificent, David’s taste having run to peacock-feather fans and carved teak. She packed them carefully among her dresses, with a passionate sense of rescue for each piece saved.

The trunk packed and corded and ready for Jim Stinson when he came, Naomi glanced at the clock again. She still had an hour left for the task she had had in her mind from the beginning,—the ceremonial review and farewell to the house. Before she departed forever from the spot which meant so much to her, she must gather up and fix in that inner treasure-house of memory which lay beyond the reach of the Law every look and aspect of the House. Something her heart must have to rest upon in all these years to come. The smouldering bitterness died in her sad eyes, and with every

faculty sensitive to the significance of the hour, she moved slowly from one room to another, tasting the special quality of each with delicate perception. This front bedroom, facing the west, had been her own since the house was built, and its glory had always been the flood of sunset light that held the day fast, long after shadows had filled the valley below. She snapped the window shades to their highest, letting the light fill the room and fall in a shower of radiance across the things she so familiarly knew. The room had been furnished with little besides sunshine and invisible hopes for the first few years; but as the crops prospered under her care, real furniture had been added, each piece a treasure, carefully selected, planned for, lived with. That Braun photograph of a Corot had meant a winter's study of the art-dealers' catalogues. She lingered before it with a moment of rebellion. Not to rescue what David had so loved seemed hard to the point of cruelty; but she had determined to abide — oh, strictly! — by Judge Warren's opinion, and by his judgment she had no right to anything she had herself bought with David's money. Her lip curled at the thought that Lucinda had a better right; but the scorn died in a moment. She could afford to forget her — now. The still sunshine in the picture had leaped into palpitating life under the kindred touch of the western glow from the window, till all the room seemed to be joyously alive. She closed the door softly, as though she were shutting in something that must not be disturbed.

This room under the eaves was Tom's — and clean to bareness it was, as he had always loved to have it. The iron cot and the military camp-outfit had been his own choice. How they always understood each other, they two! The room was thronged with memories of the curly-headed boy, the eager youth, the strong man who was now waiting for her in the far city. The man belonged to many. The boy had been hers alone. She

crossed the room to shake out the folds of the college banners that drooped against the wall, and as she came back she let her hand linger on the white pillow of the cot. Almost it seemed as though a curly head might turn under her light pressure, and Tom's funny voice — She went out quickly.

This was Patty's pretty room. That wide ledge under the window was where the child had been in the habit of curling up with her fairy tales in those far-away years — those everlastingly near-by years — when the adventures of Cinderella were the events of the day. Here she had stood while Naomi's fingers fastened her bridal wreath, and here, after the ceremony in the flower-decked parlor below, she had flung a sobbing farewell to her old room with its girlhood memories. Now Naomi kissed her hand to the room. She did not weep. There was only a steady tenderness of farewell in her look, as there had been when she kissed Patty to self-control and placed her hand in that of her perplexed young husband.

Here, down the stairs, Patty had come in those trailing white robes that made her seem consecrated and apart; and there, before the bay-window, — the spot was invisibly marked forever, — she had stood. And her first look, when the solemn vows had been spoken, had been for her mother, — not for the young husband at her side, but for her, Naomi. No other picture could overlay that, though other pictures thronged the silent spaces on every side; and chiefly one that brought up before her again the first aspect the room had worn when she and David came into the empty, finished house that first evening after the workmen had left, and looked about it solemnly; and David turned and kissed her in his shy and awkward way.

She passed through the dining-room slowly. How it had always struck the note of the opening day with sunshine! How the warm colors had glowed under the evening lamp! Here they had drawn

together, each day renewing the bond that made them one people. Had it not, indeed, been communion bread and sacramental wine that they had shared in this room? The hush upon the place echoed the "nevermore" of her heart.

As she entered the kitchen, the flutter of the white muslin curtain at the window seemed to ask her attention, like an insistent child. The house had been so still that the eager little motion seemed intentional,—a call for her approval, or an urging of its readiness for service. She smiled at the curtain with quick responsiveness. Yes, they understood each other. Then, lighting a candle, she went down to the cellar to complete her review. The separate bins for the garden vegetables, the big cupboard of famous preserves, the neat arrangement of garden tools not in use, all responded to her silent challenge like soldiers on parade. Her deep eyes approved silently. The years might slip from her hand to-night like a crumpled scroll, but her life was justified. The victory she had wrung from fate was all complete.

The sound of a horse's feet on the gravel outside warned her that Jim Stinson had come, and she went up at once, with the lighted candle in her hand, closing and locking each door behind her as she went.

"You there, Mrs. Staples?" Jim's voice called.

"Yes."

She set down the candle on the kitchen table, and went out to where Jim stood by the side door. "The trunk is in the front hall. You better drive around that way and put it on your wagon while I get old Job from the barn. You're to take him down to Moody's livery on your way to the station."

"All right." But he did not move at once. Jim Stinson, like everyone else in Warrenvale, knew why Naomi was going away. He looked at her curiously and tapped his boot with his whip. As a man and a neighbor, something was demanded of him. He looked out over the

garden and remarked impersonally, "It's a blame shame, that's what it is."

"What's a shame?" asked Naomi, absently.

"Why, that this place should go to Lucinda Staples, after all that you've done for it."

"Oh!" She started as though someone had suddenly reminded her of something lost. "I had quite forgotten about Lucinda for the time being."

Jim stared at her. It seemed rather an unnecessary strain on his credulity.

"I've had other matters on my mind," she said; and unconsciously her voice was stern with something of the impersonal sternness of Fate. "That reminds me, Jim, I was going to ask you to witness my signature. Your commission as notary public has n't run out yet, has it?"

"No, ma'am," said Jim, wonderingly.

"I want you to seal this paper for me. It is a list of the things I have taken from the house. I swear it is correct and complete, and that everything else has been left in the house just as it stands. Now I'll sign it, and you sign here. I copied that part for you to sign out of an old deed, so I know it's right."

"But I ain't got my seal here," gasped the surprised man of law.

"That's all right. You can put the seal on afterwards. See that you do, and then give the paper to Judge Warren, with the house keys, first thing to-morrow morning. He'll tell you it's all right. I didn't have any witness to see what I took, but I guess my affidavit will count for something, if any question ever comes up.

Jim signed. People seldom discussed Naomi's instructions with her. Then she locked the side door from the outside and gave him the key, and went herself to the barn for Job. In a few minutes they had left Hilltop Farm behind them and were clattering down the road to Warrenvale.

Except for the spattering pebbles kicked loose by the horses' feet, and an occasional stumble by Job, who found

the ways of Providence surprising in thus suddenly turning him into a led horse, the journey was made in silence. Naomi was absorbed in watching the evening light gathering upon the familiar farms and fields and patches of wood they passed. Jim thought it strange that not once did she turn to look at Hilltop Farm behind them. One would have expected a woman to show some little feeling about giving up her home. But when they reached the bridge at the edge of the village, she suddenly put her hand on the reins.

"Let me out here. I'll walk the rest of the way. Don't forget to turn the keys and that paper over to Judge Warren first thing. And now good-bye, Jim."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Staples." And as she was climbing down over the wheel he added gruffly, "We won't forget you in Warrenvale."

"I don't think you will, Jim,—not just at once," she said, with a faint smile.

She waited until he had gone on, and then she walked to the middle of the bridge and leaned her arms on the railing and looked back up the road. It was the point, as she knew well, from which Hilltop Farm could be seen to the best advantage. The white building, vivid against the green background, was at the end of a long up-leading vista, and often, on her return from town, had she stopped here to watch the sunset glare burn red as fire upon the Farm windows,—as now. More than once her heart had given a sudden leap with the thought that the place was really afire, so redly the windows glowed,—as they did now. And this time the red did not fade with the shifting sunset. The western light changed, but steadily, fiercely, leapingly red the windows still glowed, and though Naomi did not move, her eyes dwelt with deep content on the house she had built.

There was a growing sound from the village,—the sound of voices, of shouts, of running feet, of hard-driven wheels.

"Your house is afire," the foremost

shouted,—the two boys astride one galloping horse; and galloped on.

"Fire! Fire! Fire! was the far-away cry along the road toward town.

Judge Warren, in a light cart, pulled up suddenly when he saw the silent figure leaning against the hand-rail.

"You are here!" he cried, in great relief. "I was afraid — Jump in, and I'll get you there in a hurry."

She shook her head. "My train is due in half an hour."

"Naomi! Do you know your house is burning?"

"It will be burnt to the ground before you can possibly get there. See, the roof is going."

A red flare leaped high into the air, fringing the heavy rolls of smoke that poured from the pierced roof. It was like a battle banner,—the flaunting of dauntless spirits riding to triumphant defeat.

Another buggy came tearing up to the bridge, the man Dodge leaning forward over the dashboard to lash his horse on.

"The house is afire!" he shrieked from afar, when he saw Naomi.

She nodded.

"It's my house, — it's Lucinda's house!" he shrilled at her.

"Yes."

He pulled the horse up and leaped from the buggy to confront her.

"I believe you set it afire yourself, you —" He gurgled in inarticulate fury.

Naomi faced him, erect, quiet, so untouched by his clamor as almost to seem unconscious of it.

"I came away with Jim Stinson soon after six, but it is just possible that you may be right," she said thoughtfully. "I remember now that when Jim called to me I set down my candle on the kitchen table, and like as not the wind blew the muslin curtain right against the flame. It could easily have happened that way. I locked the door from the outside and we came right away, and I can't seem to remember that I *did* blow out that candle."

"It's arson. I'll have the law of you. It's my property. You will have to pay

for this. I'll have the law." He flung his frantic words at her like missiles.

"Have a care, Mr. Dodge," Judge Warren warned grimly. But he did not look at Naomi.

"I think," said Naomi calmly, "that the law has had about all that it can get from me. I own nothing that would be worth attaching, if that is what you mean."

"The insurance money belongs to the widow, anyhow," Dodge said suddenly. "You don't get a cent of that." And he jumped into his buggy and whipped on up the road.

"You go too, Judge," Naomi said, turning with a little smile to Judge Warren, who had been watching her with troubled eyes. "You won't any of you get there in time to save anything,—see that burst of flame!—but you'd better be on the ground. I shall stay here till the train comes. And, if you don't mind, Judge, I'd rather see the last of it alone."

He drove on at that, joining the excited procession that was pushing its way up the hill in the hope of being in at the death. But Naomi had understood the situation perfectly. By the time the judge reached the farm, there was nothing but a failing bonfire where the house had once stood, and the crowd of men and boys about the yard had given over their futile attempts to save anything. The long shadows cast by the occasional spurts of flame leaped like mocking spirits about the ruins, and to the judge's fancy there was something consciously fantastic in the way they danced; but gradually they tired and dropped down, the flames fell away from the charred beams, and the quiet shadows of the night and the trees came timidly on to reclaim their freehold.

The judge had been trying to avoid Dodge, whose scolding was an affront to the scene, when he saw Pringle, the one

insurance agent of the town, on the other side. The troubled look came back into his eyes. He would have given much not to meet Pringle here and now. So, setting his heavy jaw a little, he picked his way across the yard to where the agent stood apart, absorbed in contemplation of the smoking mass.

"I'm afraid this hits you pretty hard, Pringle," he said soberly, as the other looked up with a countenance of undecipherable emotions.

Pringle tossed away the straw he had been chewing and straightened up. In his eye there was a curious excitement.

"No," he said, slowly. "Fact is, it doesn't touch me at all."

"You don't mean to say the place wasn't insured? Why, I told Naomi Staples she ought not to carry a cent less than five thousand on it."

"Yes, that's what I wrote on it,—twenty-six years ago the first policy was issued, and she's always kept it up as regular as clock-work."

"Has it lapsed, then? I don't wonder if she forgot, with all she has had on her mind."

"No, not lapsed exactly. Fact is, she canceled the policy to-day."

"Canceled it?"

"At noon. Said she was going to leave, and had no responsibility for the property after this. Insisted on my repaying a part of the premium for the unexpired term, and gave up her policy. She came to see me after leaving your office this forenoon."

The two men looked at each other with expressionless faces for a long moment. From the distance the whistle of an engine came sharply up the Hilltop road, as the east-bound train fled away into the friendly night. Then Judge Warren reached for his tobacco pouch.

"I always said," he remarked, "that for a woman Naomi Staples had an uncommon sense of justice."

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT

(1858-1862)

VI

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

XVIII

WAR BREAKS

WHEN the colonies met "in order to form a more perfect union," they planted unconsciously the acorn of nationalism, which has grown up into a mighty oak, its network of roots penetrating and binding the states into an apparently indissoluble Union. This national oak now towers over all the states, shadowing deeply their childhood independence. And so long as justice for the weak and the love of peace, of wisdom and righteousness breathes through its mighty limbs, the states will be loyal and its leaves will stay green. But, to change the simile, let the sinful lusts and the moral cowardice of wealth take the place of courage and manly innocence in our country's eye, with their companions, arrogance and godliness, then, let there be no mistake, the last rally of Democracy — the simple, honest, upright Democracy of our forefathers — against the tyranny and political degradation which must inevitably follow, will be on the childhood theory of the indestructible independence of the states. But, however this may be, the dogma of their sovereignty which prevailed — and it may be said, generally unchallenged at the adoption of the Constitution — had all of its vitality at West Point long after it had become hopelessly involved with the inexorable destiny of the country.

The reason runs back to several sources: one branch to the isolation of West Point and the exuding crust of co-

lonial conservatism; the other, deeper, more dangerously procreative and far-reaching, to a text book on the Constitution, by William Rawle of Philadelphia, a jurist of national reputation, at one time a United States district attorney, to whom, it is claimed, Washington offered the attorney-generalship.

Without qualification Rawle¹ maintained, "It depends on the state itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself whether it will continue a member of the Union. To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principle on which all our political systems are founded, which is, that the people have in all cases a right to determine how they will be governed. . . . And the doctrine heretofore presented to the reader in regard to the infeasible nature of personal allegiance is so far qualified in respect to allegiance to the United States. . . . The states then may wholly withdraw from the Union. . . . The secession of a state from the Union depends on the will of the people of such state."

In view of the predominance of Southern views and ideals, together with the

¹ On July 1, 1886, Jefferson Davis wrote to Hon. R. T. Bennett, late Colonel of the 13th North Carolina Infantry, a judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, and the Confederacy's calmest yet most profoundly eloquent memorialist, "*Rawle on the Constitution* was the text book at West Point, but when the class of which I was a member entered the graduating year Kent's *Commentaries* were introduced as the text book on the Constitution and International Law." (See *Southern Historical Society Papers*, vol. xxii. p. 83.)

fact that the statesmen of the South were fulminating Rawle's doctrine with more and more impressive seriousness as the commercial power of the North and its antagonism to slavery became more and more obvious, is it any wonder that the theory should stay green at West Point? On the contrary, should not the wonder be that any graduate from the South remained loyal? And yet over half of the Southern graduates living at the breaking out of the war stood by the Union — a number to lose their lives, many to be wounded and maimed, and about all to be cast off and disowned by blood and kin. Those loyal Southerners I have always thought were our greatest moral heroes. For what days of mental trial and nights of bitter anguish they went through! Put yourself in their places — all the yearning ties of home, boyhood's friends, sweethearts, the old plantations beckoning from their fields and runs and woods, the firesides, the churchyards whose silent dust had called their boyish tears to flow fast as they stood beside the freshly dug graves — all appealing to them to go with their section, come what may. Ah! young husbands and mothers of to-day, happy among those you love and, happily, too, unacquainted with trouble, the writer knows what he is telling about of the trials of the loyal Southerners in those days. He sees the tears standing in the eye, and then on their way down the cheeks, of one of the sweetest daughters of the far South, as in her quarters at Fortress Monroe, in 1862, she told him of her cross. Not a drop of Northern blood in her veins or those of her knightly Virginian husband, and not a connecting link by marriage with a Northern family. Her only child, a little girl, was playing on the floor and wondered why her mother's face should be so wet. But such pure, smiling courage and gentle loveliness! the foot of a rainbow in a meadow, moonlight on clouds, never were lovelier or purer than the light which glinted those falling tears as she said, "Oh, nothing, dear Katie," and kissed the child.

That woman was the wife of my first commanding officer; and the writer never thinks of her or of him that he does not see Hampton Roads, hear the lonely bells of the warships proclaiming the hours of the night, — the famous little Monitor was lying low and dark among them, — and the waves coming in and murmuring along the starlit beach. O kindest and best of friends, friends in sunshine and in shadow, your young subordinate trusts that from time he may be allowed to visit you in that upper and better world.

Can there be any question that those who fell on the field or died in the hospital or at home had a heavenly comforter at their side as the earth began to fade away? Or that the spirit of West Point hastened to accompany each one up to the very gates, saying with swimming eyes to the Keeper, "I wish you would let him in — he has followed the path of duty to the end, and I feel tenderly for him." "Did you say he followed the path of duty to the end?" asks the Keeper. "Yes, to the very end." And as the gates open and turn on their hinges they break out into a triumphant psalm. And behold! he enters the Valley of Vision.

It would be unworthy of the writer, after accompanying any one, even in thought, to the gates of Heaven, to come back to earth harboring the least spirit of faultfinding or reproach for those Southerners who followed their section. No, he found no fault when he parted with them; he finds no fault now; nor does he wish to discuss the question of right or wrong. The war that divided us looms, like an extinct volcano, far away against the skyline of the past. But as I view it through its azure veil, it is covered with green, with magnolia and cypress, with holly and sassafras, with beech, maple, and elm, with laurel and oak, to its soaring rim, and over its once fire-belching crater soft clouds are floating, tinged with the hopes and the glory of a common country.

But not so did it look in March, 1861,

to us at West Point, or to the community at large. I wish that this pen was in the hand of some one who is on such terms with words — those immortal heralds of thought who at the touch of genius become radiant — that at a beck from him out from their ranks they would step and marshal themselves so as to convey to the reader born since the war a true, deeply calm, and spiritually informing vision of those days; of how they looked to us and to eyes that had seen much more of the world than ours. For just think for a moment what mighty elements were involved. Civilization and the destiny of the Republic moving on under the impulse of God's holy purposes. From the scene — black smoke pouring out of the chimneys of public opinion, showing that the fates were firing up; the land overhung with the clouds of war, their gray, inky abysses lit up from time to time by quick, angrily swerving flashes, followed by a dull outburst of thunder muttering into a foreboding silence — I turn away with a sigh. For I would like to set it forth as it was, — not only to gratify a longing to give as complete expression as Providence has vouchsafed me to give of what appeals to my heart, but much more, to instruct, enlighten, and mercifully to soften future judgment on the conduct of all, of North and South, in whatsoever one or the other did that was wrong. But as I turn reluctantly from the scene I know full well that in due time and for all time it will at last have its interpreter, and take its place among the fountains of inspiration.

On the 11th of March my roommate, John Asbury West of Georgia, resigned; and on the same day Pierce Young, "Joe" Blount, and "Joe" Alexander, all of Georgia, handed in their resignations. General Young has been mentioned; Blount and Alexander were both of my class, and both were very dear friends. The former lived on the same floor with me, and many was the pleasant hour we passed together, and I associate him with one very funny thing that used to take place in that angle. It so happened that

Blount, West, Comly, "Jim" Drake, and three or four others of my closest friends, were in the "immortals," — the last section in French, — and their preparation for recitation consisted in gathering in our room about five minutes before the bugle blew and having me translate the reading lesson. If I read over the *Benefactor Recomposed* to that crowd once, I read it a dozen times. If any one were to stop me with an inquiry, "How's that, Morris?" or, "What's that, Schaff?" he would be squelched immediately by all the others exclaiming indignantly, "Oh, for God's sake! what's the use of stopping him for that! Go on, Morris, go on! the bugle will blow in a minute;" and on would go the translator. Dear, dear fellows! I believe one and all of you are Immortals now, far, far above the reach of any earthly bugle, and should we ever meet again, if one of you will produce the old *French Reader*, we'll try to reread the *Benefactor Recomposed* for the sake of West Point memories and this dear old lark-singing earth.

Of course, West and myself talked the state of affairs over and over again, sometimes long after taps had sounded and the only light in the room was that of the stars or the moon. It meant so much for him: and more than once he broke out into the bitterest denunciation of all fire-eaters and abolitionists. His congressman was his fellow-townsmen of Madison, Georgia, — Honorable Joshua Hill, — and if the proceedings in Congress be consulted, it will be found that he was among those who tried to hold the South back from precipitating war. West's letters from his family were all of a peaceful tenor, too, yet brimming with anxiety for the outcome — and they were not the only letters filled with care and dread and sorrow in the Southland. Early in March the papers of his state published a list of the officers of the newly, or to be, organized forces of Georgia, and his name and those of all the other Georgia cadets appeared in the lists.

Well, events were moving fast. Louis-

iana seized the United States Arsenal at Baton Rouge, and Alabama, after seizing that at Mt. Vernon, went marching in a fierce spirit against Fort Pickens. Day after day South Carolina added to the height and strength of her batteries bearing on Sumter, and an orgie of wild, frenzied, delirious cheering hailed every step toward revolution. Meanwhile the Southern Confederacy at Montgomery, elated by the extended hand of Europe and blind to the hollow treachery of her smile, began to drink deeply of the cups of fate, and grew more and more defiant, leaving no doubt of war in the minds of whoever contemplated her almost savage glee over the prospect of a death grapple with the North. How little she dreamed in her new, shining, and rustling robes that her pall was weaving in the deep silence of the North! Oh, what sarcasm there is in the irony of Fate.

One day there was a meeting of a company of Georgians; when my roommate came back from it, he told me with sadness that he had resigned. In due time came the packing of his trunk, and one after another of his things we laid away in it, as boys will pack a trunk. When the hour came he went and said good-by to all of his close friends, returning with moist eyes. And while he was out of the room I stood at my window. Below me lay Douglas Garden, and beyond rose the hills, their rocky ribs partially hid by cedars and stunted forest trees. I can see them all now as I wondered whether I would ever have so close a friend again; for until I knew him well—I made friends slowly—a deep sense of loneliness would come over me at intervals as a cadet—a longing for something, and I suppose that something was a friend.

When the hour had come to part, I went with him to the cadet limits near the library, and I do not believe there was a word said by either as together we walked side by side for the last time. And now we were at the end. He threw his arms around me and almost sobbed, "God bless you, Morris." "Farewell,

dear John." Soon he disappeared down the roadway to the landing. I waited. The little ferry boat set out for Garrison's, and soon I saw a figure waving a handkerchief, and I fluttered mine. And those little colors of boyhood's love floated till the river was crossed; then his came down and he disappeared forever from my view. Oh, find your way alone as well as you can, dear pen; you and the paper are both dim, for there is a deep mist in my eyes.

West died long ago—but from a leaning field of shocked wheat that faces a setting sun my heart is beckoning to me. What is it, Heart? "As long as I beat, in me the friend of your youth shall live."

Upon the departure of West I was moved to the 8th Division, to room with Wharton of my class. On the floor below lived Custer in the tower room, and Rosser in the one facing the area. I have already referred to Custer, and I would like to refer to him again, if only to speak of those streams which rise so far up among the hills of our common natures. I have in mind his joyousness, his attachments to the friends of his youth, and his never-ending delight in talking about his old home. I sometimes think that the sense of immortality is not vouchsafed to man alone. Why should not the old home with its garden, its fields with their flocks, their lilies, and their tasseling corn, even the little, light-hearted brooks themselves, all have those dreams of immortality too? And I wonder if they do not find it in a boy's memory.

I should like to refer also to Rosser, the great Confederate cavalryman, who was Custer's antagonist on so many fields. Once, when the former was visiting me, he told me of the fight at Trevilian Station, when his command and Custer's were in a hand-to-hand battle: at some time in the combat, after both had emptied their pistols, they abused each other most outrageously across the dust-covered canvas top of an old army-wagon. Rosser was a good and great

fighter. He was a good and a warm friend. May the sunset of his life be soft and clear!

And now this narrative, after winding through so many fields, has reached the very eve of the Great Rebellion.

West left on March 12, and on April 12 South Carolina opened her batteries on Fort Sumter; and the war began. Those thirty days at West Point, and, for that matter, everywhere, were days of portent. It is true we were mere boys, but nevertheless we were more or less conscious of the country's impending trial; for like a mighty cross it threw a shadow over all the land. And I wonder if I may say that, as in imagination I put myself back under that shadow, a feeling of deep awe comes over me as one after another of the mighty forces getting ready for the struggle of four years dimly reveals itself. And as they break on the writer with more and more clearness with every beat of imagination's wings,—it really seems as if I could hear the lull on the shores of "the isle that is called Patmos,"—there is a great temptation to let his pen tell what it sees. But these transfigurations embracing the country, pale and hesitating on the threshold of a starry course: Liberty, her eyes filled with a lofty innocence, standing between the pillars of the world's hope, the smoke of the sacrificial altars that look so like winding sheets; Slavery on a waste that spreads far and wide facing her end under a sullen sky,—for she knows that the days of her course are numbered; the sun-bursts of glory on the West Point men and every man in whose breast is the bird singing of honor and truth and courage and duty;—however vivid all these may be, they belong to the domain of Poetry and not to Prose. And yet so close lies the province of prose to that of poetry in the kingdom of art, that whenever a new furrow is ploughed in one of its old fields the ploughman is very apt to turn up the seeds of a celestial flower that has blown across the line. However this may be, whosoever wishes

to enjoy a poet's vision of those days, let him read *In State*, by Forcey the Wilson.

The news of the firing on Sumter, which roused the North into a mighty passion,—its like probably no future generation will ever feel,—reached West Point some time between eight and half-past nine in the morning. For when my section was dismissed at half-past nine, the area was spotted with cadets talking anxiously about it. Who the first one was to communicate the news to me I am not right sure, but my impression is that it was either Custer or Elbert of Iowa; but at any rate I recall just where I was, in the area almost in front, but a little beyond the guardhouse toward the 8th Division. It is only necessary to refer to the New York papers of that morning to feel the excitement that swept the country. And here let the writer quote a letter from Tully McCrea, to whom he is indebted for many refreshing memories in the preparation of these articles:—

"The next thing that stands out with distinctness was the splendid effect produced, instantaneously, when the news of the firing on Fort Sumter was received. It was the same there as everywhere: every Northern cadet showed his colors and rallied that night in Harris's room in the 5th Division. One could have heard us singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in Cold Spring. It was the first time I ever saw the Southern contingent cowed. All of their Northern allies had deserted them, and they were stunned. You remember how the superintendent sent them off in a body the next morning by way of Albany, for fear that they would be mobbed if they went through New York City."

It may seem strange, but the writer does not remember that patriotic gathering in Harris's room, and for the very good reason that he was n't present. Where or with whom he was that night has gone completely from his memory. Had he been with them, something tells him that their voices would be ringing now in his memory. It would have been a

great honor to join in singing 'The Star-Spangled Banner' on a night like that and with a crowd like that — some of whom gave their lives for it so soon and so gallantly too. No, I was not there. I am sure I was not in mischief; but what I was thinking about as their voices were ringing in the old Division, Heaven only knows. Was I with one of the stunned Southerners? Perhaps.

The cadets referred to by McCrea as having been sent by way of Albany had submitted their resignations and were waiting for their acceptance. And I think the current of the narrative may eddy for a moment about a touching incident connected with one of the number.

I was walking with him, a classmate, a few years after the war, on a moonlight night in his own war-stricken city. In the course of our rambles — and for a month we met almost nightly — he opened his heart to me and told me of his life in the Confederacy. He said that neither he nor his family ever believed that secession was the South's remedy, but that public opinion forced them to acquiesce and him to resign. Well, he served in a staff corps until about the middle of the war, then got a short leave of absence, and with such funds as his family could spare, arrayed in the clothes of a Southern "cracker," he floated down one of the Southern rivers, — its softly musical Seminole name would be recognized at once, — tying up his dug-out by day and making the rest of the lonely journey by night till he reached the coast. Thence he found his way north, and when the war was over he went back to his old home. And now comes the pathos of it. Let me say that from the moment you met him you were sure that you were in the presence of a man modest in mind and manners and of a gentle and refined nature; his smile and his greeting were both winsomely natural. Well, no hand reached out to greet him when he got home, and his old friends were formal with him, and he as much as said that he was more of an exile than if he were

beyond the sea. Not many years after our meeting death came, and his delicate, wearied spirit found rest. I pitied him. And now, as I turn away from this incident, whose deeply tragic features are obvious, but which only the soldier can appreciate fully, there is a feeling of loneliness and a vague consciousness of some immeasurable sadness in the world; a feeling not unlike that which comes over us when, in the dead hours of a dimly starlit night, we hear a house dog mourning pitifully far away in a dooryard, or the single long low of a bereaved animal far up in the woods.

Before the current began its increasingly melancholy eddy around the foregoing incident, there was music stirring in the narrative — the Northern cadets challenged by the firing on Sumter were singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." But this is Good Friday, and, while the above was being penned, now and then a youth bearing a pot of Easter lilies has passed the window. Oh, how the shadows come and go in the mind! now darkening and now blending gloom into sweet hope of a Resurrection morning for us all, where neither loyalty to a Confederacy nor services under this flag or that have any meaning.

XIX

SERGEANTS AND OTHERS

The first shot that was fired on Fort Sumter was from a mortar battery at Fort Johnson, at 4.30 A. M., April 12, 1861. General Crawford, one of the garrison, whom I saw often at the head of a division of the Fifth Corps, says that the stars were still up — but they must have been paling at that hour — and that the sea was calm. The battery was commanded by Captain G. C. James, and the shell was fired by the hand of his lieutenant, Wade Hampton Gibbes — the Gibbes whose historic encounter with Upton has already been mentioned. It was a strange coincidence that he

should be in the first distinctively political combat at West Point, and the first Southerner, if not American, to send a shot at the flag of his country that had "covered both sections with glory and protection." Oh, the futures, and too often the hardships, of the children around the hearth of fate! A bird or a squirrel will carry an acorn or a hickory nut to the top of some bald, soaring ridge; there it will grow, — very like its only companion, a grim boulder, brooding over eons of time, — and there in solemn loneliness will it spread its leafless limbs against a fading sky. So, it seems to me, Gibbes stands against the darkening twilight sky of the Confederacy, and there he will stand alone whenever the student of history looks for the first step in the tragedy of our war between the states, while wrapped in their winding-sheets far below in the shadowed valleys of oblivion lie in peace his gallant contemporaries.

The New York newspapers — they reached the Point between eight and nine in the morning — gave every particular of the bombardment as it went on, keeping us keyed to the very pitch. We could see the shells bursting over the fort. We could see the buildings burning, the black smoke surging angrily up over the flagstaff, and then, smitten by a south wind, driven hot with its cinders into the perspiring, begrimed faces of the resolute gunners. We wondered how soon the flames would reach the magazine. We knew that the little garrison was practically without food. How long could the loyal Kentuckian, Major Anderson, and his regulars hold out? How our hearts beat when we read that, when the flagstaff was shot down, Sergeant Hart, having secured a little spar, nailed the flag to it and hoisted it again over the stormy parapet. Oh, officers of the regular army, let us keep in tender memory our first sergeants, for they were closer to us than we or they knew. For we know well that no company ever honors its commander in peace times except

through its first sergeant; and surely how was it in the war? Oh, gallant and grim old fellows, the law made a difference between us: you had to stand uncovered in our presence, you had to go at our bidding, no social or unstudied word could pass between us; but we knew, when the colors went forward, and we each faced our duty, that there was no difference then, no difference between us as we met the final test of our courage and manliness. Your steady voice, your stern "Forward, Company G;" your encouraging "Stand up to it, men," as the shells burst in your faces; your "Let's take those colors, men;" "Pick up the captain tenderly, corporal, and carry him back, but right on, regulars!" Oh, first sergeants! Heroes, makers of armies, winners of victory, I hope that every officer who draws a sword in your presence will be just and kind, and give you the honor you deserve.

When the Confederates destroyed my ordnance depot at City Point by exploding a tornado in it, August, 1864, killing over one hundred and fifty persons and about half of my detachment, I found my first sergeant, Harris, who had been so faithful, lying dead under the timbers of the great wharf building. A child asleep in a cradle or on a mother's lap could not have worn a sweeter or more innocent face as he lay with eyes closed, at rest. I know what it is to have and to lose a good first sergeant. And while I am writing these lines of captains and colonels and generals, some of whose names are dear to fame, a voice comes to me from every field I saw, from Chancellorsville to Petersburg, saying, "Don't forget the first sergeants." And now comes a voice to me closer and dearer than all, — that of West Point herself, — I believe I know the tenderness of that voice well. "For the sake of their manliness, for the sake of their courage and devotion to duty, let them stand with me in the light of your little lamp as long as it burns on your page."

And now from tattered colors comes

another voice: "Pray do not forget the men who bore us, the color sergeants." Dear old banners! I have not forgotten them — but like yourselves they have passed through the gates, and there is on their faces the transfiguring light that comes from the sense that they bore you well. You or they have no need for my little lamp; poetry and art have lit their eternal lamps all along the line for you and them.

Referring to the relation of a West Point officer to a sergeant, perhaps the following incident will illustrate it well. When Grant came to Watertown Arsenal just after the war, Corporal or Sergeant Hunt of the detachment came to me and said that he would like a chance to speak to the general, that he had served in the same regiment with him before the war. I told him to come along, and took him into the office, where Grant was talking with the commandant. Mrs. Grant and Stanton — the only time I ever saw him — were standing nearby.

"I do not know whether you remember me or not, general. I was Corporal Hunt of Captain ——'s company, with you at Fort Vancouver, Oregon, before the war," said the old soldier.

Grant reached out his hand and in his quiet voice said, "Sergeant, I remember you well;" — and there was that simple, honest look in Grant's face which never belied the warmth of his heart when he met a friend.

To return to that shot of Gibbes, — Crawford says that it burst right over the centre of Fort Sumter. Yes, but it burst in the heart of every Northerner, too, and the like never has been seen. The North rose to its feet, and, ready to lose every dollar it had in the world, putting aside every fear of poor mortality, pain, hunger, weariness, and every fear of death itself, it picked up the challenge. On Sunday, the 14th, Anderson marched out, after saluting the flag he had defended so well, and on Monday, the 15th, Lincoln called for 75,000 men; within forty-eight hours Massachusetts men,

equipped and armed, were on their way. There was no discussion now at West Point, but I recall a feeling of awe. It was obvious to every one in close social relations with the South that all depended on Virginia. Only one or two of her cadets had resigned. Field and Fitz-Hugh Lee were still on duty, and a number of cadets from North Carolina, Tennessee, Maryland, and elsewhere in the South, were holding on, and among them were perhaps my closest friends. But on the 22d the Old Dominion slipped her anchors and headed straight for the tempest of rebellion. And with her went all of her sons at the Academy, and, except a very few, every one from the South. Among those from Virginia was my classmate, Dearing, James Dearing of Lynchburg.

The mention of his name will recall to every one who was at West Point with him, and to every old Confederate artilleryman or cavalryman who served with him, his tall figure, his naturally hearty greeting, and his naturally happy face. Moreover, to those who were his close friends — I am sure to every one who was in D Company with him — there will come into their vision groups of fellow cadets in gray and white, now in barrack and now on stools in camp, and in their midst will be Dearing playing on his banjo and singing "Dixie." The first time I ever heard that song, so consecrated to the Confederacy, it was sung by him. I wonder how many camp fires he enlivened with that same banjo. But what went far beyond the crackling-toned instrument to light up the wan face of the Confederacy, was his cheerful and naturally buoyant voice. He became a brigadier-general, and was mortally wounded at the battle of High Bridge just a few days before Appomattox. Our fellow classman, Mackenzie, then a major-general and in command of a division of cavalry, learning that Dearing was seriously wounded, went to see him. And one spring day after the war was over, when we were

walking through the Common in Boston, talking of bygone days, he told me that Dearing, although near his end, greeted him with all of his old-time cordiality, and inquired affectionately for us all. The gallant, fine-hearted, cheery-voiced fellow lived only a few days, then passed away.

His photograph, which he sent me from New York when on his way home from West Point, is now in an old album. To the living the album will soon mean nothing, but it means and recalls a great deal to me every time my eye falls on the dimming faces of some of my early and dear friends.

Among those who resigned the same day with Dearing, April 22, was Niemeyer of Virginia, who was killed during Grant's Rapidan and Richmond campaign in 1864; Willet, a very modest and lovable man from Tennessee, who fell, I believe at Shiloh, and Graves at Chickamauga. And now as I look over the long list, — there were thirty-three of them, — Twyman and Lovejoy, W. R. Jones and Faison, Clayton and Washington, Logan, Marchbanks, and Kinney, "Bob" Noonan, "Rube" Ross, and Taliaferro, a feeling of sadness comes over me, and I wish I could see them all. Yes, I wish that all of my class might meet again, and, drawing the benches under the elms into a circle not far from the evening gun, be once more the happy boys we were; I am sure the old flag on the staff over us would ripple out joyfully. I am sure too we could talk over the war without a single jar; and should Hardee and Reynolds come along arm in arm, we would all rise and give them a right hand salute; but should old Bentz, the bugler, reappear off across the plain, on the walk which he always followed when he blew the calls for chapel, we would yell to him to come right over, and we would shake the hand of the dear old soldier well.

And now, as so often happened with my Uncle Toby when he described his sieges and war experiences, the reunion

has become a reality and we are about all there. Moreno of Florida, with his soft liquid Castilian eyes, — Senator Mallory, Confederate Secretary of the Navy, married his sister, — has brought along his guitar and is singing once more the sweet little Spanish song, "Leugo al instante;" Dearing is about to give us "Dixie;" but who are those coming across the plain — and who is that at their head, swinging his cap? Oh, it is "Jim" Rollins of Missouri! the sun is shining on his golden hair, the dimple is in his cheek, affection is glowing in his handsome face, and on his brow is the same old seal of the gentleman. We throw our arms around him, for he was the darling of us all. And upon my soul! here comes Van Buren, with all of his old-time courtly good manners, the same to one and all, and there is a general cheer of hurrah for Van. And here come Drake and Riddle and little Wetmore, who, if he had stayed, would have graduated at the head of our class, — in about every way he was the most brilliant youth I ever saw, — and here comes George McKee. I have a little book in which some of the men who resigned wrote their names as they came to bid me good-by; in it is McKee's, whose Kentucky mother stopped his resignation just in time. It is written on the blade of a savage bowie-knife with, "Good-by, Morris, God bless you!" over it. Mac takes his place as of old in the very centre of the class, his distinguished, handsome face and black eyes lit up with all the old-time fervor as he greets us all. And here come Joe Blount and Lovejoy and little Jim Hamilton and Clayton and Semmes, and we are all hands round the dear Southerners. And who is that drawing near with that natural sweet smile? Why, boys, that's Jasper Myers; and every fellow jumps up and cries, "Make way for dear old Jasper!" and there is n't a hand that has n't a heart in it as all the Class of 1858 welcome him again. Hats off, boys! here comes Sep Sanderson, who fell between his guns at Pleasant Hill; and with tears

in our eyes we hug the dear fellow who is blushing like a girl with modesty. And now West, who is sitting between McCrea and myself on the same bench, turns to me and says, "Morris, where is Murray?" And I lean over and say in low tones, "John, don't you know that he was captured the day Hood made his attack on Sherman's left at Atlanta, the day McPherson was killed? He died in one of your Southern prisons — and, John, they say he died hungry." Whereupon my impulsive old roommate rises and with his high tenor voice calls the class to attention: — "Men, we are all here but little Murray, and Morris tells me that he died in one of our Southern prisons. I offer this hope for the sake of the name of Southerners, that in all future wars in which our countrymen are involved, there will be no Andersonvilles or Salisburys." But before he can go a word further, Sanderson exclaims, "Let me add, for the sake of the name of Northerner, West, that there will never be another Elmira with its horrible mortality;" and, "No more Camp Mortons," shout Beebe and Fred James. The writer, who with a pensive heart leaned more than once on the fence that enclosed the Confederate burial-ground at Rock Island, the little headboards in weather-worn ranks rising pleadingly out of the matted grass, — there are two thousand of them who hear no trumpets now, — the writer said, "And may there be no more Rock Islands, John." "Allow me to finish, men," says the Georgian. "Let us, the Class of 1858, assembled at West Point here under the flagstaff, and in the presence of all that is sacred to the Christian and to the honor of the soldier and the gentleman, let us beg our countrymen who are to follow us to see to it that all who fall into their hands, no matter who the enemy may be, black or white, civilized or uncivilized, shall be treated with mercy; and that no prisoner of war shall ever die for want of food, or clothing, or kindness. War is horrible enough at best, let us appeal to

the higher nature of mankind for its redemption — so far as it may be—from barbarity and from a cold indifference to the unfortunate. I think I can pledge to such a prayer every one who followed the Confederate flag with me." And every Southerner present exclaims, "We stand by you, West, on that sentiment." And hardly have they uttered their assent, when, behold! out of a cloud comes Murray himself, escorted by angels who for a moment sing, "Peace on earth, good will toward men," around us ere they rise. And who is this standing just outside the circle, with a band of heavenly light across her brow? Behold! it is the little chapel. "Young gentlemen, I heard your voices and I thought I'd join you all once more." And off go our caps as to a sweetheart, and she is escorted to the very midst.

Just then the architect of the new West Point came along and said, rather fiercely we thought, "What are you doing over here, Chapel? Get right back to your place." Her eyes fell before the stern gaze of the architect; but before she could turn to obey or lift them upon us, knowing that her days were numbered, the class cried out, "Stay right where you are, dear sweetheart — you are our guest to-day, stay where you are!" Clayton, of North Carolina, who had been dreaming, his eyes off up the river, feasting as in the days gone by on the old heavenly view, hearing the stern voices, turned and asked, "Schoaff, who is that little fellow, smoking the cigarette and ordering the chapel around?" "Why, Clayton, he is one of Boston's most able and distinguished architects. He will be immortal by his new West Point." But without waiting for any further commendation, the North Carolinian broke in, — "See here, you gentleman of the Right Line Pen and Yards of Tracing Paper, please to go way back to Boston. We are the old class that entered in 1858, before you were born; some of us were on one side and some of us were on the other, but we are all on one side to-day

and having a reunion. We are celebrating the days of West Point's glory, we are again at her fountains of truth, honor, and courage." — "But who authorized you to come over here?" inquired the architect, addressing the chapel coldly. "I heard their voices, and without getting a permit, I thought I'd like to join them once more," she said almost tearfully; "we have been dear friends for many a day." Hearing this touching appeal, the Battle Monument came down and put his arm gently in that of the architect and started to escort him over to Garrisons. But before he had gone many paces Mackenzie hurried alongside, saying to the Battle Monument, "The men to blame, if there be any, for plans that affect you or the chapel, are the officials who accepted them, and not the architect; he only submitted his plans, and if they did not like them they need not have taken them. The chances are that the new

West Point will in stateliness far exceed the old. And however that may be, this is not a day to be marred by hurting the feelings of any one. We are about to march, come and join us." Bentz, the old soldier, hearing the word "March!" instinctively took the attitude of a soldier and lifted his bugle to his lips; then, facing toward the quarters of the Academy band, sounded the first call for parade. The full band appeared, we all fell in in two ranks, then formed in two platoons, Dearing in command of the second, McCrea in command of the first, Mackenzie in command of all; and then, with the band at the head, we escorted the little chapel, who had stood with her arm in that of the Battle Monument, — directing her talk kindly to the architect at her side from time to time, — back to her place, cheering all our old professors and the stern old barracks as we passed them on our way.

(To be continued.)

THE LUTE-PLAYER

BY JOHN B. TABB

HE touched the strings; and lo, the strain,
As waters dimple to the rain,
Spontaneous rose and fell again.

In swaddling-clothes of silence bound,
His genius a soul had found,
And wakened it to light and sound.

COWPER AND WILLIAM HAYLEY

(From Unpublished Sources)

BY EDWARD DOWDEN

WILLIAM HAYLEY, the warm-hearted friend and the biographer of Cowper, prepared for posthumous publication two manuscripts, each of considerable length, relating to incidents in the life of the poet which were not fully told in his biography. These, which are now in my possession, have never appeared in print, nor in the extended form in which Hayley left them would they perhaps be entitled to publication. One of them tells in detail the efforts of Hayley, at length crowned with success, to obtain a pension for Cowper. The other and the more curious is entitled, *The Second Memorial of Hayley's endeavours to serve his friend Cowper, containing a minute account of Devices employed to restore his dejected spirits*. The first is dated 1794; the second was written in 1809, after Cowper's death, and after the appearance of the *Life of Cowper*.

Fragments of the story which Hayley tells are known; it is known that through his exertions several persons of eminence addressed letters to the dejected poet, which, it was hoped, might bring him cheer; but why it was an urgent matter with Hayley to obtain such letters as these has — so far as I am aware — never been told. Fragments of a well-meant plot, conceived in the service of Cowper, have come to light; but the pivot of the plot has not, if I am right, been ever exhibited, nor has it been shown in what degree Lady Hesketh and Cowper's young kinsman Johnson ("Johnny of Norfolk") were amiable accomplices in the plot.

The *Second Memorial* is addressed to Johnson, several of whose letters, as well as letters of Lady Hesketh and of others,

are given in transcriptions. The starting-point of Hayley's well-meant efforts was a mournful communication — hitherto, I believe, unpublished — bearing the postmark of Dereham, but having no signature, which he received at Eartham on June 20, 1797. The contents of the letter and the hand-writing told clearly enough from whom it came; the same fixed wretchedness is expressed in it which appears in the unsigned letter, written a month previously, to Lady Hesketh, and printed by Southey. "Ignorant of every thing but my own instant and impending misery," wrote Cowper to Hayley, "I know neither what I do, when I write, nor can do otherwise than write, because I am bidden to do so. Perfect Despair, the most perfect that ever possess'd any mind, has had possession of mine, you know how long, and, knowing that, will not need to be told who writes." The intimation in this letter that Cowper had been "bidden" to write, whether through some compelling force of his own dark mind or through some supernatural injunction, suggested to Hayley that the supernatural might be used as a device to lift Cowper out of his melancholy. His response ran as follows: —

EARTHAM, June 24th, 1797.

My very dear dejected Friend, The few lines in your hand, so often welcome to me, and now so long wished for, affected me thro' my heart and soul, both with joy and grief — joy that you are again able to write to me, and grief that you write under the oppression of melancholy.

My keen sensations in perusing these heart-piercing lines have been a painful prelude to the following ecstatic Vision:

— I beheld the throne of God, Whose splendor, though in excess, did not strike me blind, but left me power to discern, on the steps of it, two kneeling angelic forms. A kind seraph seemed to whisper to me that these heavenly petitioners were your lovely mother, and my own; both engaged in fervent supplications for your restoration to mental serenity and comfort. I sprang eagerly forward to inquire your destiny of your mother. Turning towards me with a look of seraphic benignity, she smiled upon me and said: "Warmest of earthly friends! moderate the anxiety of thy zeal, lest it distract thy declining faculties, and know, as a reward for thy kindness, that my son shall be restored to himself and to friendship. But the All-merciful and Almighty ordains that his restoration shall be gradual, and that his peace with Heaven shall be preceded by the following extraordinary circumstances of signal honour on earth. He shall receive letters from Members of Parliament, from Judges, and from Bishops to thank him for the service he has rendered to the Christian world by his devotional poetry. These shall be followed by a letter from the Prime Minister to the same effect; and this by thanks expressed to him on the same account in the hand of the King himself. Tell him, when these events take place he may confide in his celestial emancipation from despair, granted to the prayer of his mother; and he may rest satisfied with this assurance from her, that his peace is perfectly made with Heaven. Hasten to impart these blessed tidings to your favourite friend," said the maternal spirit; "and let your thanksgiving to God be an increase of reciprocal kindness to each other!"

I obey the Vision, my dear Cowper, with a degree of trembling fear that it may be only the fruitless offspring of my agitated fancy. But if any part of the prophecy shall soon be accomplished, a faint ray of hope will then be turned into strong, luminous, and delightful conviction in my heart, and I trust in yours, my

dear delivered sufferer, as completely as in that of

Your most anxious and affectionate friend,
W. H.

Postscript. If any of the incidents speedily take place, which your angelic mother announced to me in this Vision, as certain signs of your recovery, I conjure you in her name, my dear Cowper, to communicate them to me, with all the kind despatch that is due to the tender anxiety of sympathetic affection! Heaven grant that I may hear from you again very soon! Adieu!

Something of comedy mingles with graver matter in the good Hayley's sincere distress and his odd flights of imagination. At the throne of God perhaps members of the British House of Commons, perhaps even judges, ermined and bewigged, perhaps — if one may be so bold as to conjecture — even Anglican bishops, shovel-hatted and aproned, are not set mighty store by, as such. As for the prime minister and the excellent George III, they, at least on earth, were exalted persons, and difficult of access. The sanguine Hermit of Eartham — Hayley often signed his letters as "Hermit" — never got within hail of prime minister or king for his purpose of raising the poet's dejected spirits, and thus he is responsible for placing the sainted spirit of Cowper's mother in the list of prophetesses who prophesy "a false vision and a thing of nought."

If Hayley's fancy was somewhat clumsy his heart was generous. With extreme anxiety he waited to learn what impression his letter had produced. On July 12, Johnny of Norfolk, who was not the most regular of correspondents, wrote to assure him that the perusal of the "marvellous Vision" by Cowper himself, and, ten days later, his listening to the letter read aloud, had a much better effect than could with any confidence have been anticipated. He listened, indeed, in silence; but some movement of repugnance or revolt would not have been surprising.

"He never looked better in his life," writes Johnson, "as to healthy complexion than he does now;" but perhaps this was less owing to the Vision than to Johnson's own prescriptions — "half a pint of ass's milk in a morning, an hour and a half before rising, and the yolk of an egg beat up in a glass of port wine at 12 o'clock."

Hayley's letter he had forwarded by the hand of an acquaintance to Lady Hesketh at Clifton. He ended by entreating Hayley to persuade some one or more who answered the description of the Vision to write to Cowper, from which confirmation of the heavenly announcements he expected the happiest results.

Lady Hesketh at first feared that "dear warm-hearted Hayley's wonderful letter" might only have "sunk the dear soul lower, and made him think it an insult upon his distress. . . . I well remember," she adds, "how *angry* any marks of kindness used to make him formerly." So she writes on July 15 to Johnson; but a fortnight later, in writing to Hayley himself, she has nothing but praise for the "charming Vision," for the "friendly heart which inspired the Idea, and the lively Genius that executed it." She only feared that it would prove impossible to get any part of the prophecy fulfilled, and that should Cowper find none of the promised letters arrive, he might drop lower down in "that cruel gulph of Despair in which he has been so long and so deeply involved." With much feeling she refers to the melancholy letter which she had received from Cowper in May; very warmly she commends Cowper's young kinsman for his unwearied devotion; should Johnson be incapacitated for the service, she would herself, if sufficiently recovered from the illness which had brought her now as a convalescent from Clifton to Cheltenham, "take the charge of this lost creature;" but what could she do at present with her almost total loss of voice?

Hayley, in his reply, is grateful for "the friendly spirit of tender and indulgent

enthusiasm" with which Lady Hesketh entered into his purpose and his hope. He evidently wishes it to be thought that the Vision was not wholly a pious fraud, and he explains to some extent his plans for procuring the fulfillment of the "maternal spirit's" prophecy:—

"The Vision arose," he writes (August 6), "from my very acute sense of our dear friend's sufferings and my intense desire to relieve them. After reading his most affecting billet of Despair, I fell into deep meditation upon it; and, while my eyes were covered by my hand, I seemed to behold something very like the Vision I described. The images appeared so forcible to my own fancy that I immediately resolved to make a bold, affectionate attempt to render them *instrumental*, if possible (with the blessing of God and good angels), to the restoration of our invaluable friend. I accordingly settled in my own thoughts different projects for producing the series of events announced in the Vision, before I ventured to send him the letter, which you so kindly and partially commend. . . . I have reason to believe the dear subject of the Vision has, by this time, received letters from Mr. Wilberforce and Lord Kenyon. Steps are taken that other and more important letters may follow these. . . . Your Ladyship's excellent understanding will shew you the propriety, I might say the *necessity*, of keeping the device *as secret as possible* to promote its success. On this principle many persons, engaged to write to the dear sufferer, will not know *exactly why* they are engaged to write to him."

Neither the letter of Wilberforce nor that hoped for from Lord Kenyon had in fact been written; but Hayley was apt to take his anticipations for accomplished facts. Wilberforce was a member of Parliament; Kenyon — the chief justice — was a judge; a bishop was still needed to fulfill the first part, and that least difficult of accomplishment, of the celestial prophecy. Five years previously, in June, 1792, Hayley on his return from Weston,

then full of zeal to procure a pension for Cowper, had breakfasted in London with Lord Thurlow, for whom, in the early days when Thurlow was a law clerk, and the poet spent his hours with his cousins Harriet and Theodora, "giggling and making giggle," Cowper had predicted the lord chancellorship. "You shall provide for me when you are Lord Chancellor," said Cowper; and Thurlow with a smile assented — "I surely will." At the breakfast, to Hayley's surprise, appeared Lord Kenyon; but, undaunted by the two great persons, the Hermit gallantly pleaded the cause of his distressed friend and was listened to with favor. He now ventured, with Cowper's barrister acquaintance Samuel Rose as an intermediary — "that friendly little being" is Lady Hesketh's description of Rose — to apply to the chief justice for the desired letter. Why it was needed, beyond the fact that such a letter might cheer the drooping spirits of Cowper, was not explained. To Kenyon it seemed an embarrassing task to address in this way a man of literary eminence who was personally unknown to him. The letter accordingly, to Hayley's great mortification, did not arrive.

Meanwhile, Hayley had fixed upon Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, as the mark for his next benevolent attack, while Lady Hesketh of her own initiative, though acknowledging that Hayley was the prime controller of the "complicated machine," hoped, through her companion at Cheltenham, Mrs. Holroyd, a sister of Lord Sheffield, to approach Beilby Porteus, "our good Lord of London," — bishop no. 2, — with the like intent. Moreover, in a letter to Johnson (August 27) she added some lines, designed to coöperate with Hayley's letter of the Vision, which Johnson might show to Cowper, if it seemed good to him to do so: —

"I dreamt very lately, my dearest cousin," she wrote, "that I saw you quite well and cheerful — restored by a gracious and merciful God to all your comforts and all your religious privileges, and

rejoicing in his mercy and kindness, which, you told me, had been exercised towards you in a very wonderful manner. I own I feel strongly impressed that this will prove true, and that I shall once again be enabled to rejoice in the restored health and spirits of a cousin so truly dear as you have always been to your affectionate friend and cousin H. Hesketh."

It was reported to her by Johnson that her postscript had been shown and was well received. Lady Hesketh's innocent "dream" hardly reached the dignity of a pious fraud; it was a genuine hope translated into dream. She had not quite approved of Hayley's audacity in laying the scene of his Vision at the throne of God, and, if only it could be ascertained that Cowper had forgotten the details, she thought that the letter might, to its advantage, be recopied, with this particular omitted, as a revised and emended Vision. She feared that the audacious Hayley, with all his generous zeal and all his learned acquisitions, might still be a stranger to "the great truths of Christianity" — a fear which Hayley afterwards ascribed to the suggestions of some unfriendly gossip. Whatever his religious opinions might be, his code of morals, in one particular at least, had partaken, as Southey amiably puts it, of patriarchal liberty. His beloved little sculptor, the pupil of Flaxman, — a boy of rare promise, — though received by Hayley's "dear irritable Eliza" as her own, was a natural son.

Of "those two shining lights of the age," as Lady Hesketh names them, Wilberforce and Lord Kenyon, the former at least was willing to let his beams descend on Cowper. He directed that a copy of his recently published book, *A Practical View*, should be sent to Dereham — it proved to be a book of amazing popularity — and he accompanied the volume with a letter (August 9) conceived in the happiest spirit. Six weeks later came a letter from the Bishop of London, which Lady Hesketh justly described as a "charming performance." Porteus was

himself a poet; at least his verses on *Death* had won, nearly forty years previously, the Seatonian prize. In his letter he gracefully applies to Cowper himself, with "T were" altered to "T was," the lines from *Table Talk*,

"T were new indeed to see a bard all fire,
Touched with a coal from heaven, assume
the lyre,"

and the four verses that immediately follow. Lady Hesketh had playfully reproached the faithful Johnson with his somewhat spasmodic efforts at correspondence. Johnny needed a flapper from the island of Laputa; when he did write, he was always in a hurry. He was ordered to choose the calmest and quietest hour he could pick out of the twenty-four, and then he should remember not to "set out with letters *a foot long at least*, and literally with only three words in a line or four at most." But now that a letter from that "wonderful mortal," Mr. Wilberforce, had arrived and a letter from our good Lord of London, Johnny of Norfolk copied both these documents for Hayley's "infinite gratification," and added a narrative of his own:—

"On Thursday (Sept. 28th) came a letter from the Bishop of London, and yesterday morning I found the first favourable opportunity of reading it to our beloved Cowper. His remarks were these: 'Never was such a letter written, never was such a letter read to a man so overwhelmed with despair as I am. It was written in *derision*; I know, and I am sure of it.' 'Oh, no! no! no! my cousin! say not so of the good Beilby, Bishop of London!' 'I should say so,' he replied, 'of an Archangel, were it possible for an Archangel to send me such a letter in such circumstances.' This only has passed hitherto, but I suspect that he was gratified notwithstanding, upon the whole. He heard me with the silence of death, and, except at one passage in this amiable Bishop's letter, never opened his lips." A word of Porteus — "That *Love* [of God] you must possess surely in as full extent as any human being ever did" —

had drawn from Cowper's lips the exclamation, "Not an atom of it!"

Johnson believed that the sufferer's mind was occupied very frequently about the letters having come to him, "though I am certain," he adds, "he does not suspect *why* they have come so nearly together." He supposed that Cowper did not connect them in his mind with Hayley's Vision, and he repented a thousand times that he had sent away Hayley's letter to Lady Hesketh. He begged that it might be returned immediately, and resolved to place it, with the letters of Wilberforce and Porteus, on Cowper's desk, where he knew that Cowper would notice it and read it when he was alone. Johnson himself would assume an air of having entirely forgotten the Vision, lest Cowper should in any way "suspect the incomparable contrivance."

To this design Lady Hesketh was strongly opposed. "I think and have always thought it highly necessary," she writes with emphatic underlinings to Johnson (November 7), "that on the arrival of every letter which comes to corroborate the truth of that wonderful Vision, you should express (though not violently or in such a way as to alarm him) your surprise and satisfaction at this happy coincidence of circumstances. . . . I could wish you, my dear Johnny, to sift our poor cousin a little, and endeavour to find out what he thinks of the letters he has received, which, you may say, afford to you a full proof that his dear Mother's prophecy is very near its completion." Lady Hesketh greatly desired that letter might follow letter, in order that Cowper's mind might be thoroughly roused and kept in motion with an advancing assurance of hope.

Another letter had in fact arrived. Hayley, in September, had expressed his expectation that considerable aid would be derived from "episcopal coadjutors." Lady Hesketh, herself "an angelic coadjutor," had proved her "instantaneous and happy influence over the Lights of our Church" by securing the coöperation

of that "angel on earth," Beilby Porteus. A disappointment followed. Dr. Beadon, Bishop of Gloucester, had married a relation of Hayley, Miss Rachel Gooch, "for whom, in her childhood," Hayley writes, "I had felt such affection that during my residence at Cambridge I painted a minute resemblance of the interesting child and had it set in a ring." On Dr. Beadon's marriage the poet had addressed a few friendly verses to the bride and bridegroom; but not many of his friends escaped some kindly effusion of occasional verse. To his surprise and indignation a very ungracious refusal to write to Cowper came to Eartham, not from the bishop direct, but through his father-in-law Dr. Gooch, whereupon the manuscript before me becomes illegible with its vigorous cancelings which perhaps conceal emphatic words. Do the blurrings and blottings bear witness to one of Hayley's "Triumphs" — or failures — "of Temper"?

More than compensating satisfaction came from a highly distinguished man, Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, the apologist for the Bible. Lady Hesketh, with a woman's shrewdness, had expected little from Dr. Beadon. "Is he clever?" she asks Hayley, "and will he understand the nature of your request?" But "in regard to the Bishop of Llandaff . . . there can be no doubts of *him*." The result in each instance agreed with Lady Hesketh's anticipations. Watson was now settled at Calgarth Park, Kendal, but he did not fail to visit his diocese three times each year. He was occupied in improving an estate for the benefit of his family, nor did he regard it as his fault that some of the best years of his life had been thus employed. If he had "commenced an agriculturist," he said, "it was because he desired to secure a moderate competence for eight children," and experience had brought him to Lord Bacon's opinion that to cultivate our Mother Earth is the most honorable mode of improving our fortunes.

Hayley, in writing to Watson, men-

tions the fact that Lord Thurlow had visited the Sussex coast in the autumn of 1797. The summer had been for Hayley a time of anxiety, not only on Cowper's account, but because the dear "juvenile sculptor," his son, had suffered in health from a cold caught from masses of wet clay used in modeling, and all medicines had failed to give him relief. His own favorite panacea, "the salutary sea," was tried with a better result. "We came dripping from it together this morning," he tells Lady Hesketh (September 6), "and saw Lord Thurlow in our way, who has been prevented by the unseasonable rains from passing a morning with us, which he promises to do very soon, and he has, with great good-nature, allowed the young sculptor to prepare a lump of the finest clay to model his grand visage." This, he tells the Bishop of Llandaff, would form "a good prelude for the awful project of modeling your countenance," whenever "the aspiring little artist" could pay his respects at Calgarth Park. From which flattering introduction Hayley passes to his petition for a letter to be addressed to Cowper. The bishop replied in the most genial manner; he would, of course, follow the example of Lord Thurlow, a man of whom he thought highly, "tho' he is not so good a Whig as he might be;" he would sit for the young artist; and as to Cowper he had obeyed Hayley's commands, and dispatched a letter "by this post" (October 18). It was a manly and generous letter, written as if through an impulse of spontaneous gratitude arising from a perusal — not for the first time — of Cowper's poems; it closed with an invitation to the Lakes, and an offer of the hospitality of Calgarth Park.

How Watson's communication was received is told at length in a letter of Johnson to Hayley: "At the very moment of this letter's arrival and delivery into my hands (for the dear soul would not touch a letter himself on any account) we were sitting by the study fire, intent upon that admirable little book of the learned bishop,

An Apology for Christianity. 'Dear me!' said I, 'here is a letter from the author himself.' You may be sure our poor friend was rather startled at the wonderful coincidence; and so in truth was I, and inwardly thankful to that kind Providence, whose finger I discern so plainly. The dear soul raised his eyes for a moment, but seemed so struck by the suddenness of the affair that I could not profitably read the letter then. I therefore laid it upon his desk, and went on with our book. Before night, however, I broke the seal, and communicated the contents to him. He said nothing while I read; nor yet when I ceased to read; and the matter was left to work upon his mind."

Following Lady Hesketh's advice, Johnson took the first prudent opportunity of connecting the letter from Bishop Watson with Hayley's "inimitable Vision:" "One day, after dinner, as we were all using the finger-glasses, 'Miss Perowne,' said I, (Miss Perowne was lady-housekeeper to Johnson) 'don't you recollect something about a letter's coming to Mr. Cowper in the Summer from Mr. Hayley, containing a wonderful Vision, which he had lately had?' 'I certainly do remember it,' (said she) 'and have often thought of it since.' 'Sam' (said I) 'take away the water-glasses and set the wine upon the table.' This, as I intended, turned the subject; but in the evening I started up in a great hurry, just as we were sitting down to tea: 'By the bye, I will go and look for Mr. Hayley's letter.' Mr. Cowper immediately called out 'No, pray don't.' *Johnny*: 'Because it strikes me there is a kind of accomplishment of what is predicted.' *Mr. C.*: 'Well! be it so! I know there is, and I knew there would be; and I knew what it meant.' These are the very words that passed, for I slipped out of the room, and wrote them down with a pencil on the back of a letter. Since that time I have never mentioned the subject; but the next letter that comes, I will renew the attack. It is some consolation to us in

the meantime to know that he has not forgotten the Vision. And now, my dear Sir, let me say that Mr. Cowper is in bodily health much as he was when I wrote last, and much as he was in spirits. But jump for joy when I tell you that he resumed his *Homer* on the 10th of October, and has continued to revise it, and charmingly to correct without missing one day ever since. We go on rapidly, a Book in a week, and sometimes more; now in the 12th *Iliad*. Our evenings have been long devoted to Gibbon's marvellous work, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. We have delightfully travelled with him to the end of the chapter which he has given entirely to Justinian's laws; and our poor dear friend interrupts me frequently to remark any striking passage as we go along."

Still no letter had arrived from Lord Kenyon. It was believed by Hayley that a letter from him, as coming from a stranger, would be more gratifying to Cowper than one from Thurlow, with whom the poet was personally acquainted. Thurlow's interest with the Lord Chief Justice was secured by the indefatigable Hayley. It is stated in Mr. Thomas Wright's biography of Cowper that Lord Kenyon wrote to Cowper. This is perhaps an error. Certainly, as late as March 15, 1798, Lady Hesketh expressed to Hayley some indignation occasioned by his silence: "Lord Kenyon has never written at all, nor will you, I hope, dear Sir, apply to him *any more*. You have done your part sufficiently as regards this luminary of the law; and could the pleadings of friendship have prevailed you would long since have gained your cause; as it is, I hope you will plant your batteries against hearts more penetrable than that of the learned Lord in question."

The diligence of Southey obtained for him two letters addressed by Thurlow to the Chief Justice, which Southey supposed to reveal the whole of the benevolent plot for Cowper's restoration to hope and happiness. In fact they only show

that Hayley was the chief conspirator. Lord Thurlow apologetically condenses in his opening sentence the whole situation from his own point of view: "I have been pressed by one mad poet to ask of you, for another, a favour, which savours of the malady of both." The experiment, Thurlow thought, was at least harmless and charitable. Lord Kenyon apparently still demurred, and Thurlow was good enough to draw up for his guidance an outline of the sort of letter which he supposed to be required, or, as Southey puts it, a form of testimonial which was to accredit a man to himself. No word of Thurlow's indicates any acquaintance with Hayley's *Vision*, nor was this flight of fancy known to Southey. The "mad poet," the Hermit of Eartham, had probably sense enough to be aware that Thurlow was not the man to become a partner in the task of corroborating *Visions* revealed at the throne of God.

Hayley flattered himself with the thought that his efforts on behalf of Cowper had not been useless. He tried to believe that the resumption of work on *Homer* was in some degree due to the encouragement which the *Vision* and the letters that followed it may have brought to the afflicted translator. In truth Cowper's state of mind while engaged in revising his *Homer* presents a curious problem in mental pathology. His physical health during the year 1797 was but little affected by his malady; he rode out with Johnson, or walked out, every day; his daily half-bottle of wine had been increased to a bottle with excellent results; his cheeks had a certain ruddiness of hue. Nor was he incapable of intellectual exertion. He studied details in his own work with close attention. "What do you think of this?" Johnson writes to Hayley on December 5, "our blessed Bard *now* said to me in the gentlest of all possible voices 'Is there such a word as *midmost*?' Johnson's *Dictionary* was in my hand in a moment, and no sooner did I mention Dryden and Pope as having used the very word than he

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was seated and scratching upon the paper in an instant." Johnson's description in the same letter of how the work went on may be added to somewhat similar records which are already in print: "I know you will excuse a hasty line, because a hasty line is all that I can steal from the importunate demands of Homer, who, interleaved and like a mountain, lies before me on the writing-desk, touching my very chin. I am preparing a transcript fairly and for the press of the last alterations of our beloved Cowper: incorporating also certain former variations and notes, which proceeded from his admirable pen before he left Weston, and with which I imagine you acquainted, as I frequently find your handwriting among them. The dear translator is as well as usual, and more than commonly intent upon rendering with *fire* and *faithfulness* a fiery line in the thirteenth Book of the *Iliad*."

Yet while Cowper could thus for a time keep his mind above his misery, the misery lay below, and to make real escape from it was impossible. He was persecuted by both audible and visual illusions.

On the 15th of November, 1797, Johnson began to enter in a diary, which was continued during a great part of the next year, the words in which Cowper told, or shadowed forth, his distracted fancies. They are almost too pitiable to put on record, yet taken in connection with the fact that he was revising his *Homer* at the rate of a book each week, they make us feel as if he had, so to speak, a double mind, and that the sane mind and the insane stood independent of each other and apart. The notices of four days, copied by Hayley, probably represent what went on for weeks and months: "November 15 — While Mr. Cowper was dressing this morning, and just as the Church clock struck nine, he heard the following words, which seemed to come out of the wall behind his bedstead: 'You shall hear that clock strike many months, in that room, upon that bed.' In the course

of the night he had heard several voices of the terrifying sort, but remembered only one which said 'Bring him out! bring him out!' November 19 — He heard these words 'You are welcome to all sorts of misery.' November 28 — Mr. Cowper told me, at two different times in the course of the day, that he had these two notices upon his bed. First he had these words: — 'When Mr. Johnson is gone they will pelt you with stones.' This he told me before dinner; and towards evening he said — 'I saw a man come to my bedside last night, and tear my neck cloth off; and it will be so, I know it will.' Dec. 2. He told me at breakfast he heard this:

'Sad-win! I leave you with regret,
But you must go to gaol for debt.'

"'Do you know the meaning of Sad-win, my cousin?' (said I). 'Yes I do, the Winner of Sorrow.'"

Enough of these painful memoranda! Happily no Samuel Teedon was at Dereham to interpret the voices. It is clear, too, that Hayley's device was of small avail; for one in Cowper's state an experiment in the thyroid treatment would have been more likely to bring help than a score of "inimitable Visions."

The death of Mrs. Hayley, the Hermit's "pitiable Eliza," in the late autumn of 1797, — not in 1800 as the *Dictionary of National Biography* erroneously states, — did not cause Hayley to forget his friend. The Hermit was hardly more a hermit after the event than he had been before it. Hayley and his wife, with kind consideration for their mutual esteem and peace of mind, had lived apart. But the threefold cord which bound together the chief conspirators for Cowper's good seemed for a time to be broken. Johnson, indeed, wrote to Hayley, and tried, a little awkwardly, to say "what a owt to 'a said;" but Lady Hesketh found it difficult to write sympathetically in a case so peculiar, and preferred to be silent. The correspondence was reopened by Hayley himself taking the initiative, and inviting Lady Hesketh, with her "good coadjutor of Norfolk" and "the

dear Cowper," to Eartham or its neighborhood. To accept the invitation was impossible, but Lady Hesketh wrote at great length, full of hope for the complete restoration of Cowper's health, expressing her desire that he would devote himself rather to original composition than to the task of a translator, and relieving herself of much indignation against the publisher — another of the tribe of Johnson — who had announced the appearance of Cowper's lines *On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture*, without having obtained permission from either the writer or his friends. Loud also was her complaint against the Treasury, which had neglected to send Cowper his pension. Of twelve quarters due he had received only one, and Lady Hesketh hastily assumed that such neglect was peculiar to Cowper's case. The times bore hardly upon the Treasury, and Cowper was only one of many who suffered.

During 1798 Hayley was overwhelmed with real and deep distress caused by the early stages of the long and fatal illness of his beloved son. There is true feeling and, bearing in mind the facts, real pathos in the words which he wrote, on a closing day of January, to Lady Hesketh: "I have limited the hopes and purposes of my remaining life to these two grand objects — to promote the professional prosperity of my little artist, and to witness and contribute to the recovery of my favourite friend to the utmost of my power." Hayley still believed that his plot had effected some good, and that Cowper was progressing towards sanity, happiness, and health. No further efforts, however, were made to obtain letters from members of Parliament, "episcopal coadjutors," or "luminaries of the law." This special experiment to raise the unhappy poet's dejected spirits had come to an end. Lady Hesketh's sense of the Hermit's disinterested zeal on behalf of her cousin found material expression in her gift of "a most elegant standish of cut-glass and silver," gracefulest of ornaments for a

poet's table. And never probably in the history of cut glass did an elegant standish evoke more applause and lyrical enthusiasm on the part of the receiver.

There is a passage in the *Second Memorial* in which Hayley digresses from his immediate narrative and recalls an incident of his visit to Weston in 1792. To extract it will add something to what he, and Southey after him, told of the moment, so dreadful to Cowper, when Mary Unwin was for the second time the victim of a paralytic seizure. His first words to Hayley were, says the *Life*, "wild in the extreme, and Hayley's answer would appear little less so, but it was addressed to the predominant fancy of his unhappy friend." The words actually spoken are recorded in the *Memoir*: "Returning from her apartment to me, with a countenance of absolute distraction, he exclaimed, 'There is a wall of separation between me and my God.' I looked fixedly in his face and answered with equal celerity and vehemence of expression, 'So there is, my friend, but I can inform you I am the most resolute mortal on earth for pulling down old walls, and by the living God I will not leave a stone standing in the wall you speak of.' He examined my features intently for a few moments, and then, taking my hand most cordially, he said with a sweet appearance of recovered serenity: 'I believe you,' and, as I have said in his *Life* in mentioning that dreadful alarm, from that moment he rested on my friendship with such mild and cheerful confidence that his affectionate spirit regarded me as sent providentially to support him in a season of the severest affliction." When the time came for Hayley to say farewell, and this was not until by his use of medical electricity he had effected a considerable improvement in Mary Unwin's condition, the parting with Cowper was one of affectionate tenderness. Cowper dwelt on the great comfort and support which he had derived from Hayley's visit, pressed the hand of his departing guest, and said with his own peculiar sweetness

of voice and manner, "Adieu! I ne'er shall look upon thy like again."

It may be thought, and not unreasonably, that Hayley's visionary devices for Cowper's restoration were the lost labors of a love which was not wise. This certainly cannot be said or thought of his long and unremitting efforts to secure a pension for his friend; nor should we know how unremitting these efforts were — for Hayley's modesty withheld him from making the facts public either in his *Life of Cowper* or in the *Memoirs* of his own life, prepared for posthumous publication — were it not that he put them on record in a series of unpublished letters, addressed in terms of the tenderest affection to his son, and written almost immediately after the events which they recount. The alarming illness of Mrs. Unwin during Hayley's visit to Weston in 1792 led him to think anxiously of what Cowper's position might be, supported only by contributions from his relations, if he were deprived of her generous care. Hayley's own finances were shrinking. He thought that some sinecure office might be bestowed upon Cowper by the government, or some office the duties of which could be performed by a deputy. The temper of the time, however, did not favor his project. Cowper was a Whig; a gentleman familiar with the prime minister had said in public that, though a man of genius, he was "an absolute Jacobin;" from which accusation, when it was reported to him, Hayley warmly defended the gentle poet. On his way to Weston he had spoken of Cowper to Thurlow, then lord chancellor; and the solemn tenderness of Thurlow's voice when he said, "He is a truly good man," lived in his recollection. On his return to London he pleaded with great warmth for Cowper before Thurlow and Kenyon. He even suggested that it might be hinted to the king that to place the afflicted Cowper beyond possible want would be an appropriate act of personal thanksgiving to Heaven for his Majesty's recovery from his own mental malady; but to attempt

this, Thurlow declared, would be an affair requiring great delicacy. Though Thurlow's temper was indolent, Hayley believed that his heart was warm. Before the close of June he addressed Thurlow in a letter, made up of verse as well as prose, in which he expressed a hope that his lordship might renew his personal acquaintance with "our dear William of Weston," under Hayley's own roof. He referred to Thurlow's recent retirement from office in flattering terms:

Yes! now your hand with decent pride
Relinquishes that seal unstained,
Which Bacon, law's less upright guide,
With many a sordid spot profaned.

But Thurlow's retirement had been virtually enforced; it left him in no mood of amiability; and instead of the gracious reply which Hayley had expected, no answer came at all. "Judge of my surprise and mortification," he exclaims. At length the indignant Hermit relieved his feelings in a series of stanzas which he dispatched to the good cleric Carwardine with a suggestion that, if he had courage enough, he might repeat them to his patron:—

Why, wrapt in clouds no sun pervades,
Sullen as Ajax in the shades,
Why Thurlow art thou mute,
When courtesy, unstained by art,
Addresses to thy manly heart,
An amicable suit?

Verses — with others that follow — which indignation made.

Hayley, despairing of the ex-chancellor, now directed his hopes toward Pitt, the prime minister, whom he had known as a wonderful boy of fourteen — even a more wonderful boy, he admits, than his own sculptor, Tom — and from whom he had received, at a more recent date, an offer of the Poet-Laureateship, vacant by the death of Thomas Warton. On December 11, 1792, he wrote to Pitt, stating fully the case of Cowper, and mentioning, among other circumstances, that, in her long protection of the invalid, Mary Unwin had expended £1200, "all the ready money she possessed." Mr. Long,

of the Treasury, undertook to present the letter in person; "but after detaining my letter many months," writes Hayley, "with continual protestations that he was forever seeking in vain an opportunity to present it in a favourable season, my unfortunate epistle, which had kept me in an agueish fever of expectation and disappointment, returned unopened and unresented into my hands, in the beginning of June 1793."

Thus more than a year had passed since Hayley's attempt upon Thurlow. He could only, as he puts it, practice the military maxim of drawing courage from despair. The letter to Pitt was now dispatched by post, with some explanatory memoranda, and alas! with the inevitable verses. "The stars," he writes, "did not appear more propitious to my verse than they had proved to my prose; neither the one nor the other obtained for me the honour of a reply." Both "the Jupiter" and "the Pluto of politics" — Pitt and Thurlow — seemed to have scorned his rhymes. Hayley's second visit to Weston, in October, 1793, quickened his zeal. Although Cowper was able to work with him in revising Hayley's *Life of Milton*, and on his own translation of *Homer*, it became evident that the translator's mind was "sinking under the influence of incipient insanity." Had Thurlow been more active, had Pitt been more generous, Cowper's intellect, Hayley reflected, might have been saved. Wounded as his pride had been by Thurlow's silence, he determined to sacrifice his pride to his friend's service; he called on "Pluto," the scorner of his verses, and boldly took him — in words only — by the throat.

"My Lord," said Hayley, "you *must* point out to me some method by which I may serve our poor Cowper; what is it possible to do for him?" To his suggestion of an appointment for Cowper, with a deputy to undertake the work, Thurlow was adverse. "'No!' replied the gloomy, yet courteous, Pluto, 'an office would only make him mad; you must get him a pension.' 'I fear, my Lord,

these are bad times for a pension.' 'No! they are not bad times for it.' 'I rejoice to hear your Lordship say so, but how can I possibly obtain it for our friend? I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Pitt when a boy, and, though I have not seen him since that time, I have a great inclination to solicit the favour of a private conference with him, then state the case with all the little eloquence I have, and trust to his heart.' 'I am afraid you would not find he has much feeling; perhaps you had better write to him.' 'To tell you the truth, my Lord, I have written to him on this most interesting subject already, but not successfully. My letter has not obtained the honour of a reply.' 'Well!' said the softened Pluto (a little touched by this oblique reproof to himself), 'I do not pretend to know much of political affairs at present; perhaps, as you say you have lately seen Lord Spencer, you know more than I do; but this I can tell you, that if you could get Lord Spencer to signify to the Minister an earnest desire that Mr. Cowper should have a pension he would soon have it.'"

Gibbon's influence with Lord Spencer was considerable; he was a friend of Hayley, and was now in London. To Gibbon accordingly he immediately applied. The great historian sympathized deeply with Hayley, desired to be of service, but for political reasons at that time felt that it would not be proper to request Lord Spencer to solicit any favor from the prime minister. He urged that Hayley should himself seek an interview with Pitt, and he assured his friend that, conscious of a disinterested motive, he would speak to the prime minister with the same ease and spirit with which he was at the present moment speaking to himself. In great uncertainty as to what was best for Cowper's interests, Hayley turned to Lord Egremont for advice. Lord Egremont was not only friendly but eager in his anxiety to be of service. He believed that a letter addressed by Hayley to Lord Spencer as a great patron of literature would give the fairest chance

of success; but Hayley considered that it would be wanting in delicacy, if not in loyalty towards Gibbon, to write to Lord Spencer without his sanction; and Gibbon still expressing his disapproval of the step, though in the kindest and gentlest way, the design was relinquished.

Driven to bay by repeated disappointments, Hayley turned upon Pitt. In a short note he fervently solicited the grace of a few minutes' conversation. An immediate answer came, appointing the place, the day and the hour — Downing Street, on Friday, at eleven o'clock. The early hours of that formidable morning Hayley spent with his friend, the painter Romney. Perceiving his agitation, Romney prescribed a glass of port wine, which medicine succeeded only in producing a stupefying headache. As Hayley stepped into the coach, Romney's petted and coxcombical servant, Joseph, who, it was agreed, should attend Hayley, astonished him by choosing not an outer but an inner seat. Hayley, with the mildest of reproofs, explained that, though on other occasions he might welcome Joseph's company, it was not fitting that master and man should arrive as companions at Mr. Pitt's door; Joseph, with "an obliging alacrity," mounted behind, and the Hermit arrived in a fit of laughter at the appointed place in Downing Street. Pitt received his visitor, not with the solemn condescension of the Atlas of the State but with the endearing gayety of a friend; he listened with the kindest attention, and every appearance of sympathy. When Hayley rose to leave, he promised to consider the various possibilities and choose that one which seemed most for Cowper's advantage; he begged, however, that for the present no communication as to the favorable turn the interview had taken should be made to Cowper; "wait a little," he added; "you are going immediately, you say, into Sussex; I will see what can be done, and write to you very soon on the subject." Tears came to Hayley's eyes and he kissed the hand of Pitt "in a transport of sensibility."

Pitt's promise was made on November 29, 1793. During December Hayley waited daily for the post with eager anxiety, but no letter came. The year closed with disappointment and mortification. The new year opened with the mournful tidings of the death of Gibbon. One dear friend was gone, but one remained whom still it might be in Hayley's power to serve. In writing a letter of sympathy and condolence to Lord Spencer, he took the opportunity of urging once again the claims of Cowper, and explained the circumstances which had withheld Gibbon from being himself the advocate of Hayley's surviving friend. He recited the story of his conference with Pitt, and begged Lord Spencer to recall to the prime minister's mind — if a favorable occasion should arise — the promise which had not been fulfilled. The answer of Lord Spencer was sincere, frank, and gracious. The state of politics did not lead to frequent communication with Pitt; but should chance bring them together at the house of some common friend, he would not fail to recall the subject to his remembrance. The good Hayley was again sanguine of success. But now came from Rose (February 11) a report of Cowper's melancholy state, — despondency so deep that it might seem as if no advantage in point of fortune could send any ray of sunshine through the gloom. Moved to indignation with Pitt, yet finding for him such excuses as had been suggested by Lord Spencer, Hayley determined to put his fate, as regards the effort to obtain any advantage for Cowper, to the touch, and gain or lose it all. The following courageous letter to Pitt deserves to be placed on record: —

It is not often that a Hermit can be deceived by a Prime Minister; yet I am an example that such an extraordinary incident may happen; for in truth, my dear Sir, I most credulously confided in your kind promise of writing to me soon concerning your liberal intentions in favour of my admirable friend Cowper.

Alas! instead of hearing from you such tidings as I hoped would make him happy, I have just heard from another quarter that he is recently sunk into that gloomy wretchedness, and half-frantic despondency, from which I was sanguine enough to expect that your just esteem and beneficence might preserve him.

Now, perhaps even your kindness may hardly give him a gleam of satisfaction. Your enemies (a great man cannot live without enemies) affirm that you have little feeling; this opinion I have long rejected, from my disposition to cherish an enthusiastic regard for you; but the rejected opinion I am now unwillingly putting to the test. You must have little feeling indeed if this intelligence does not make you lament, as I do most cordially, that an unfortunate delay in providing for a man of marvellous genius may have conduced to plunge him in the worst of human calamities.

How far it is probable that your favour might have preserved him from this evil, or may be likely to restore him from it, perhaps my Lord Spencer may be able from fuller information to judge better than I can at present. He is a neighbour and a friend to the great afflicted poet, yet, if I remember right, not personally acquainted with him: and his Lordship has kindly promised me (should opportunity arise) to recall to your remembrance what I said to you in Cowper's behalf. Lord Spencer enters (as you kindly did when you allowed me the honour of conversing with you) into the cruel singularity of Cowper's situation, and I am confident you both sympathise in thinking that our Sovereign's munificence could not be more worthily exerted than towards this wonderful man, whether it shall please Heaven to bless him with a restoration of his rare mental endowments, or still to afflict him with a melancholy alienation of mind.

I will not utterly relinquish the hope that you may yet be able to serve him; afflicting as the delay has proved, I am inclined to impute it to such difficulties as

men, even of excellent hearts and high stations, too frequently find in their endeavours to befriend the unfortunate.

I write in the frank and proud sorrow of a wounded spirit, but with a cordial and affectionate wish that Heaven may bless you with unthwarted power to do good, and with virtue sufficient to exert it.

I retain a lasting sense of the very engaging kindness with which you allowed me to pour forth my heart to you on this interesting subject, and I am most sincerely, my dear Sir, your very grateful though afflicted servant,

W. HAYLEY

Eartham

Feb. 27, 1794.

"The Minister," writes Hayley, "did not condescend to answer this letter."

The rest of the story is well known — how Hayley was summoned to Weston by Mr. Greateed, in the hope that his presence might be of some service to Cowper, how the little sculptor followed his father and was kindly received by the invalid; and how a letter (April 19, 1794) from Lord Spencer arrived, announcing that a pension of £300 a year had at last been granted. Hayley's delight was great; his labors of two years had not been unavailing. But the delight was tempered by the circumstance that Cowper himself was in no condition at that time to be disturbed even by tidings of good cheer.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER

PRISCILLA was late, but by running she succeeded in getting on board the ferry-boat just before it started — the last passenger. Somewhat breathless, she walked through to the other end and sat down in a corner. The boat was not crowded, in fact there seemed to be curiously few passengers, and she saw no one whom she knew. "I suppose I shall be the very last one to get there," she thought; "and there 'll only be a moment before the steamer sails. It's strange that there are not more people going over, and no one with rugs and things. Can I be too late?" She looked at her watch and was reassured. Her fellow-passengers were wonderfully nice-looking people, she thought, and then dismissed them from her mind and lost herself in an idle reverie in which she did not take account of the passing minutes.

Meanwhile the nice-looking people, being occupied with affairs of their own, paid no attention to her, until at last one

of them, glancing in her direction, realized in a startled way that the girl sitting in the corner was not, after all, Aunt Avis's maid, but quite a different person.

"Just look!" she said to her cousin. "That must be Anne over there all by herself."

"She has changed a good deal," said Augusta, putting up her lorgnette. The combination of Miss Harfield and her lorgnette was imposing.

"All but the red hair," replied Kitty, "and even that has grown prettier. How stupid of Aunt Martina to send her off by herself. A pleasant way of beginning her visit! Aunt Martina always does shirk these things, and I suppose she got up a headache. Well, come on, Augusta, let's go and speak to her."

Priscilla looked up, startled, as the pair stopped in front of her. "We have come to introduce ourselves," said Miss Harfield in her best manner of blended dignity and graciousness. "I am your

cousin Augusta and this is Kitty. You know our names, even if you don't remember our faces."

"I think you must mistake me for some one else," said Priscilla, embarrassed.

"But you can't be any one else," broke in Kitty. "There's no one else for you to be. Don't say you've forgotten our very names!"

Priscilla had risen and stood looking from one to the other. "I'm sorry, but I don't know what you are talking about," she said, the color mounting to her cheeks. When Priscilla blushed she was lovelier than ever.

Kitty grasped her hand. "But you are Anne!" she exclaimed.

"No, I am not Anne," said Priscilla.

The two stood gazing at each other, and Miss Harfield, holding firmly to her dignity, looked at them both with an expression of displeased surprise.

"But do please explain!" cried Kitty.

"What excessively odd people," thought Priscilla. "Because you have made a mistake?" she asked, smiling.

"I should think you would see the necessity," said Miss Harfield, resenting the smile.

"Oh, Augusta!" said Kitty. "You see," she added, turning again to Priscilla, "we naturally did n't expect to see any one but the family on the boat, and so —"

"But why not?" asked Priscilla. In her perplexity she glanced vaguely about and was startled to find the view from the window curiously unfamiliar. "But surely this is the ferry-boat for Hoboken," she said faltering.

"Oh!" said Kitty, and there was silence for a moment.

"I don't see how such a mistake can have been made," said Augusta, stiffening into her most reserved Harfield manner.

"Let me explain," said Kitty, whose wits were quicker than her cousin's. "This boat was taken for a particular purpose and left just after the regular

ferry-boat. And you got on by mistake." Even Kitty looked serious.

The tears were very near Priscilla's eyes. "I see," she said. "I missed my own boat, just as I was afraid I would. And then when I saw this one I thought I had n't missed it after all, and jumped on at the very last minute."

"And you were going to Hoboken," said Miss Harfield, not with an interrogative inflection, but as one asserting a damaging fact.

"Yes, to see a friend off on the King Canute," said Priscilla, too troubled to notice inflections.

"Oh dear," sighed Kitty.

"And now, what can I do?" asked Priscilla.

"Oh dear!" said Kitty.

At this moment Dick sauntered up. "I think this must be my cousin Anne," said he.

"There has been a mistake," said Miss Harfield, and Priscilla blushed pinker than ever.

"This young lady got on the boat by accident," continued Miss Harfield.

"And she'll have to go on with us," gasped Kitty.

"I'm sorry to inconvenience you," said Priscilla, struggling not to cry. "How horrid they are to me!" she thought.

"I'm so sorry," said Kitty, sympathetic at once. "You'll miss your friend — and — we'd like to make you as comfortable as possible — but you won't have a very pleasant day."

"But where are you going?" asked Priscilla, more and more confused and distressed.

"To Harfield," said Kitty. "We are the Harfields," she added by way of further explanation. But Priscilla still looked quite blank and Dick took up the tale.

"The fact is, Miss —"

"Lathrop," murmured Priscilla.

"Thank you, my name is Harfield. Well, the fact is, Miss Lathrop, the reason why we are a family party is that we

are going to Harfield for the funeral of our aunt. We have got so far on the way that it would hardly be possible for us to take you back and so we are very much concerned on your account."

"Oh!" said Priscilla, shocked. She looked around at them all with tears of distress in her eyes. "How can I forgive myself? Please don't let me be a trouble to you. If I might just sit here by myself until you can put me off somewhere."

"We are very sorry for your inconvenience," said Miss Harfield, trying to be as civil as she owed it to herself to be. She turned inquiringly to Dick. "Can the boat make a landing anywhere?"

He shook his head. "We are more than half way over to the island," he said. "I'm sorry, Miss Lathrop," he added, turning to her, "that we cannot do better for you. We can only try to make you as comfortable as possible."

"But the intrusion," said Priscilla in dismay. "If I cannot leave you, at least you must not trouble yourselves about me at all. Please try to forget that I am here." She looked appealingly at them all.

Miss Harfield felt distinctly that they had done everything which the situation required. "Of course, under the circumstances, you will excuse us," she said, preparing to take Priscilla at her word; but neither Kitty nor Dick seemed to notice her signal. Augusta, who was by no means a woman of resource, stood for a moment looking uncomfortably from one to the other, and then, at a loss what to do next, hastened away to seek assistance.

"Come and sit down," said Kitty to Priscilla. "Of course you are dreadfully disappointed not to see your friend off," she went on in her friendly way, "but you must n't distress yourself about us." She hesitated, scarcely knowing how to convey the idea of a gentle and modified affliction without seeming heartless.

"You see," she continued, "Aunt Avis was very, very old. She was our

great-aunt, you know. We all know that life had ceased to be any particular pleasure to her. And then—we are a very large clan, and we are all taken to Harfield to be buried. And being so many we don't always know each other very well. For instance, Anne. She has come to visit one of our aunts and we have n't seen her since she was a small child, but she used to have hair like yours—and your dress is black, you know—and so we took you for her. Well, I was going to say, you must n't think us too light-minded. The older people and Aunt Avis's granddaughter are all on the other side of the boat. It's generally arranged that way. And the rest of us are on this side. And please don't be uncomfortable about us."

"It certainly is hard lines for you, Miss Lathrop," put in Dick, taking advantage of the first pause.

Priscilla had not been unaware of his regard. "It was my own stupidity," she replied.

"It was a most natural mistake," protested the young man; "and since you are, in a way, cousin Anne's substitute, I hope you'll try to feel amiably towards us. I'm sorry we can't make it a pleasant day for you."

It was evident that the brother and sister were—to say the least—quite willing to make the best of things. In the mean time Miss Harfield, on the other side of the boat, was filled with vexation. She was not the woman to leave Dick, the pride of the family, and Kitty, its most irresponsible member, in the hands of a strange girl, whom she was already prepared to look upon as a minx, aside from the indecorum of the situation under present circumstances. She had gone in search of Aunt Maria, but found her so occupied with old Aunt Susanna (who, old as she was, ought not to have come at all, Augusta thought), that any immediate interruption was clearly impossible. In her extremity she turned to a rosy-cheeked, stout little gentleman who was at the moment gazing reflectively at a

row of black-veiled women sitting opposite him. "Certainly I'll go over there," he whispered, as soon as the matter had been explained to him, and departed with an alacrity which had in it a suspicion of relief. When he appeared in the other cabin, Kitty rushed to meet him.

"Oh, Uncle Jerry," she exclaimed, "do come and see this sweet girl! Has Augusta told you? Well, do be nice to her. Augusta was snippy. And she could n't help it, poor thing. It's horrid for her. And of course she simply *has* to come with us and have lunch at the house and all."

Personally Uncle Jerry succumbed at once to the peach-bloom complexion and the lustrous brown eyes, which did not, however, prevent him from seeing the advisability of dislodging Dick; and as that young man seemed immovable, and as a contest over youth and beauty between an uncle and nephew appeared — no matter how worthy his motive — a trifle unseemly, he betook himself once more to the other cabin and, more successful than Augusta, returned bringing with him a feminine replica of himself. The resemblance, however, was confined to external appearance, for whereas Jerry was distinguished by a certain artlessness of character, his sister's wavy white hair covered the brain of the family diplomatist. Aunt Maria at once took command of the situation. Her methods were kindly, and it was in the most benevolent way imaginable that she assumed possession of Priscilla, not giving her a chance to speak to any one else.

"She is perfectly dear," thought the girl gratefully.

The little journey was soon over. When the boat drew near the wharf, Aunt Maria was obliged to return to her own place, but not before giving some definite directions.

"You had better stay here," she said to Priscilla, "until we all get away. After that you can walk where you like. You can hardly lose yourself. That is the house, over there to the right. If you get

there in about an hour, that will do very nicely. Of course we expect you to lunch with us." She hurried away without waiting for a reply.

"I can't go there to lunch," thought Priscilla. "I really can't. I wonder if it would be rude if I ran away until it is time to go back. I wonder if any one would notice"—Here she felt an arm linked in hers.

"I never *can* get used to funerals," said Kitty with a little shudder.

Priscilla looked at her, startled. The boat had now made the landing, and there was a stillness followed by subdued but unusual sounds; the shuffling tramp of men carrying a burden, directions given in low tones. Her heart sank suddenly. Oh, this was far worse than she had thought. Up to this time her morning's adventure had seemed excessively embarrassing, very inconvenient, and more than a little fantastic; but she had not realized that it was the actual funeral cortège which she was accompanying. Now she was seized with a shivering sense of the stark reality of it all. Presently Kitty was summoned.

"Good-by," she whispered, giving Priscilla's arm a last squeeze. "Don't run away."

When they were all gone she went out on deck. A panic seized her at being left on the deserted boat, and she ran hastily down the gangway and stood for a moment hesitating which way to turn. She could see the procession stretching, long and black, down the country road, the coffin carried in front. She turned her back on it and walked slowly in the opposite direction, where a path led between overarching trees up a little hill. It was a heavenly spring day. The air, warmed by the sun, cooled by the nearness to the sea, was divinely fresh and pure. Overhead, the foliage, still tenderly, delicately green, was not yet dense, and she looked through it to the large blue sky. Only the singing of the birds broke the silence. She gained the top of the knoll and looked down, directly into

the Harfield burial-ground. The procession had followed a bend in the road and passed through the open gateway and had now massed itself in a black group. Instinctively she closed her eyes, but in a moment, drawn by an inexplicable fascination, opened them again. The black group hid the grave from her view, but she saw it in her imagination. Poor old Aunt Avis! No, she must not look, it was an intrusion. Turning aside, she walked a little way down the hill again, and seated herself under a tree; but the clergyman's voice came to her through the still air, speaking undistinguishable words. Was she never to get away from it all? For the first time in her life she realized that the one thing in the whole world that one cannot get away from is death.

She could not tell how long she sat there, but Kitty and Dick, themselves subdued and serious, came in search of her.

"Are n't you well?" asked Kitty, startled by her pallor.

"Oh yes." The color came back with a rush. She looked at them with a sort of wonder — these two young people who had a share in so many graves. "I have never been to a funeral before," she said with a little catch in her voice. Dick maintained afterwards that this was precisely the moment when he fell in love with her.

Loath to go in, they loitered along the country road until the sweet spring air had somewhat lightened their spirits.

"Cousin Harriet won't like it if we are late," said Kitty at last, and they turned their faces toward the house, Priscilla finding herself wonderfully reconciled to the prospect of facing the ordeal.

It was not so terrible after all. The first subdued bustle of arrival had already subsided, the guests had betaken themselves upstairs, and Cousin Harriet and Cousin Caroline were flitting about the lower rooms, attending to the last touches of hospitality. The old homestead had descended to these two little

elderly ladies, and with it the duty of entertaining the funeral guests. Of late years they seldom left Harfield, living there the year round; and with the passage of time their connection with the living members of the family seemed to be chiefly through the dead. Far from being depressed by their surroundings, they were vivacious little women, even somewhat worldly, — but that was in the blood, — accepting with cheerful philosophy whatever befell.

Cousin Harriet had been forewarned of the unbidden guest. "Who is she? Does she belong to any one we ever heard of?" she had asked.

"Oh, no," Aunt Maria had replied. 'She's nobody at all. Well-mannered and astonishingly pretty, but really nobody at all. She lives with her mother up in Harlem, and I should judge that they are perfectly respectable people. It was just one of those extraordinary accidents. And I do think it was very stupid of her.'

"And Kitty and Dick have charge of her?"

"Not at all," replied Maria with spirit. "I took charge of her myself all the way over, and I'm very much vexed that she did n't come to the house as I told her, without waiting to be hunted up. Kitty was the first person to notice her, and you know how feather-headed that child is. And Dick — well, dear Harriet, you know how Dick is — and for that matter, how all our men are when there is a pretty face in question. One has to exercise diplomacy. It's very tiresome. But I'll hand her over to Jerry going back, and he won't let another man come near her — and thank Heaven, one need n't worry seriously about *him*."

However, there were a couple of hours yet to be provided for, and Harriet's first glance at Priscilla, walking up to the door between Kitty and Dick, convinced her that it would be well not to take chances. The names on the tombstones all — or very nearly all — belonged to the best families. She greeted Kitty and

Dick with affection, and Priscilla with hospitable civility; but Dick was handed over to Cousin Caroline and Kitty was sent with a message to Aunt Maria, while Harriet herself showed the stranger to an upper room, where, following the line of division observed on the boat, the less afflicted of the ladies of the family were awaiting the announcement of luncheon. Priscilla effaced herself as far as possible, and when the others went downstairs, followed them shyly. She longed to see everything in the interesting old house and could not resist stealing curious glances at the portraits and the beautiful antique furniture. Meanwhile Harriet had been giving careful thought to the best way of disposing of the too attractive guest. It was the custom of the family, when the company was too large to be seated in one room, to have an extra table laid in the library and to put the young people there, while Harriet at one end of the long dining-room table and Caroline at the other, dispensed hospitality and gathered in family news. Augusta was to preside in the library, and Harriet determined to put Priscilla in her charge. Kitty did n't matter so much; but as for Dick, she would make a place for him in the dining room.

Priscilla, standing near the library door, saw the procession of uncles, aunts, and elderly cousins, filing into the dining-room. Last of all came Dick, walking very slowly, with old Aunt Susanna on his arm. Priscilla had not seen her before, and of all the persons whom she had met on this remarkable day, she thought that Aunt Susanna was the most wonderful. She was at the same time so old and so beautiful; a slender, erect old lady, with lustrous white hair, a delicately pink and white complexion, finely cut, aristocratic features, and eyes of a vivid blue seldom seen in old age. Only about her mouth and chin did the ravages of time show themselves, and their effect was diminished by the soft folds of white lace. The contrast between her and the tall, broad-shouldered, hand-

some young man was one of the prettiest things imaginable, and Priscilla, quite forgetful of herself, stood gazing with appreciative eyes, until the couple disappeared from her sight.

As it happened, Aunt Susanna had been expected to eat her luncheon in the south sitting-room, to which she was taken on her arrival. She had been at first somewhat agitated and it was felt that she needed very special care. In fact, it was against every one's advice that she had come; but she was a willful old lady who refused to be dictated to. With the death of her sister she was now the eldest member of the clan and the only representative of her generation, and her ideas of propriety demanded that she should pay the last tribute to Avis; but as she stood by the grave she felt that her turn would come next and the thought shook her. However, after she had sat for half an hour in the big, comfortable chair in the south sitting-room and had sipped a glass of old Madeira, she began to feel that it was time for some diversion. She had paid her tribute to poor Avis and could do no more. When her turn should come she hoped that she would die in a manner not unbecoming a Harfield and a Christian, but meantime she preferred not to think about it. She sent for Dick, who was her great favorite, and Harriet conveyed her message with alacrity; nothing could have happened better. So Dick came and talked to her in that manner of chivalrous deference blended with *bon camaraderie* which old women love in young men, and she revived greatly; and when told that her luncheon would be brought in to her, said briskly, "Certainly not! Give me your arm into the dining-room, Dick."

Arrived there, she would have him sit next her, and Harriet and Maria congratulated themselves on such a successful arrangement. Short-lived exultation, for in crossing the hall after luncheon was over. Aunt Susanna stopped and turned to speak to some one, drawing her hand away from Dick's arm. As she

started to go on again, her foot caught in a rug and she stumbled. At the moment, Dick's eyes were elsewhere. He was looking at Priscilla, who, after a somewhat depressing meal, eaten in the shadow of Augusta's frigid civility, had come into the hall and was standing close by, enchanted at getting another glimpse of the beautiful old lady; and it was Priscilla who darted forward and prevented her from falling. There was a fright and a flurry, everybody pressing forward anxiously, and competent hands laid hold of Aunt Susanna. But when Priscilla tried to withdraw, the little old hand clung to her arm, the blue eyes looked up into her face, and Aunt Susanna exclaimed, —

"But which one are you, my dear? I don't seem to have seen you before."

Priscilla, blushing and confused, was spared the embarrassment of answering, for Aunt Maria said hurriedly, "Let Dick and me take you to your room, Aunt Susanna. I'll explain then."

"Nonsense!" said the old lady, who was much less disturbed by the accident than any one else. "I'm all right. A miss is as good as a mile. However, I'll go to my room. You come with me, my dear, and explain yourself. I can't think whose child you can be. Come, Dick, you can take my other arm and then we'll have no more trippings or slippings. Nobody else need come. Too many people are confusing."

So the three walked away together and nothing could be done, for no one could venture to dispute the commands of the autocratic old lady. When the explanation was made, she found it diverting. Priscilla and her adventure served well to distract her thoughts from serious subjects, particularly as she liked young people to be good-looking and the girl fulfilled all requirements in that respect. She enjoyed Priscilla's evident admiration too, and was incidentally pleased by her interest in the old house.

"I was born here," she said, "and lived here until I was married. That portrait was painted when I was eighteen."

She indicated a picture hanging on the opposite wall, and Priscilla and Dick went together to look at it.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Priscilla. But there was no resemblance to the old woman in the radiant face of the young girl. Even the eyes, blue as they still were, did not seem the same. "To think," murmured Priscilla under her breath, "that one must grow old!"

The pity of it overcame her. That one must lose all that young loveliness and at best have only the fragile beauty of age, a beauty pathetic in its suggestion of imminent extinction! She went back to the old woman with a wonderful tenderness in her face. "It is *most* beautiful," she said.

"But you would n't have known who it was, would you?" asked Aunt Susanna, a little sadly.

"But a portrait of you now would be equally lovely," said Priscilla quickly, in her sincere voice.

The old lady patted the girl's arm with her little white, blue-veined hand. "That was prettily said, my dear;" and she added in a tone of satisfaction, "Yes, I have something to be thankful for."

Harriet came in to help her with her wraps, and Priscilla retreated, but not before Aunt Susanna had told her that she would expect to see her on the boat. There was a carriage to take some of the older ones to the wharf, and as they were starting, Harriet exchanged a word with Maria.

"Do try to divert her mind to something else. I'm afraid she's getting a little childish."

"I shall certainly do my best," replied Maria. "It ought not to be difficult, now that her curiosity is satisfied."

But it was impossible to turn Aunt Susanna from her whim. In vain did Maria try to keep her from demanding Priscilla, and failing in that, to keep Dick out of the way. Nothing would do but that she must have them both, one on either side of her; and as an easy-chair was arranged for her on the boat,

Priscilla found herself part of a conspicuous group. She was acutely uncomfortable, for she could not be unconscious of the disapproving looks of those silent, black-robed figures who sat against the wall; while Aunt Maria's alert watchfulness, as she hovered about them, was only too evident. "If I could only get away!" thought poor Priscilla.

To make matters worse, Aunt Susanna was in the excited stage of fatigue, and displayed a liveliness that scandalized the family. Even Dick, who was not by way of being conventionally gloomy, looked deprecatingly at Priscilla, as if to ask her not to be too much shocked. She really was shocked, in spite of the most tender compassion for what she could divine to be a strange phase of the weakness of old age. She scarcely opened her lips and yet felt that she was considered in some degree responsible for this ghastly vivacity. It was an unspeakable relief when Aunt Susanna finally lapsed into drowsiness.

At the first moment of release she rose to leave the cabin. She did not know how to say in so many words, "I am sorry to have been in the way;" but her manner expressed so sweetly all that the most right-thinking girl would naturally feel under the circumstances, that Aunt Maria ought perhaps to have been disarmed. However, Aunt Maria, who had been long-suffering under compulsion, took no notice of her as she hastily took her place at Aunt Susanna's side, but motioned imperiously to Dick to stay where he was. Courtesy compelled him to wait for a moment to hear what she was saying to him, and so Priscilla walked the length of the cabin alone. No one spoke to her, but she felt that every one was looking at her. She held her head erect, but her cheeks tingled and she had much ado to keep the tears from her eyes.

"I could n't help it!" she said to herself. "How can they think that I could help it?"

But at the door Dick overtook her. "Let me take you on deck," he said;

and she consented, little suspecting that therein she was putting the capstone on her offenses. They walked through the other cabin, but there no one took much notice of them. They were nearly home now. Everybody was tired, and the incident of Priscilla was an old story. Only Kitty started forward, but thought better of it and forbore to join them.

It was a relief to get out into the air, and as Priscilla leaned on the rail she kept her face turned away from Dick until she could recover herself. For the first moment neither spoke, and then Dick said, —

"You must n't misunderstand my poor old aunt. The whole thing was too much for her, I'm afraid."

"Oh, I don't misunderstand. I only felt sorrier and sorrier for her. It seems so dreadful to grow old — even though one may look so lovely. And the only alternative is to die while it is still pleasant to live!"

"But don't let us think of that," remonstrated Dick. "Just think how pleasant life is now. Poor Aunt Susanna has had her good times — a good many of them too."

In fact, Dick could not realize what a hard day it had been for Priscilla, being, himself, accustomed to his family and to the family funerals, which he took simply as he took everything. For with all his sophisticated traditions and habits he was singularly free from mental complexity. He lived in each day as it came, elaborately as to externals, simply as to essentials, with a mind open to take anything that fortune might bring. To-day fortune had brought this charming girl, and already he told himself that her coming meant much to him. He had no intention of losing sight of her, and time was pressing.

"Will you let me call on you and your mother?" he asked, and when she consented he wrote her address down; and then came Uncle Jerry in search of him, with a message from Aunt Maria, who desired him to escort Aunt Susanna to

her carriage. After this, not very much attention was paid to Priscilla. Uncle Jerry, to be sure, lingered by her side for a moment and Kitty bade her a friendly good-by; but Aunt Maria was unresponsive when she tried to express her thanks for all their kindness, and Aunt Susanna did not notice her when she was led past, looking white and tired. The old lady clung to Dick and made him get into the carriage with her. It was a relief to the girl when the good-byes and thanks were over and the Har-

fields had all driven off in their respectable family carriages.

As she leaned back in her humbler conveyance she found herself very tired and a little dazed. She thought of herself as she had started out in the morning, and wondered whether her mother would find her changed. That she could never again be quite the same, she knew, for on this strange day she had become aware of Death; and, although as yet unrecognized, Love was knocking at the door of her heart.

CAR-WINDOW BOTANY

BY LIDA F. BALDWIN

ONE thinks of the botanist as in silence and solitude wandering by some forest brook, or penetrating into almost impenetrable swamps, or climbing rocky mountain paths, lured on by the hope of finding some rare and curious flower. But I in my own experience have had some of my best finds from the windows of a railway train.

It was with people sitting all around me, and the engine puffing noisily away on an up grade, that my delighted eyes first fell on the one-flowered pyrola. The railway cutting had been made in the heart of the deep forest, and as the bank settled down, some of the rarer and shyer forest growths, such as ground-pine, arbutus, and pyrola, in the course of years had slipped over the brink of the cutting and were now part way down the bank. Inside the car were tired and grimy faces; just a few feet outside were forest freshness and greenness, and the white blossoms of the pyrola with their delicate flush.

Sometimes there is no bank on either side of the railway, and from the car window one catches glimpses into the edges of forests, or looks down upon

swamps and small clear ponds, or gazes across broad level meadows; but more often one's view from the car window is confined to the narrow ditch of water just beyond the road-bed and to the sides of the cutting just beyond the ditch. Even in that confined outlook there are always possibilities; and it was in just such a ditch of water, as our train slowed up on the outskirts of Buffalo, that I saw growing great numbers of what looked like miniature calla lilies. There were the same golden, erect spadix, and the same ivory-white spathe rolled back in the very curve of the spathe of the calla lily; but the flower was not one quarter the size of the calla. As usual my botany was in my handbag; and the temptation to make a quick dash from the train, to try to secure one specimen for analysis, was almost irresistible. But I did resist the temptation; for the bank was steep, and I never could have climbed back in time if the train had started while I was trying to secure my flower; and a lonely woman would have been left in the dusk, watching the train bearing her friends vanish in the deepening twilight. But the small white beauties

were never forgotten, and years afterwards I found the flower, *arum palustre*, growing in a swamp not many miles from my old home.

One July day I came down from Quebec to Portland on the slowest of trains. The road ran for much of the way, first on one side, then on the other, of the Chaudière River, but never far out of sight of its clear brown waters. Fortunately for me, our locomotive used wood for fuel, and consequently every few hours we would stop at some great woodpile in a forest clearing while the trainmen threw a fresh supply of wood into the tender; and some of the passengers took advantage of the stop to make short explorations into the forest. About mid-day, as we were riding slowly along, I began to notice a pink-purple flower that was new to me, growing here and there in rather marshy places. Shortly after I had first seen the flower the added slowness of the train showed that we were coming to another wood-pile. The instant the train stopped I was out of the cars, over the low rail fence, and picking my way carefully from grassy hummock to grassy hummock; and soon I had found a specimen. Upon analysis it proved to be calopogon, familiar to all New Englanders from childhood, but new to my Ohio eyes.

I have never made any formal herbarium, and the only botanical record I have ever kept consists of the date and place of my first seeing the flower written opposite its scientific name in the margin of the pages of my old school-girl's copy of Gray's Botany. But that is the only record one needs to whom all the flowers one knows are either old friends or new acquaintances, — in either case distinct individuals. Often, as I have been turning the pages of the old botany in a bit of analyzing, I have stopped at the page on which is written, opposite the scientific name of the calopogon, "Saint Henry's, Canada, July 11, 1884;" and across the more than twenty years that lie between, I smell once more the balsam of the Can-

adian forest, and see the amber-brown waters of the Chaudière River, and hear the shouts of the trainmen as they throw the great sticks of wood up to the tender; and giving color to all this mental picture is the pink-purple blossom of the calopogon.

But all trains do not have the accommodating habit of stopping for wood just after you have seen a strange flower; in that case, all that you can do is, take the best mental landmarks you can, and then at the first opportunity go back for your specimen. One summer I was going down on the express from Philadelphia to Cape May. As you near the coast the road runs through very level country, and between the railway and the pine wood lies a strip of marshy ground about forty feet wide. Each year, as I go back to the sea-coast, I watch eagerly for my first sight of the two characteristic flowers of the Jersey coast, the swamp mallow and the sabbatia. On this particular morning I had already seen many of the great mallows with their rose-pink flowers, so like those of the hollyhock that not even the most careless eye can fail to notice the family resemblance; and I had welcomed them as a sure sign of the fast-nearing seashore.

Now, with my face, as usual, close to the window, I was watching the sparse marsh grass most narrowly to see if I could detect amidst it the pink star-shaped flower of the sabbatia. Suddenly the marsh grass was set thick with spikes of yellow flowers, just rising above the level of the grass. There was only that one hurried look as the train went by; but from that look I felt almost certain of two things: the first was that I had never seen that flower before, and the second, that it must be close of kin to an old flower friend of mine, the white fringed-orchis.

Then and there I determined to get that flower, and the first thing was to make sure of its location. At first this seemed almost hopeless, since for miles back we had had that narrow strip of

marsh grass flanked by the unchanging pine woods; but in a few minutes our road passed under another railway; here was one landmark, and in a couple of minutes more we went past a way station slowly enough for me to read the name on the board; now I knew that I could find my plant. The next day we took one of the local trains from Cape May, got off at the station whose name I had read, and started down the track. After a walk of a mile we passed under that other railroad; and about two miles farther down the track I saw again the yellow spikes of the flowers barely o'ertopping the grass.

It had been a hot July morning with a sultry land breeze blowing, and as we walked the three miles down the unshaded track, we had weariedly and unavailingly slapped at mosquitoes at every step. All of these discomforts together had not daunted my courage; but the swarms of mosquitoes that arose buzzing at my first step into the marsh grass made me draw back to the comparative security of the railway track, with the feeling that no flower could repay one for facing those swarms. A second look at the yellow flowers growing not thirty feet away gave me fresh courage and I started again. I was as quick as possible; but when I was back once more on the track, this time with my hands full of the flowers, face and hands and arms were one mass of blotches from the mosquito bites.

Upon analysis the flower proved to be the yellow fringed-orchis, the handsomest species of its genus, and the one most closely allied to the white fringed-orchis. Our train had been running about forty miles an hour; I had never even known that there was a yellow orchid, but in that one quick glance from the express train the unmistakable family look of the orchis had shown.

Success and pleasure in car-window botany depend not so much on a scientific knowledge of structural details as on the ability of the eye to recognize at a

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glance the characteristic effect produced by a mass of details. It is this ability which enables you to be sure that you recognize the faces of old flower friends in the hurried glance cast from the window; which enables you to tell with certainty gray-blue clump of *houstonias* from gray-blue clump of *hepaticas*, wind-swept bank of purplish *phlox* from wind-swept bank of wild *geranium*; and it is that same ability to recognize the characteristic effect produced by a group of structural details which enables one to place without analysis the new flower in the right family.

I have always been secretly very proud of the certainty with which at the first sight of the yellow flower I felt that it was an orchis, but all my feeling in connection with it is not that of pleasure. Certain flowers always recall to me certain sounds; in most cases the sound associated with a flower is the one heard at the time at which I first saw the flower; and to this day, with the thought of the yellow fringed-orchis is inseparably joined that most persistent and irritating of sounds, the buzzing of the mosquito.

But the true history of a car-window botanist is not always a record of successful achievement, of the triumphant finding of his flower; he also has his haunting disappointments, his glimpses of strange flowers which he is never afterwards able to place. One July day, riding through northern New Hampshire, I saw just over the fence at the edge of the woods a tall plant, evidently some kind of a lily. It bore a single dark orange-red flower, which did not droop as do the flowers of the meadow lily, but stood stiffly erect. I have never seen that lily since; though never does a July come, especially if it is to be spent in a new place, that I do not think, "Maybe this year I shall find my lily." Perhaps, after all, such experiences are not to be classed with the disappointments either of life or of car-window botany,—is it not rather true that to both they give zest and expectancy?

The charm of such botanizing is not

alone in finding or in hoping to find some new flower; even more enduring is the pleasure that comes from the recognition of the faces of old friends in new surroundings. An April day's journey was made one long pleasure; for the swamp-like ditch just below the road-bed shone golden with the intense yellow of the marsh-marigold, an old friend from my earliest childhood; and when the railway ran half-way up a hillside, I saw amidst the dead leaves of last year the little clumps of the clustering blue hepaticas, and recognized even in those fleeting glances the singularly starry effect produced by the numerous white stamens; and as the train crossed over the creeks, that flow over rocky bottoms from out the hemlock woods, I saw in the opening up the creek bed the June-berry trees in showers of white bloom, looking doubly white against the dark green of the hemlocks, just as I had seen them the day before in the hemlock woods of Mill Creek at my own home.

One of the keenest pleasures of the railway botanist comes from his enjoyment of the massed color of great quantities of flowers of the same kind. One morning our train was running along through the level Jersey country; it was at that wretched hour of the morning when you have just taken your place in some one else's seat while the porter is getting your own ready, and you have that all-over miserable feeling that comes from a night's ride in a stuffy sleeper. In an instant all discomfort was forgotten in the sight of a wide salt meadow that seemed one mass of the pink swamp-mallows. The gray morning mist was turned silvery white by the rising sun, and giving color to it all were the wide stretches of the pink swamp-mallows. It was all one shimmering mass of misty silvery-gray, sunlight radiance, and rose color as delicate as that of the lining of some sea-shells.

Once again, this time on one of our home roads near Pittsburg, I felt the beauty of the color of great masses of

flowers. The railway runs along about half-way up the bluffs by the side of the Beaver River; as we rounded a curve, the steep bank above me turned suddenly intensely red with the vivid color of the scarlet campion. Only those who notice most closely have any idea how rare a color in our wild flowers any shade of true red is. Nearly all the flowers that are commonly spoken of as red are in reality purplish pink or reddish lilac. Indeed I know only two wild flowers whose color is a true red. One of these is the cardinal lobelia, whose petals are of the darkest, clearest, most velvety red; and the other flower is the scarlet campion. The color of this latter is true scarlet, and the river bluff that June morning fairly glowed with its bloom. It is Holmes who compares the color of the cardinal flower to that of drops of blood new fallen from a wounded eagle's breast; but any true comparison for the color of this other flower must be founded on life, and on life when it is at its fullest of strength and of enjoyment.

Even the most ardent car-window botanist will not claim that the only place from which the beauty of the color of flowers in mass can be appreciated is the window of a railway train. To all there come memories of fitful spring days when in long country drives they have seen partly worn-out meadows and barren hillsides turned to the softest blue-gray mist by the delicate color of countless blossoms of *houstonia*. And as they drove slowly along the partly dried, muddy roads of mid-April the effect of every varying phase of the spring weather on the massed color sank slowly into their consciousness. They had time to notice how blue was the color-mist lying on the sheltered meadows in the sunshine, and how coldly gray it was as it crept up the hillsides across which the chill spring wind was blowing.

And if one lives in a country where there are chestnut ridges, one looks forward through all the spring to that one week of late June and earliest July when

the chestnut trees will be in bloom. The long staminate flowers of the chestnut are a soft cream-yellow with a greenish tint; and on the ridges where the trees grow in abundance the great irregular masses of their blossoming tops do not stand out against their background of the dark green foliage of midsummer, but blend softly with it, giving to all such an indescribable effect of lightness and airiness that the whole wooded ridge seems not to be fastened securely to the earth, but to be floating cloud-like above it. During that one week of the chestnut blossoming one stops at door or at window in the midst of the early morning work to watch for the moment when the first rays of the rising sun, falling on the cream-yellow of the chestnut tops, turn them into their own deep gold; and at the restful close of day one lingers on the

doorstep through the long June twilight till their blossoming tops can no longer be distinguished from the dark foliage of the other trees in the gathering darkness.

All one's life long the pictures of old meadow lands gray-blue with the mist of the houstonias are recalled by the alternate glinting sunshine and bleak gloom of an April day; and the blossoming chestnut woods form the background to many recollections of the old home life. But these pictures which have become a part of one's inmost consciousness are scarcely more dear than that one, seen for a few moments, of the low-lying Jersey meadows flushing rose-pink with the mallows in the misty morning sunshine; or that other "vision of scarce a moment," the river bluff scarlet with the flowers of the campion, seen from the windows of a railway train.

A CRY IN THE MARKET PLACE

BY CHESTER FIRKINS

I CRY, oh God, for refuge and for rest!
I cannot pray;—there is no time to kneel.
(Can the spoke stop the whizzing of the wheel?
Can the cast coal in the red forge protest?)
I cry, by my dead fathers of the West,
Who, in their dire travail, yet could feel
The wild, clean pulse of Nature in the peal
Of storm upon the lordly mountain-crest.

I cry, by right of my ungotten sons,
For respite, for some slacking of the pace,
Some quiet in this rage of life that stuns
The Soul for slaughter in the Market Place.
I cry, in pity for the little ones,
Whose shriveled shoulders must bear on the Race.

IN UNKNOWN PORTUGAL

BY ISABEL MOORE

To the experienced and weary sight-seer, as well as to the Innocent Abroad, there lies a peculiar charm in the untrodden ways; indeed, perhaps even more so, for to the Innocent Abroad every way is yet untrodden, every country a fairy-land, every journey a magic carpet that transports one at the wishing. But to one who knows his continental tour, who has weathered the delights of Paris, basked in and survived the associations of Italy, and lived down the sombre pleasures of England, the untrodden ways are peculiarly "desirous to be in." And of such are the ways of Portugal.

Poor, proud, sunken Portugal! It is difficult for us to realize that she was ever an intrepid nation; and there is something distinctly pathetic in the manner in which a present-day Portuguese will revert several centuries in his pride of patriotic achievement. Vasco da Gama was Portugal's: and Camoens. There can be no doubt that she has been great. Let her people derive from the fact such solace as they may. Yet, in spite of this natural national feeling and the many evidences of past glory still existing throughout the land, the Portuguese, with a very few exceptions, have no true appreciation of their ancient treasures. When questioned about anything archæological or historical, they invariably say that it is *muito antigo* (very ancient), apparently quite satisfied, themselves, with such vague assurance.

Garcia de Resende, the Portuguese chronicler of the reign of D. João II, said that he compiled his general *Cancionero* in order to preserve poems, *trovas*, and romances which were in danger of being lost, "like so many other things in Portugal." Would that more of his countrymen had done likewise! Sir Richard

Burton struck the same note when, traveling in Portugal in 1866, he observed, "There is still much to do in identifying the Moslem remains of Portugal as well as of Spain."

This is only too true, not alone of the Moslem remains, but also of the Roman and Gothic antiquities, the literature, the music, the art, the prehistoric remains. The treasures of ancient Portugal are to-day in a chaotic condition, little known to the world at large or appreciated by the Portuguese; and perhaps it is for this very reason, however deplorable in itself, that the untrodden ways of Portugal afford a keen pleasure alike to the jaded traveler and to the Innocent Abroad.

I

There stands a little white town, dignified and gracious, on the top of a hill which is like a natural fortification rising almost abruptly from a sea of rolling grainfields marked now and again with long lines of shaggy eucalyptus trees, a deserted convent, or the brandishing lateen sails of a stout windmill on some lower eminence.

It is Evora, a city of about eleven thousand inhabitants, a *capital alemtejana*, or ancient capital of the province of Alemtejo in the south of Portugal (part of the Roman province of Lusitania), to be reached to-day by train from Lisbon, through low-lying lands of cork-tree groves. The serenity that rests upon it like a hand of benediction could result only from the combination of a wonderful urbanity of climate with an inborn human consciousness of having seen the world in the making; of standing by, and observing, and weighing, and thereby attaining a poise of

outlook with regard to all matters, both human and divine. For Evora, in her own way, is an epitome of the centuries. She rests on her laurels. Because of her memories she is tranquil. And yet she does not altogether sleep, as do so many of the old-world cities. Perhaps she reveals the inner beauties of her being only to those who love her. Sheer good fortune is it, then, to be among that number; so, as I was carried across the rolling lands that reminded me half of the western prairies of North America and half of traditionary desert wastes, — possibly a child's picture-book memories of the African Sahara, — I rejoiced in that I was to be reckoned one of the chosen few of "those who know."

People had told me that I should not like Alemtejo. Why they thought this, I had no means of ascertaining; but I always held a secret belief that they none of them had any idea what they were talking about. Alemtejo was *muito arido* (very arid) they had said, — parched, flat, colorless. Northern Portugal was the only part of the kingdom worth considering. No assertion or contradiction had been mine, for I was then in the outer darkness of ignorance; but it is the fashion for the Portuguese to decry the south of their country and to glorify the north. Furthermore, prairies can be wonderfully beautiful! Now the time had come for me to see with my very own New York eyes what Alemtejo was really like; to make my own judgments; to form my own conclusions about beauties and relative values. And, as is not infrequently the case in this old world of contrary human nature, Alemtejo seemed to me very lovable.

Down, down, down, the whole province dips to the borders of Spain in gentle, sweeping curves that would delight the eye of an artist. What the Portuguese and — even more particularly — the English of Portugal condemn as arid, flat and colorless, seemed wonderful great masses of golden browns and olives, sky-lines of rapturous curvings, well-

springs of vision. The rock of the fortress of Palmella to the south looked like a veritable fairy-tale. In files, in groups, or in solitary stateliness, in the laps of the earth hollows, on the slight prairie crests, or along the almost imperceptible slopes, were the stone pines with their flat, outspreading tops, the very sight of which suggests by association scenes from the Scriptures. In time the train, puffing and rolling like a happy porpoise in a high sea, plunged me among interminable groves of cork-trees. It was the first glimpse I had ever had of cork-trees, and they reminded me of great elderberry blossoms when they are drooping with the richness of their own freight. Cork-cutting was in process, it being the month of June, so that many a tree was of a scalped, cinnamon color, while others were of their outer intact gray.

After a morning of this sort of thing — I had left Lisbon at half past eight — the toy train pulled into the remote little station of the city of Evora (or Eborá as the old form of the word is), and deposited me in the midst of a gesticulating crew of porters and peasants. One of these personalities quickly detached itself from its fellows and took possession of my bag, leading me with a considering and protecting care through the human wilderness out into the highway. The station bell, like the dinner bell of a Catskill Mountain boarding-house, gave the signal for departure, and the friendly little train moved off toward Spain.

"Would the *senhora* walk, or go to the hotel in a *carro*?"

The *senhora* decided that she would walk, if the distance were not too great. Nothing with even the faintest semblance to a hotel could be seen. But, on my guide's assurance that it was not far away, we started forth.

The Hotel Eborense is very like other Portuguese hotels, I found, only rather cleaner. Indeed, I grew very fond of the spot later on, — it became so inextricable a part of the blessed Eborense memories. My arrival, this first time, was somewhat

chaotic, and the worthy landlord was rather startled by the sudden and quite unheralded appearance of an American *senhora*, traveling alone, and demanding board and lodging in hopeless Portuguese. It certainly was an episode entirely outside the usual run of his experiences. But he rose nobly to the exigencies of the occasion, and I was soon housed and fed. The window of my little room overlooked a most serene and orderly garden enclosed by high white walls, — a view that came to symbolize for me the quintessence of rest.

A letter of introduction to a canon of the cathedral, from his cousin, a friend of mine, I sent to him by a servant. Not only was I anxious to avail myself of the immediate privileges that it would command, but I felt a ridiculous desire to instate myself to a certain degree in the eyes of mine host of the Hotel Eborense. The canon was a person of undoubted standing in the community.

He appeared at the hotel in quick response to my card and letter of introduction. Indeed, he came before I had finished my four o'clock dinner, and was accompanied by a friend of his — a Spaniard — who was considered to be proficient in the English language. They sat down at the table with me and had coffee, and were very friendly and delightful. The canon himself was certainly one of the dearest of men; most kindly, and sympathetic to the degree where he could sympathize with enthusiasm; just on general human grounds, without in the least feeling the necessity of understanding particular enthusiasms. A round, plump, cleanly man, in whose deep, keen eyes — with their occasional sparkle of humor — was written a bitter heart history that I afterwards came to know about. His manner was simplicity itself. He wore the canonical red stockings and red waistband outside his black cassock, and a hard, black, glossy bowler hat, with a wide curly brim, over the edge of which bobbed two fascinating green tassels.

With these two eager and courteous men as guides, I proceeded, during the next couple of days, to see the beauties of the monastery of Nossa Senhora do Espinheiro, now being restored; the Manuelinho cloister doorway in the courtyard of the Collegio de Loyos, and the wonderful *azulejos*, or blue and white tiles, of its chapel walls; the rare old library that is richest in manuscripts of all the Portuguese libraries; the museum of valuable Roman antiquities that have been discovered throughout the provinces of Alemtejo and Algaive; and the curiously repulsive yet interesting Chapel of Bones in the crypt of the Church of San Vicente. My particular quest, however, was that of dolmens and other prehistoric remains; and my first forthgoing on the gentle hobby of dolmens was on the afternoon of a peculiarly tranquil day. The Portuguese custom is to dine at four, and this leaves the long, delectable, beautiful time of the lingering day unbroken in its possibilities for enjoyment. One does not have to return from a glorious tramp in the woods, or hurry a lazy drive, or break in upon a twilight confidence, to go and dress for dinner. The inner man is satisfied, disposed of; and the time of psychological communion is supreme.

I meditated on the wisdom of the Portuguese dinner hour as we bowled along over the level and well-trodden road through the country toward the east of the city. The canon shared with me the back seat of the red-paneled, canonical carriage, and his friend, Senhor Ricardo, sat facing us. We were bound for the Outeiro das Vinhas, where, they assured me, was one of the best-preserved dolmens of Alemtejo. Our road was one of the many ribbon-like ramifications from the city across the rolling prairie land, bordered all along on either side with ancient and extremely shaggy eucalyptus trees. The dolmen itself is in a low and regular plain near Degebe, six kilometres east of Evora. Nothing indicates an accumulation of earth, or artificial *monte*.

There are six large stones still erect, and two fallen ones, besides the *mesa* or table rock. In places they are so worn as to have the appearance of wood; indeed, many a piece of petrified wood has not so much the appearance of wood as has this sheer rock.

Leaving the carriage in the road, we picked our way across the stubble fields to this lonely and grim relic. My companions were visibly impressed, although they had seen the dolmen many times before; and I — well, I felt that at last I was in touch with primitive man, was shorn entirely of our modern, up-to-date, work-a-day world. Had I been alone I should have knelt beside it in the sandy soil. Like all dolmens it opened toward the east, — the place of the sun-god's birth, and the memory came back to me of Borrow's description of what he calls a Druid stone on "the Hill of Winds," in *The Bible in Spain*. This was at Arroyolos, to the northwest of Evora. Ever since that childish time, when his picture laid a firm hold upon my "imagination all compact" — the "noble city of Evora" and its environs had become my Mecca. For once, then, a dream was realized! We were silent, we three, the Spanish grandee, the Portuguese priest, and I. As we turned away and left the age-old monument to its lonely vicissitudes, the long shadows, like creeping fingers, reached across the fields and road, and the cathedral chimes were borne to us through the silent evening. A regular African jungle of chimes it was, such as I have never heard anything like elsewhere.

Passing through the Moorish Quarter, we reentered the city by the half-ruined gateway in the rua de D. Isabel, famous as the scene of the surprise and capture of the Moors by the Gothic knight Geraldo. With fine flourishes and much hissing and whipping we flashed through the sleepy town, for our coachman was greatly impressed by the importance of the expedition. Even yet Evora is the most Moorish of Portuguese

cities. The streets — particularly in the Moorish Quarter — are very narrow; many events and traditions are commemorated in the Moorish names, and there is often there that vibrant consciousness of human beings unseen, yet near at hand, so characteristic of Moorish seclusion.

A communion with Evora's hilltop is not easily to be forgotten. Its crest is the crown of her labors, for there, within reach of one eye-sweep, — almost side by side, — are the wonderful remains of the Roman Temple to Diana, beside the great Catholic cathedral. Nearby is the Palace of the Inquisition, Evora having been the first Holy Office in Portugal; and down an adjacent street is the house where Vasco da Gama lived after his discovery of India. Until quite recent years this house was decorated on the outside walls with figures of Indians and Indian animals and plants, and there were also some gildings said to have been made from gold that Gama brought from India. The Temple of Diana is the most beautiful of the many fine Roman remains in Portugal. The disposition of its columns is in the same proportion as those of the temples of Antonio and Faustina at Rome. They are of granite, the capitals (pure Corinthian) and the bases being of white marble.

The cathedral is a curious result of Roman and Gothic architecture. The Gothic predominates, and is of the earliest form introduced into Portugal, almost without ornament and influenced in its pillars and capitals by the Roman Byzantine, — the style sometimes spoken of as the Mosarabe. Of the two towers that guard the western entrance, the southern one is old and very fine; the northern one is more modern and inferior in design and proportion. The interior of the building is brown stone mortared with white, the whole effect being unexpectedly beautiful. The north transept chapel has a finely carved white stone façade, simple in every line, direct to a certain degree of severity, and — as a result of its

character — with a peculiarly upright effect in its entire bearing. The dome, too, is very fine, almost flower-like in its airy perfection. The clustered groins have about them a peculiar lightness, what might be fancifully called movement, a sense of grace in strength. It is not a large dome, in fact it is a small one, yet the culmination of extended heights, like the gathering together of the diverging lines of the whole into one hand, gives the impression of size.

As we swung into complete view of the crowned hilltop, the canon of the Roman Catholic faith said, in his carefully chosen English and with a gentle inclusive wave of one hand toward the cathedral, the Temple of Diana, and the direction from which we had just come, "It is the same God!"

And this exactly expressed what we all of us were feeling, — the fundamental sense of divinity among all races of mankind.

I lingered in my window very late that night — indeed, until the beginning of day — gazing out into the starlight. A number of the town boys, with their *guitarras*, were serenading some dusky beauty not far away; and nothing could have been more in keeping with the scene than those rhythmical swaying *fados* which, quite likely, had their origin in the camp songs of the Roman soldiers. The boys were indefatigable, and made music the whole night through, until the gently blended dawn just before the sun appeared, when the whole atmosphere became a smoky gray with dim pinks, out of which sounded the clear sweet bugle call from the fort, and the awakening birds. In the cool air I watched the steadily growing light of the sun-god cross the sea of prairie lands that were like the desert stretching toward its kindred of the far east.

II

It was my great desire to see more, at this time, of the dolmenic remains of Alemtejo, particularly the one with a

window. Spanish dolmens not infrequently have windows, it seems, but there is only one of the kind in Portugal. The region of Algaive, the uttermost southern province, also attracted me. In Greek literature Algaive has the designation of Cyneticum, and the inhabitants are called the Cynetes or Cunetes, from which doubtless comes the name of Cape Cuneus, spoken of by Pliny and known now as Cape de Santa Maria. This is the cape which, as Ferguson noted, Strabo mentioned as having dolmens; in fact, many stone implements and arrowheads very similar to those found in the west of North America, both hewn and polished, have been found throughout Algaive. I could do nothing, however, — my time being limited, — but journey northward.

Porto — or Oporto, as the corrupt English form has it nowadays — is the most modern and progressive of Portuguese cities. Between it and Lisbon there is an incessant rivalry, and has been for centuries. I visited the principal places of interest there: the museum, where there is an exceptionally complete collection of Moorish tiles and several sarcophagi of Roman, and, presumably, pre-Christian times; I went to the place near the present bridge, where formerly was the bridge of boats by which Wellington crossed to be entertained in the big white house at a high point just beyond the walls of the ruined convent, and across from which also is the tower that Wellington used as his stronghold; and I saw the remains of a Moorish castle at the entrance of a ravine outside the city, where the superstition yet lingers that a *Moirá Encantada* (enchanted Moorsess) haunts the spot.

My most important accomplishment in Porto, however, was the purchasing of a cheap parasol — a gray cotton parasol it was, with a guinea-hen-speckled border. This may not seem to have any direct connection with dolmens or with memories of Portugal; but it has, in a sort of way, because it really saved my life when I was making the ascent of the Citania

Hill, and so might almost be considered my chiefest Portuguese memory! The broiling sun glared down at me all the way, as though possessed with a frenzied desire to shrivel me off the earth entirely and at once; but — the gray cotton sunshade intervened. This, however, is anticipating events.

From Porto I took the train to Braga. It was a skittish little train, that stopped with sudden jerks or ambled along so slowly that it kept always going and yet almost stopping. But, "I dance to the tune that is played on the guitarra," as the people of northern Portugal say; so one goes as the train goes. I spent the night here at the hotel *Bom Jesus*, set high among the mountains and overlooking other ranges and the beautiful valley in which rests the ancient town. It is lovely, yet rather artificially so; redeemed, perhaps, by a sweet unconsciousness of its artificiality. In the morning I departed in a low, rattle-trap sort of carriage for Guimarães, intending to make the side excursion from the village of Taypas to the excavated hillside of Citania.

My road, leading out of the big amphitheatre valley, was pretty, but sizzling hot. The country is a country of grapes. Not only are vineyards abundant, but nearly every wayside tree is wreathed in a thrifty grapevine, till the landscape really looks as if an entirely new variety of tree had come into being. My coachman — who proceeded to take an almost fatherly care of me — was greatly interested in the forthcoming crop of grapes; and I, to be frank, was greatly interested in the crop of stones that graced each hilltop! We had not gone far before we drew up in front of a wayside hostelry, where my coachman dropped off and secured unto himself a glass of refreshment. I asked for a lemonade, whereupon he assured me that it was no place for a senhora to drink; so I had to content myself with giving a penny to a beggar who had come up to the carriage step, and went on my way with a parched throat, as a concession to the local proprieties!

We met a goodly number of creaking ox-carts, the oxen wearing on their necks high-standing wooden yoke-boards that are generally most beautifully carved. The designs of these primitive works of art are both curious and varied — the tops are often ornamented with rows of tufts of cow's hair, and sometimes portions of the board are painted crudely like North American Indian work; but more often the wood is left in its natural color, and soon becomes very dark, polished by the natural forces of use and exposure.

We entered the little town of Taypas as though I were a duchess at the very least, and stopped to make inquiries for the Citania road. It left the village, we learned, past a wayside shrine of seven virgins who were being consumed in the flames of eternal damnation. This remains my most vivid remembrance of Taypas, where there are, I am told, some old Roman baths that I should like to have seen.

About two kilometres from Taypas we came to another stop, and my coachman told me that we had arrived. Two women came up from a nearby cottage, one of them with the largest pair of gold earrings in her ears that I have ever seen, — and the Portuguese women frequently wear very large ones. A man presently joined the consultation. It seemed that we were in the tiny hamlet of Breteiras and that I was now under the necessity of getting out of the carriage and climbing the Citania Hill, for which purpose a guide was indispensable. My coachman expressed laudable and profound regret that it was obligatory for him to remain with his horses. The general idea seemed to be that a boy could be found.

After some delay, one was procured from a neighboring field and came up to the carriage with deep wonder in his eyes. Having my need explained to him, he at last agreed to show me the way up the hill, and, after sundry instructions and cautions, we started on foot along a half-effaced road that presently revealed it-

self as the bed of a dry brook. The first thing I did, when out of sight of the villagers and the coachman, was to stop and unbend my length upon the ground beside a spring of fresh water, and imbibe from it in nature's own manner. My guide stoically watched me. He had, it soon appeared, a wholesome fear of my Portuguese, and withdrew like a sensitive plant before my attempts at conversation. I can't say that I altogether blamed him, for all I could indulge in was a sort of Spencerian pen language; but I felt that he might have given me a chance. We met two men in a clearing, chopping wood, and, with thoughts of brigands and Miss Stone in my mind, I trembled as I noticed that one of them was clad in a much worn black and red striped sweater of undoubted American make. The incongruity of it in that place amused me, of course. As the only time in my life that I had encountered rudeness from a Portuguese peasant was once when I met one who had lived in the States for some years, and had taken out papers as an American citizen, and had learned most of the evils and none of the good of the republic, I began to wonder what might happen. Nothing did, however. My guide's stout stick, I felt, was for me, in a defensive way, even if he did n't care for my conversation. Indeed, no notice was taken of our passing.

A hard, hot climb it was! And a most wonderful view all along as well as from the top, out over another amphitheatre valley like that of Braga, filled with the sudden hills and abrupt valleys so characteristic of northern Portugal. The heat was merciless, and there came into my mind the saying of the Good King Alfred of England:—

"Thou, O Father,
Makest of summer
The long days
Very hot."

But—I had the grey cotton sunshade, and what could one expect of a Portuguese July? My guide strode ahead with a soft, regular, toed-in patter of his bare

feet, which excited my admiration and which I vainly tried to emulate. Portuguese gentlemen always assume that a woman is a helpless crippled creature, to be waited on, hand and foot; but a Portuguese peasant has quite the contrary idea. To him a woman has the endurance and capacity of a mule; and my guide was quite surprised when I called a halt and sank, panting, by the roadside. I assured him that it was the heat merely, not the distance, that afflicted me. He seemed satisfied, admitting that it *was* warm. At last we came out into what had apparently been part of the main thoroughfare of the prehistoric town. Beside it, for part of the distance, were portions of the ancient aqueduct, very small, and hewn out of the solid rock. All of this once buried city was built of dark granite: in some cases mere boulders of vastly varying sizes piled loosely together with earth; in others, stones of more uniform bulk laid with greater regularity; and, in case of some of the foundations and round towers, the great stones had been fashioned into regular shape and placed in a zig-zag on-end manner with some sort of mortar,—a construction which denotes not only the existence of implements for cutting and laying such stone work, but also a knowledge of geometrical figures and the science of building.

I asked my guide how many years it was since any excavations had been made there, and he told me twenty or thirty. There were grown men in the village, he said, who remembered seeing the work in progress when they were boys. The excavations that were made were under the direct supervision of Senhor Sarmiento, a learned and poetic citizen of Guimarães. Until then, all of this wonderful place was buried with earth and *débris*, except possibly the upper parts of the towers or *castros*. These are three in number. A venerable cork-tree has grown up within one of them, and a stone cross has been erected near by, as has also a tiny Roman Catholic chapel, to which the peasants make yearly pilgrimages.

Citania belongs to what is called the prehistoric period; that is, the prehistoric age immediately preceding the arrival of the Romans in the Spanish peninsula, after which there came about in many cases what Senhor J, Leite de Vasconcellos (the most authoritative Portuguese archæologist) calls the Romanization of the *castros*. It is well known that when the Romans invaded the district which they afterwards called the province of Lusitania, they found many of these *castros* or fortified villages, — almost always on the tops of high hills and usually near mountain streams. On the Monte of Sabroso, almost directly opposite to Citania, is another such *castro*, where as yet no extensive excavations have been made, although Dr. Sarmento unearthed there several objects of bronze, among which was a bracelet of Celtic design and a small axe-head of polished stone.

I loitered as long as possible on the Citania Hill, taking photographs and measurements. Then I picked a few sprigs of purple heather that lived in the footsteps of prehistoric man, and we started down.

III

The treasures of Citania have been removed to the museum of Guimarães, now in process of erection by the Society of Sarmento. At present they occupy the old cloisters and courtyard at the back of the new building: tombstones, graven signs and symbols, disks of stone, stone tablets, and small stone figures.

At Guimarães I fell in with a particularly satisfactory guide, a lad of about eighteen, dirty and ragged, a *bom rapaz* who happened to remind me of one of my best friends at home. He took me to see the old castle where Affonso Henriques had lived, both as duke and king (for Guimarães saw the birth of the Portuguese monarchy); he showed me too the baptismal font of Affonso Henriques, the little Gothic memorial of Wamba the Goth, the ancient *Camara* or town hall, and the home of Dr. Sarmento. Portu-

guese of the lower classes are most courteous to strangers; more so than their so-called betters. They are curious, of course, and not infrequently amused by the ways of the "mad English" (no distinction ever being made between English and Americans), but they are always courteous. Furthermore, they have not yet discovered the process of emptying the sojourner's pockets. Indeed, one gardener whom I came across down in Alemtejo goes on record for actually refusing a tip; and I made the journey from Porto to *Bom Jesus*, drove from Braga to Guimarães, with the extra distance and attention necessary to the ascent of the Citania Hill, and returned from Guimarães to Porto, paying in tips the magnificent sum of about two American dollars in penny and ten-cent doles. To the *bom rapaz* I gave half a dollar, which ensured me his complete protection until the train pulled out of the station. For me he utterly discarded his associates of a lifetime, and laid in wait for hours at the hotel entrance. When I appeared, he came toward me like a skipping faun. He smoked cigarettes incessantly, with a prosperous air that I knew my five hundred *reis* had procured for him. So boastful of me did he become, that he proclaimed abroad my largess, as a result of which one of his townsmen approached me diffidently at the station, to tell me in an entirely friendly and disinterested manner that I had given too much money to the *bom rapaz* for his services. Doubtless I had.

Not Solomon in all his glory, not William Beckford, who captured Portugal with his personality, his wealth, and his French cook, could have had a more triumphal progress through the countryside than I had from Braga through Guimarães. I was considered a female Cræsus of erratic but harmless methods; and, as whatever I did or wanted meant a little gain to some one of them, they humored me to the top of my bent. It is pleasing to feel like a goddess once in a while, and a rich one at that! But it is

difficult to remain for any period on the pedestal. Fortunately, my time was extremely limited, and in the railway carriage — which I had entirely to myself — I underwent the necessary metamorphosis, reaching Porto an ordinary mortal once more — dusty and tired and hungry and humble of spirit.

Another interesting region in the north of Portugal is that extending from Vianna do Castelo up to Gontinhães. Vianna do Castelo is a very old city, and, on the heights called Santa Luzia de Britonia, are the ruins of other *castros*. Historians mention this region of Santa Luzia as being a somewhat extensive one, and tell of a northern castle as well as of a southern. The Santa Luzia of Vianna do Castelo is undoubtedly the southern one; the one to the north is not so easily located. But it can be found, by careful questioning of the country people and local authorities. It is called to-day the *Castro dos Mouros*, and stands on the peak of Terrugen, that rises yet higher than the hillside of Matança, where are the remains of the town of Cividade and the tradition of a great battle between the Moors and the Goths.

This part of the province of Minho is wrapped in dim traditions of battles. Where now stands the little chapel of San Braz, in its peaceful circle of venerable olive trees, there is said to have been a mighty conflict between the Romans and the Lusitanians; or, according to some, between the Lusitanians and the Moors.

The Lusitanians called a battle *azar*, and unto the present time the valley in which stands the chapel of San Braz is called Balthazares, from Valle d'Azares.

Following the valley road — all this locality can be tramped over in a day — one comes to a garden where, behind massive stone walls, stands the beautiful dolmen of Gontinhães. While we do not need it to convince us that we are, indeed, upon historic ground, it is the final association; carrying us back into the remote ages before the Goths and the Moors fought, before the Romans and the Lusitanians fought, to a time when a primitive people were in possession of the fair and much desired land.

Yet, in spite of dolmens and Roman remains, the feeling of this northern province of Portugal is distinctively Gothic, and of the early kingdom — unlike Alentejo, which is as distinctively prehistoric, Roman and Moorish. In spirit one dwells more with “the wolves of the north,” as St. Jerome called the Gothic and Vandal hordes; the fighting personality of Affonso Henriques; the prowess of the Cid, who was knighted in the mosque of the Portuguese town of Coimbra; the Crusaders; and the churchly records.

But all of fair, forgotten Portugal — old and new, north and south — inspires a memory of the line from one of Camoens's least translatable sonnets:

“Perpetua saudade da minha alma.”
(Perpetual home-sick longing of my soul.)

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

BY EDWIN MIMS

IN Mr. Henry James's recently published book entitled *The American Scene*, the chapters on Richmond and Charleston are especially noteworthy. The restless analyst visited these cities with every desire to be romantically affected by "any small inkling (a mere specimen scrap would do) of the sense of the 'South before the War.'" Scratching for romance throughout the country, he calculated most fondly on the vivid images, mainly beautiful and sad, which he hoped would survive in the South. He was not altogether disappointed in Charleston, to which the author of *Lady Baltimore* was his guide; but he found Richmond "simply blank and void" — nowhere the Southern character or the backward reference, scarcely a suggestion of the old Southern mansions with their wide verandas and the "rank sweet gardens." Sadder still was the fact that there was no record of that life, as if legend would have nothing to say to these people. The collapse of the old order, the humiliation of defeat, the bereavement and bankruptcy involved, represented, with its obscure miseries and tragedies, a "social revolution the most unrecorded and undepicted, in proportion to its magnitude, that ever was." Only the statue of Washington with its mid-century air, and the statue of Lee with its commonplace surroundings, typified the high note of the old régime. The Confederate museum with its "sorry objects" but added to the impression of the void. An old Confederate soldier, talking volubly of the epic age; the lady who presided over the museum, — "soft-voiced, gracious, mellifluous," — with her thoroughly "sectional" good manners; and a handsome young Virginian, "for all the world like the hero of a famous novel," — these alone suggested

"the social tone of the South that *had* been."

One cannot but wish that Mr. James had been as fortunate in his Richmond guide as in his Charleston, for if "the handsome young Virginian" had been Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, the latter would have revealed to him, at least a few miles from Richmond, some of the relics of old, unhappy far-off things, and related to him with the real Virginia accent stories that would have given the very form and pressure of the olden times. Nearly thirty years ago Mr. Page, then a young lawyer in Richmond, felt something of the void so felicitously described by Mr. James: he somewhat wistfully yearned towards the old plantation life. Now and then, even in Richmond, however, he would accost the Old Gentleman of the Black Stock in the antique section of the city, or a country carriage, "antiquated and high-swung and shackling, but driven by an old gray-headed darkey and full of fresh young country girls." Immediately he was back among the overgrown fence-rows and fields of his own country home. Endeavoring faithfully to follow the law as a profession, he felt more and more the stirring of the artistic impulse and the ideal of preserving in some sort "a picture of a civilization which, once having sweetened the life of the South, has since then wellnigh perished from the earth." One day a letter — like one of those sorry objects that Mr. James found in the Confederate museum — fell into his hands. Written in an illiterate hand on coarse blue Confederate paper, by a young girl in Georgia to her sweetheart in the Confederate army, it had been found upon one of the battlefields around Richmond. The love story and its tragedy, transferred to a more

aristocratic setting, was the basis of his first story, *Marse Chan*, which, after being held by a magazine for three years, met with an instant response from the people of both sections. No one would claim that Mr. Page has written of ante-bellum life or of the tragedy of the Civil War in the grand style, — it will be perhaps a long time before any one does; but that legend has not entirely turned its back upon the South, that the section is not “utterly disinherited of letters,” — I use Mr. James’s words, — is evidenced in his own stories and in those of his fellow authors who have since 1876 written of Southern life.

Some of these writers had already interpreted various abnormal aspects of Southern life, generally the picturesque life of the negro, the “cracker,” the mountaineer, and the creole. While there was in all of them the suggestion of the life before the war, it was reserved for Mr. Page to portray in short story, novel, and essay, Southern ante-bellum civilization with some degree of fullness. Using the negro as the medium of expression, he yet left the impression in all his works of the old-time mansion seated amid the immemorial trees, and of the gentlemen and gentlewomen who lived and loved and died, always animated by what now seem to be certain old-fashioned ideals. It is true that the life of which Mr. Page writes is almost altogether that of the Virginia plantation, and so not representative of the lower South, — and yet this is the tradition of Southern life that has been everywhere cherished by Southerners as the ideal towards which all Southern society moved. The Scotch-Irish element in Southern life, as well as others, has been subordinated in the popular mind to this tradition of cavalier Virginia, which in turn has always been greatly influenced by the traditions of cavalier England.

In this sense, therefore, Mr. Page is, as is no other Southern writer, the interpreter of a state of society that has always seemed remote to Northerners, and that, amid the swift changes now taking place

in the South, has become largely a memory even there. The present seems a particularly opportune time for the publication of a complete edition of his writings — especially for so noteworthy an edition as the Plantation Edition, with every possible mechanical device to make it attractive and beautiful.¹ There will assuredly not be lacking many readers, North and South, who will take this opportunity of learning from a genuine story-teller the main elements of a civilization which seems to his somewhat partial eyes to be “the sweetest, purest and most beautiful ever lived.” The author boasts that he belongs to the new order of Southern life, he feels “a thrill of new energy fill his heart,” he “gives loyal and enthusiastic adherence to the present, with all its fresh and glorious possibilities,” and yet his imagination has found its home in the picturesque civilization of old Virginia. In the new glitter he has not forgotten the old radiance.

Mr. Page, by inheritance, environment, and temperament, is preëminently qualified for the rôle here suggested. In his veins flows the blood of several generations of Virginia gentlemen and gentlewomen. Robert E. Lee himself was not more genuinely aristocratic. The Nelsons and the Pages were among the Cavaliers who came to America during the reign of the Puritans in England and settled in fine estates on the York River. In his essays on “Life in Colonial Virginia” and “Two Old Colonial Places,” Mr. Page describes with vividness and charm these ancestral places — Rosewell and Yorktown — and recalls with pride the part played by their owners in the social and political life of colonial and revolutionary times. The most distinguished of these was Thomas Nelson, the war governor of Virginia, and John Page, the first governor of the new commonwealth — both of them sacrificing their large fortunes for the good of their coun-

¹ *Novels, Stories, Sketches and Poems.* By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons. 1906. 12 vols.

try, and leaving behind traditions of patriotism, honor, and social prestige. The many allusions in their descendant's stories to old furniture, old silver, and old portraits are suggestive of his pride in the precious heirlooms of his family—some of them associated with Charles I. While his immediate ancestors lacked the wealth and influence of the earlier ones, they were characterized by the same high-mindedness and refinement.

Mr. Page was brought up at Oakland in Hanover County, with which readers of *Two Little Confederates* and *Among the Camps* are familiar. A plain weatherboard building "set on a hill in a grove of primeval oaks and hickories . . . spreading nearly a half acre apiece; the orchard beyond which peeped the ample barns and stables; and the flower garden—roses around the yard and in the garden, of every hue and delicate refinement of perfume,"—these are among the images he has cherished most. This home has figured largely in all Mr. Page's stories, although in some of them the mansion is finer and the estate vaster. Most that he has written is in the nature of reminiscence. When the war broke out he was eight years old, old enough to have seen with boyish eyes the social life which was so soon to pass away. If in later years he often impresses one as idealizing the past, it must be borne in mind that the imagination of childhood is particularly strong. The war was no hearsay with him. He was within sound of the guns of battle in three great campaigns. His uncle and his father, although—like all of his heroes—they had been opposed to secession, cast in their lot with their commonwealth; and Oakland became at once a parade ground and a depot of war supplies. The women and the children and the slaves kept in vivid touch with the stirring events of those times, for Oakland was situated between the two roads that led to Richmond, and all during the war the Confederate or Federal armies were passing through the plantation. It was indeed the

heroic age to an eager-hearted imaginative boy, who with his companions, black and white, hunted in the forests, played at war, carried food and clothing to the Confederate soldiers, captured deserters, and even watched from a hilltop a skirmish between the opposing forces. He felt too the privations that thickened as the war progressed, and shared the universal desolation that was left in the track of the armies. He knew the wrongs of a later time, when fine gentlemen were in the power of newly enfranchised slaves and renegade white men, and when refined women were subjected to the coarsest insults.

While to a large degree these great and tragic times were his real education, he yet had the privilege of being prepared for college by his father, who in the dedication of *Santa Claus's Partner* is referred to as one "who among all men the writer knew in his youth was the most familiar with books." The mellow Elzevirs and Lintots, including the classics, Latin and English, were typical of Southern libraries. His collegiate training was of such a nature as to accentuate his intimate knowledge of Southern life, for he went to the college which was endowed by George Washington and was at that time presided over by Robert E. Lee,—the men whom he always considered the flower of the civilization that he loved. Later he studied law at the University of Virginia, which, in its beautiful lawn and its stately columns, as well as in its traditions of honor and of scholarship, has always been the pride of conservative Southerners. In Richmond—the abiding place of so many people who were intimately connected with the Confederacy—he followed the profession of law, the ideals of which were incarnated in the old Virginia lawyer about whom he was to write with such genuine charm. His first wife was Miss Anne Seddon Bruce, the niece of the former Attorney-General of the Confederate government; she brought to him at once the stories of a great Virginia plantation and the most

sympathetic appreciation of his early literary work.

When we add to all these influences, hereditary and contemporary, his own temperament, — for to those who know Mr. Page, his genial sympathy, his fine breeding, and his innate courtliness mark him as a typical Virginia gentleman, — we can see readily that Hawthorne was not better adapted to the delineation of New England Puritanism, or Scott to the setting forth of the age of chivalry, than was Mr. Page to the description and interpretation of ante-bellum life.

He has therefore not had to work up "local color" to write about the master of the big plantation or the young heir apparent. The type of the Virginia gentleman varies all the way from the blustering high-strung colonel in *Polly*, — for all the world like Squire Western with his "damme's," — or the fiery General Legaie in *Red Rock*, to the dignified and masterful Dr. Cary or General Keith. There is a family likeness in them all, however. "To be a Virginia gentleman was the first duty; it embraced being a Christian and all the virtues. He lived as one; he left it as a heritage to his children. Out on the long verandas in the dusk of the summer night, with his wide fields stretching away into the gloom and the woods bounding the horizon, his thoughts dwelt upon serious things; he pondered causes and consequences." There is the inevitable comparison with the eighteenth-century squire: "Sir Charles Grandison could not have been more elegant nor Sir Roger more generous." Admirable as he was in prosperity or in war, he commands our sympathy most in adversity, — as, for instance, Dr. Cary living in his cabin and greeting with old-time hospitality a Northern family. "The thoughtful, self-contained face, the high-bred air, the slightly aquiline nose, the deep eyes, and the calm mouth and the pointed beard, made a perfect Vandyke portrait. Even the unstarched, loose collar and turned-back cuffs added to the impression. Ruth seemed to have been suddenly carried

back over two hundred years to find herself in the presence of an old patrician."

The younger men were gayer and more light-hearted, much given to self-indulgence. They threw themselves almost recklessly into the festivities and dueling of that era; and yet, when war came they proved to be "the most dashing and indomitable soldiery of modern times;" and in the reconstruction period young men like Steve Allen somehow saved the white man's civilization.

The knights of the middle ages or the Cavaliers of the seventeenth century were not more chivalric to women than these Southern gentlemen. It is as if the age of chivalry had lingered here long after Burke had lamented its passing from Europe. It is easy to see that Mr. Page idealizes his heroines, but that is a fault scarcely to be wondered at. One is apt to smile at his "lily-fingered, pink-faced, laughing girl, with teeth like pearls and eyes like stars," or at his creatures of "peach-bloom and snow, languid, delicate, saucy." And yet who can resist the charm of *Polly*, the light-hearted, tender creature, or of "Miss Charlotte" coming down the grand stairway looking like "she done come down right from de top o' de blue sky and bring a piece on it wid her," or Meh Lady, in her bridal dress, "white as snow from her head to way back down on de flo' behind her, an' her veil done fall roun' her like white mist, an' some roses in her hair," or Margaret Landon, dressed in a curious, rich old flowered silk which she had found in one of her grandmother's trunks, "looking as if she had just stepped out of an old picture"? Here, then, we have the inexpressible Southern girl, "with her fine grain, silken hair, her satin skin, her musical speech," — alas, too little of her musical speech!

She in time became the dignified matron of the plantation, "the gentle, classic, serious mother among her tall sons and radiant daughters." "She was mistress, manager, doctor, nurse, counselor, seam-

stress, teacher, housekeeper, slave, all at once — the keystone of the domestic economy which bound all the rest of the structure and gave it its strength and beauty." Face to face with the hardships and privations of war, she was patriotic, resourceful, courageous. One of Mr. Page's best sketches, though it is not so well known, is "My Cousin Fanny," in which there is portrayed one who played a large part in the author's life. There is a culture about her only too rare among Mr. Page's heroines. "I recollect particularly once when she was singing an old French love song with the light of the evening sky on her face. . . . I have even seen Horace read to her as she sat in the old rocking-chair after one of her headaches, with her eyes bandaged, and her head swathed in veils and shawls, and she would turn it into not only proper English, but English with a glow and color and rhythm that gave the very life of the odes. . . . She would sit at the piano looking either up or right straight ahead of her or, often, with her eyes closed, and the sound used to rise from under her long thin fingers. . . . Then we boys wanted to go forth in the world on fiery black chargers, like the olden knights, and fight giants and rescue beautiful ladies and poor women. . . . Sometimes she suddenly began to sing. For instance, she sang old songs, English or French. . . . Her voice was as velvety and mellow as a bell far off, and the old ballads and *chansons* used to fill the twilight."

These then, with the younger boys and girls and innumerable kinspeople, participated in the fox hunts, tournaments, weddings, harvest festivals, and, above all, the Christmas celebrations that have made Virginia social life famous throughout the world. In *Unc' Edinburg's Drowndin'* and in *Social Life Before the War* we hear "the infectious music of the banjos, the laughter of dancers, the festive noise and merriment of the cabin and the mansion." Good cheer and hospitality, fun and merriment, reigned in those times. I wonder if the automobiles that rush here and

there throughout the country are as full of happy people as the old country carriages piled up outside and in with those returning from college or from distant plantations to spend Christmas in the old home; or if the country clubs know the joy that reigned in the polished halls and on the moonlit verandas of the old Southern houses; or if in our modern zeal for scholarship we have found any substitute for the amenities and graces of the better type of Southern gentleman. Indifferentism is scarcely so admirable as enthusiasm, and the intellectual analysis of modern realism does not take the place of the healthy sentiment of romance. Somehow, as one reads *In Ole Virginia*, one sees its characters and incidents against the background of American contemporary life, not always to the advantage of the latter. And the Southerner, be he never so progressive, cannot but now and then sigh, amid some of the raw expressions of the new South, for the charm and leisure of the old.

The medium through which Mr. Page conveys this life is the old-time negro. Sometimes he tells the story himself, as in the *Burial of the Guns* and the *Old Gentleman of the Black Stock*, but he is most successful when the old negro tells in picturesque language of the life which seemed so wonderful to his child-like mind. Mr. Page has realized, with Irwin Russell and Joel Chandler Harris, the literary capabilities of the negro — with a difference, however. He never strikes the deeper and more original notes of the negro character, that we have in the folk-lore of Mr. Harris, or in the impassioned melody of the old slave songs. The negro is always an accessory to the white man; through the illusive haze of memory he "sees the social pageant pass by, till the day when the trumpet sounded and he rode to the wars, by his master's side." It is almost the irony of fate — at least from the standpoint of the old abolitionist — that the traditions of splendor and supreme distinction of the old régime should be handed down by

those upon whose labor it was founded, and for whose sake it was annihilated. It is futile to deny that the great majority of negroes on the best Virginia plantations were supremely happy in their bondage, or that even now some of them survive, unable to adjust themselves to new conditions. Mr. Page has adequately realized the full meaning of this picturesque survival, whose dialect, imagery, humor, and pathos he has so felicitously reproduced. One may feel that the dialect story has been greatly overdone in the past few years, and yet be full of sympathy with stories that are the key to a vanished world.

It is difficult for a Southerner of this day to realize the intimate tie that bound together the household slaves and those who lived in the Big House. At birth the young boy was given over to one who was to be his companion in play and at school, who was his valet at college, his confidant in love, his comrade in war, and who at his death wrapped about him the flag of his country. "Wherever you see Marse George, dyah Edinburg sho', jes' like he shadow." More than one of Mr. Page's heroes risks his life to save a slave. "Oh! oh! nothin' warn' too good for niggers dem times," says Uncle Sam. "Dem wuz good old times, Marster — de best Sam ever see! Dey wuz, in fact! Niggers did n' hed nothin' 't all to do — . . . an' when dey wuz sick, dey had things sont'm out de house, an' de same doctor come to see 'em whar 'ten' to de white folks when dey was po'ly. Dyar warn' no trouble nor nothin'." If there is a story in which the negro, not the white man, is the hero, it is *Meh Lady*. Uncle Billy was guide, counselor, and friend to his mistress and her daughter in the trying times of war and of distressing poverty. He hid their silver for them, defied the Yankees, prayed the last prayer with his dying mistress, comforted her lonely daughter, and finally gave her away in marriage. There is scarcely a finer passage in American fiction than that in which the old gentleman, after the events of the mar-

riage day are over, muses in front of his cabin door of the days that are no more:

"An' dat night when de preacher was gone wid he wife, an' Hannah done drapt off to sleep, I wuz settin' in de do' wid meh pipe, an' I heah 'em setting dyah on de front steps, dee voices soun'in' low like bees, an' de moon sort o' meltin' over de yard, an' I sort o' got to studyin', an' hit 'pear like de plantation' 'live once mo', an' de ain' no mo' scufflin', an' de ole times done come back ag'in an' I heah meh kerridge-horses stomping in de stall, an' de place all cleared up agin, an' fence all roun' de pahsture, an' I smell de wet clover blossoms right good, and Marse Phil an' Meh Lady done come back, an' runnin all roun' me, climbing up on meh knees, calling me Unc' Billy, an' pesterin me to go fishing, while somehow Meh Lady and de Cun'l, setting dyah on de steps wid dee voices hummin' low like water runnin' in the dark."

The question inevitably arises as to whether the picture of Southern life, as given by the old negro or in Mr. Page's essays, is true. As has already been suggested, if it is true at all it is true not of the entire South, but of the aristocratic life of Virginia — for there could be no greater contrast than that between Virginia and Georgia, for instance. But is it true of Virginia? The question suggests, by way of contrast, the letters of travel written by Olmsted and Godkin, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the observations of Fanny Kemble and Harriet Martineau, the historical and social studies made by Southern scholars, and the "Autobiography of a Southerner" recently printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Such studies reveal the darker sides of slavery — the old master's extravagance and overbearing haughtiness, the young gentleman's reckless dissipation, the young woman's lack of modern culture, the hopeless degradation of the poorer whites, the slaves in their dirty cabins, bullied by overseer or frightened by the fear of being transferred to the lower South. The most authoritative balancing of conflicting evidence is

found in the first volume of Mr. James Ford Rhodes's monumental history. He discriminates between the South as a whole and "the little aristocracy whose nucleus was less than eight thousand large slave-holders," among whom we find "the best society that existed in America." In society and conversation they appeared to the best advantage; they were cultured, educated men of the world. He agrees with the almost universal verdict of cultivated Englishmen that in all that constitutes good manners the palm must be awarded the slave-holding community. Now it is this class of people that Mr. Page has written about; the trouble is, however, that in his essays he has not been careful to make the discrimination which Mr. Rhodes does. Consequently they, as well as his stories, must be read with caution; for in his zeal to clear up misconceptions of the South — and they are most provoking — he has gone to the other extreme, — that of magnifying the life of the old South.

Whatever one may say as to Mr. Page's picture of ante-bellum life, there can be no doubt of the fidelity with which he has depicted the heroism of Southern men and Southern women in the Civil War, and the masterfulness with which they met the problems of Reconstruction — "War's bastard offspring." *Red Rock* as a novel is not equal to his best short stories, — in plot and often in incident it is not satisfying, — but that it is a successful historical romance and the most faithful reproduc-

tion of that stormy period is open to little doubt. It is accurate, fair, restrained. The author's discrimination between various types of Northerners, Southerners, and negroes is worthy of the highest praise. It stands out in striking contrast with the melodramatic and sensational novels that have been recently written on that period. There is naught of malice in it.

And that leads me to say that in all his interpretation of the South Mr. Page has never struck a sectional note. There is provincialism, — the healthy provincialism of Burns and Whittier, — but he is right in claiming in the introduction to the Plantation Edition, that he has "never wittingly written a line which he did not hope might tend to bring about a better understanding between the North and South, and finally lead to a more perfect Union." In his stories, when the passion of prejudice is at its height, human nature asserts itself. The two Little Confederates bury in their garden the body of the Federal soldier; the heroine of *Meh Lady*, after a long and passionate conflict between love and patriotism, yields to the northern colonel; and the hero of *Red Rock* — dashing soldier and Ku Klux leader — is united with a Northern girl. Mr. Page has been one of the prime forces in revealing the South to the nation and the nation to the South, thus furthering one of the most important tasks of the present generation — the promotion of a real national spirit.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK IN RUSSIA

BY ISAAC A. HOURWICH

THERE is no prophet in Russia who would at this moment pretend to know whether the second Douma will not, by the time these lines reach the reader, be a reminiscence of the past. One thing is certain, however,—the revolution is not over. "The Douma will be such as I want it to be," Premier Stolypin was reported to have said, after the dissolution of the first Douma. Whether these precise words were used or not, all the acts of the government gave plain evidence of that intention.

To the American voter the idea of a congressional campaign implies a lively contest of political parties and independent candidates, nominating conventions, great ratification meetings, stump speakers addressing the crowds in every nook of the country, newspaper discussion of the comparative merits of the candidates, a preliminary canvass of the voters by party workers and enterprising newspapers, resolutions of chambers of commerce, bar associations, and trade unions, indorsing their favorite candidates. One would have looked in vain for anything of the sort in the campaign for the second Douma.

All parties of the opposition, which had aggregated three fourths of the representation in the first Douma, were refused incorporation under the statutes, and every unincorporated party was declared a criminal conspiracy. All clubs of the Constitutional Democrats, the leading party in the first Douma, were closed by order of the government. The national convention of the party had to be held in Finland, beyond the reach of the St. Petersburg cabinet. All local committees of the party had to adopt the ways of secret societies. At Odessa a wealthy and public-spirited citizen, Mr. Pankeyev, invited

to his house a dozen leading "Cadets"¹ to discuss the plan of the coming campaign; but the host and his guests were "caught in the act" by the police, and fined \$1500 each by order of the military governor-general, of course without the formality of a trial, but with the option of serving out the penalty in jail. At Mohilev a similar unlawful assemblage was surprised by the police at the house of Dr. Protassevitch (a graduate of the New York College of Dental Surgery and a personal friend of the writer), and the criminal Cadets were all sent to jail for two weeks by order of the military governor.

Meetings of Jewish Zionist committees at St. Petersburg and Wilno shared the same fate. Mr. Zevin, a reputable attorney of Melitopol, in the Crimea, was arrested on suspicion of being slated for nomination by the Cadets. A volume could be filled with such facts as these.

Four weeks before the election, meetings of voters were authorized by cabinet order. But every election meeting was watched by a police captain who had power to stop every speaker whose remarks, in his judgment, threatened the public peace. How this power was interpreted by the police was illustrated at the first election meeting of the St. Petersburg suburban voters. Professor Vladimir Hessen, now a member of the Douma, was the principal speaker. He was frequently interrupted by objections from the police captain, and finally he was not permitted to close his address, on the ground that "no criticism of the government is allowed at election meetings." Such things being possible in St. Peters-

¹ The nickname "Cadets" was coined from the Russian initials of the Constitutional Democratic party name: K (a). d (e).

burg, at the seat of the "constitutional" cabinet of Mr. Stolypin, one may well surmise what was done in the country, where the voice of the press was stifled by martial law. At Poltava, for example, only one campaign meeting was licensed, and then on the condition that the speakers should not talk politics!

Still Mr. Stolypin had before him the discouraging experience of Count Witte, who had sought by similar measures to influence the elections for the first Douma. The safest way to eliminate the opposition from the second Douma was to disfranchise it. A proposition to that effect was introduced at the caucus of the "Party of the Centre" in the Imperial Council, but it was rejected for the reason that it would require an amendment of the election law, whereas the Czar had, in his Manifesto of October 17 (30), 1905, proclaimed that no law would thenceforth be enacted without the consent of the Douma; no session of the Douma, however, could be called before the next election. This argument was met by a suggestion from Mr. Krasovsky, of the "Union of October 17," to the effect that, though no new law could be enacted without the consent of the Douma, yet the power to interpret the existing law is inherent in the Senate (the Russian Supreme Court), and the interpretation may be so thorough-going as to destroy the law itself. The suggestion met with the approval of the other "Octobrists" present and was promptly acted upon by the Cabinet. There was no question that the Senate, as a body of veteran bureaucrats, could be fully relied upon "to do the right thing."

The Russian election law is a clumsy compromise between the principles of property qualification and manhood suffrage. The first was embodied in the act of August 19, 1905, whereby a consultative assembly was created, composed of representatives of property owners. The upheaval of the October days of the same year wrested from the government a few grudging concessions to each of the sev-

eral classes of citizens who had been disfranchised under the original election law. The railway men, the factory operatives, the commercial clerks, the professional classes, had all been active in the great political strike: therefore the franchise was granted to all railway employees, except those engaged in menial work, all salesmen and clerks paying a license tax, and all tenants occupying separate apartments. Still, a large proportion of the factory operatives are single men and live in lodging-houses; to pacify them, all operatives in large factories and mills employing more than fifty hands were permitted to send delegates to a convention for the choice of electors. Each of the bodies of voters — the landed proprietors, the peasants, the townspeople, and the factory operatives — votes for electors separately; but these electors meet together in the provincial electoral college and choose representatives to the Douma.

Now upon the application of Assistant Minister of the Interior Kryzhanovsky, the Senate proceeded to amend this election law by interpreting away its plain sense. All trainmen, from conductor to locomotive engineer, were held by the Senate to be engaged in "menial service" and therefore not entitled to the franchise. Thus practically all railway men, a few hundred thousands in number, were disfranchised.

Under the law, many classes of voters are entitled to a plural vote, that is, a voter possessed of country real estate in more than one election district may vote in every district where his property is located. The same principle obtained in regard to the factory operatives, who, though entitled to vote for factory delegates, were not precluded from exercising their franchise as tenants. This was by no means an unintentional oversight of the law-makers. The committee which framed the act of December 24, 1905, in fulfillment of the Czar's pledge to extend the franchise to the common people, recommended this system of double voting

as a substitute for universal suffrage. While all employees in the small establishments were denied the franchise, others would be entitled to vote twice; thus labor, as a class, would receive its due share of representation among the several classes of voters. The Senate, in its interpretation of the election law, read into it the principle of "one man, one vote," quite foreign both to the letter and the spirit of the Russian election law. The factory operative was held to be entitled to but one vote, and that only in the establishment where he was employed; he was denied the option of voting as a householder by waiving the right to vote at the factory. In this manner more than ten thousand voters were struck off the register in St. Petersburg alone, while their ratio of representation through factory delegates is limited to one eleventh of the electoral college of the capital. The effects were similar everywhere.

The flat-dwellers were another dangerous class whose representation had to be curtailed. Under the interpretation of the Senate, a kitchen stove is essential to a "dwelling," in the contemplation of the election law. The voting qualification of the tenant was accordingly to be determined by the police, who were instructed to ascertain by personal inspection of the dwellings whether the latter conformed to the law, as interpreted by the Senate. The patrolmen had at times to pass upon very fine points of law; for example: may a range be considered a "kitchen stove" in the meaning of the law, or must a dwelling be provided with a Russian oven, in order to entitle the occupant to a vote? At the city of Vitebsk the question was decided in favor of the oven, and the citizen was disfranchised. Under the same interpretation the occupant of an apartment letting a room to a sub-tenant was held not to come within the definition of a "tenant" entitled to a vote, since he did not occupy a separate apartment for himself and his own family.

The law requires a tenant to have re-

sided one year in the city, in order to be registered as a voter. This provision was found to be the most elastic means to disfranchise undesirable voters. A member of the first Douma was struck off the register on the ground that he had absented himself from his place of residence to attend the session of the Douma.

The peasants woefully disappointed the Bureaucracy, who had relied upon their ignorance and traditional devotion to the Czar as a bulwark against the opposition. This was the work of the farmers' sons, who had been educated in the colleges and the universities. It was accordingly held by the Senate that only those members of the *Mir* are entitled to the franchise who are actual residents and householders in their respective townships. The interpretation was absolutely without foundation in law, the *Mir* being a corporation of joint landowners, wherein all members, resident as well as non-resident, are entitled to a lot and a vote. But the Aladins had to be gotten rid of at any cost.

Those better off among the peasants, who had managed to buy a few acres of land from the neighboring nobles, by giving a mortgage to the Peasant Bank, were entitled under the election law to participate through their delegates in the assembly of landed proprietors for the choice of electors. Last year these peasant delegates outvoted in many places the nobles, and returned Constitutional Democrats. This was to be suffered no longer; the Senate simply declared, without any color of law, that the owners of landed property mortgaged to the Peasant Bank are not landed proprietors in the contemplation of the law.

By these and other means of similar character it was sought to exclude the democratic voters. It was anticipated by the government, however, that even after this sifting process there would still remain enough disaffected voters to carry the election for the opposition. Still, all technical matters relating to the elections are left by the law to be regulated by the

Minister of the Interior. Accordingly an ingenious form of ballot was devised by Mr. Kryzhanovsky, intended to confuse the opposition voters in the cities. Blank ballots are prepared by the municipality, and each voter is handed two copies, one of which he must fill out with the full names, titles, and addresses of the candidates; for example, "Petrusewicz, Kazimir, Adam's son, counselor-at-law, Kreshchenskaya street, Wankowicz building." In great cities there are half a dozen or more electors to be chosen. The administration was sure that this "catch ballot" would practically disfranchise the common people, for the majority of the ballots would be spoiled. "Incorporated political parties," however, that is, those supporting the government, were given the privilege of procuring from the municipality any desired number of blank ballots for distribution among the voters. Thus all administration parties were enabled to have their ballots printed.

While all opposition parties were under the ban, there still remained men who had made reputations in the first Douma. Their names would tell their platforms. Steps were taken very early to make them harmless. The state's attorney of St. Petersburg was instructed to file informations against one hundred and eighty members of the first Douma for signing the Viborg Manifesto to the voters. It was notoriously a trumped-up charge, for the courts of the empire have no jurisdiction over offenses committed in the Grand Duchy of Finland. But it served the purpose of the government, by disfranchising the most undesirable candidates. Yet all the brains of Russia are not confined to the members of the first Douma. Therefore the administration went for the scalps of all men of note who were logical candidates for the Douma. Professor Milukov, the head of the Constitutional Democratic party, was interpreted out of the register by the Senate on flimsy technical grounds. Professor Kovalevsky shared the same fate; so also Mr. Aladin and many others of local fame.

In order to make the election entirely a game of blind-man's-buff, the military governors-general in some of the country districts prohibited the newspapers from announcing in their columns the names of the candidates.

And yet, with all these subterfuges, the government was overwhelmingly defeated. The Bureaucracy is so universally hated by all classes of the people that no sifting of voters could improve the chances of the government. The trick with the ballot was easily frustrated by the enthusiasm of the people; thousands of young men and women, schoolboys and schoolgirls, went from house to house collecting the blank ballots, which were then filled out by bodies of copyists and distributed among the voters. At St. Petersburg and in some other cities these canvassers were hunted by the police; a few were caught and locked up, but others were ready to take up their work. By shadowing some of the less cautious among these canvassers, police detectives traced a few of the "dens of the conspirators;" at St. Petersburg the house of a reputable lawyer was searched and thousands of filled-out ballots were seized as contraband. These losses of war, however, were easily provided against.

On the 25th of January, the governor-general of the Caucasus ordered the election to be held, after the fashion of a court-martial, within twenty-four hours. At the appointed time the voters were on hand; two provinces were carried by the Socialists and the rest by a fusion between all parties of the opposition.

In the southwest a renewal of the anti-Jewish riots of the "days of freedom" was threatened by the "Monarchists" in case opposition candidates should be elected. At Odessa on the eve of the election the "Union of the Russian People" let loose its armed thugs upon the Jews and the students. The reign of terror continued on election day, with the open connivance of General Kaulbars, the chief military commander of the city. "It was worth a man's life to go to the polls," I

was told by a Jewish voter of Odessa whom I met in the train on my way to St. Petersburg, "and yet our people did their duty." In spite of intimidation, a Jew and a Constitutional Democrat, Mr. Pergament, president of the Bar Association, was elected by the voters of Odessa to represent them in the Douma.

Once more the people of Russia have demonstrated to the Bureaucracy that they know their will and are determined to tell it, though the country is in the throes of martial law, with Cossacks, mounted guards, and policemen armed with rifles, on every step; any man with brass buttons is literally the master over the life of every citizen.

On the other hand the boisterous "Union of the Russian People," which pretended to voice the sentiments of the whole nation, only managed to smuggle in its candidates by gross election frauds. Thus the notorious Krushevan, of Kishinev Jew-baiting fame, owes his election to the fact that the register was padded with hundreds of names of dead men, whose certificates were duly voted on by live patriots.

In the western section, with a mixed population, sectarian prejudices were played upon by the clergy. At Grodno last year a Constitutional Democratic ticket was elected by a fusion between the peasants and the Jews. The fusion arrangement was renewed at the election for the second Douma. Then the bishop invited the peasant electors to a special mass, and preached a sermon, in which he exhorted them not to disgrace the good name of the Russian people by a union with the infidels and enemies of Christ. In conclusion he said, —

"If you betray the Jews, there is no sin in it, for he who has fallen may rise, and you will be forgiven because of the good deed, that is, your union with the Christians. I give you my blessing for it and I beseech you, in the name of God and the Autocratic Czar, to stand by the orthodox faith, not to cast away the cross, and I humbly bow to you."

Thereupon he dramatically dropped on his knees and bowed to the ground before the humble peasant electors. One may well imagine the effect. The peasants dared not disobey; they broke their arrangement with the Jews and elected administration candidates.

So Mr. Stolypin can boast of having won the support of one hundred and two representatives in the second Douma, as against a baker's dozen in the first. But the number of Socialists, who are avowed Republicans, has grown from twenty-one to wellnigh one third of the Douma, at the expense of the Constitutional Democrats, who are in favor of a constitutional monarchy, albeit for reasons of expediency only. The most significant result of the election is the fact that two thirds of those members of the Douma who represent the peasantry as a class¹ are affiliated with one or another of the revolutionary parties, whose declared purpose is the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a republican form of government. Not more than five years ago it was not safe for a socialist agitator to show his face in a rural community, for the peasants would deliver him to the authorities; such cases were reported in the "underground" revolutionary press of that time. Even in the capital the factory workers, but two years ago, marched, under the leadership of a priest, with banners bearing the picture of the Czar, humbly to beg him for protection against bureaucratic oppression. Now the factory workers all over the country have, with few exceptions, elected Socialists as their delegates to the electoral colleges. Within two years the revolution has conquered the minds of the masses.

The thirty-four Revolutionary Socialists in the second Douma are in the literal

¹ Under the Russian election law, the electors chosen by the peasantry of a province first meet separately and vote for one member of the Douma to represent specially their class; after which they choose, jointly with the other electors, those members who are to represent the province generally.

sense a *memento mori* to the Bureaucracy. The Revolutionary Socialist party openly proclaims assassination of officers of the government as a legitimate method of warfare against despotism. To appreciate the full import of the election of the candidates of this party it must be understood that it is not merely thirty-four election districts out of four hundred and sixty-eight that they represent, as they would in America, for under the Russian election law they could not have been elected without the votes of electors affiliated with other parties. Nor are the representatives of this party shunned in the Douma by any of the other four opposition parties, including the Constitutional Democrats. On the contrary, they are invited to the joint caucuses of the opposition, and one of their number, Dr. Oospensky, has been elected assistant secretary of the Douma. Dr. Oospensky's father was convicted of murder committed for political reasons and ended his days in a Siberian prison; his mother has also had a taste of prison life; his maternal aunt, Vera Zassulitch, was the girl who in 1878 attempted the life of the St. Petersburg chief of police, General Trepoff, and was acquitted by the jury; and his first cousin Nikephorov was last year executed for the assassination of the chief of political detectives at Nizhni-Novgorod.

There are many among the Socialists and Labor representatives who have spent years in prison and in exile. By choosing these veterans of the revolutionary movement to represent them in the Douma, the voters plainly showed that they wanted fighters. This is the real explanation of the fact that of all European countries Russia now has, next to Finland, the largest Socialist representation in its legislature. It would be misleading to infer from this fact that the Socialist ideal has captured the minds of a large portion of the people. Socialism was not the issue of the campaign. Most of the Socialists were elected on fusion tickets made up of men of all opposition

parties. But even in those few cases where Socialists were elected on their party tickets, it is safe to say that it was not by reason of their Socialistic views. The province of Tiflis in the Caucasus is purely agricultural; the population are small farmers; there are very few hired farm laborers; and yet its three representatives are all affiliated with the Social Democratic party which lays no claim to represent any but the wage-earning class. The great industrial city of Nizhni-Novgorod is represented by Dr. Dolgopoloff, who has enrolled with the Revolutionary Socialist party, which is preëminently the party of the small farmer. Were the voters of Nizhni-Novgorod really so interested to have the land of the nobles allotted to the peasants? Far from it. Dr. Dolgopoloff had lived in Nizhni-Novgorod about twenty years prior to 1905, and was a very popular physician. During the few weeks of freedom which followed the proclamation of the Czar's Manifesto of October 30, 1905, he spoke at many street meetings. After the collapse of the insurrection at Moscow and elsewhere, the government proceeded to clean up the cities of all "suspicious characters," and Dr. Dolgopoloff was banished by executive order from Nizhni-Novgorod to Astrakhan. He was in his absence elected at Nizhni-Novgorod elector for the second Douma. The electoral college was evenly divided between Socialists of all schools, on the one hand, and Constitutional Democrats on the other. Neither side could elect its own candidate unless he was indorsed by the other side. So ultimately both sides agreed upon Dr. Dolgopoloff, as a protest against his deportation by executive order.

There are three Socialist parties in the Douma. The oldest and the most numerous of them is the Russian Social-Democratic-Labor party, which numbers sixty-five representatives. It is weakened, however, by a factional feud between the extremists and the moderates. The former, numbering but a dozen representatives, believe that nothing short of an armed

uprising of the people will secure to the country a free democratic form of government. They take little stock in the legislative work of the Douma and regard it merely as a public platform from which they can appeal to the people of the whole country to stand up for their rights. The moderates are distrustful of the outcome of an armed struggle between the people and the military forces of the government. They therefore advocate a parliamentary policy along the lines of the Social Democracy of Germany.

The Revolutionary Socialists share with the extreme faction of the Social Democrats the belief in an armed uprising of the people. Their main point of difference, disregarding philosophical distinctions which are little understood by the masses, is in their plans of land reform. Both parties are committed to land nationalization¹ and confiscation of private landed property. But the Revolutionary Socialists would have it periodically redistributed among the actual farmers cultivating it with the assistance of none but members of their own households, and would prohibit subletting and hired labor; whereas the Social Democrats regard such prohibitive regulations as impracticable and Utopian.

The Populistic-Socialist-Labor party was born after the dissolution of the first Douma, from a difference within the Revolutionary Socialist party upon questions of policy. The moderate faction, believing that the policy of the party had to be adjusted to the new constitutional order, split off from the Revolutionary Socialists. While fully in accord with the ultimate aims of the latter, they too, like the moderate Social Democrats, consider revolutionary methods inopportune and favor parliamentary ways. On the land question they hold, with the Constitutional Democrats, compensation of the

landlords preferable to civil war. Their representation in the Douma numbers but eighteen members; outside the Douma their influence is confined to the professional class.

An intermediate position between the Socialists and the Constitutional Democrats is held by the "Labor Group." It is made up of peasants, some affiliated with the Peasant Alliance, where it has survived the dragonnades of Mr. Stolypin, — with an admixture of Independent Socialists, who for various reasons could not affiliate with any of the Socialist parties. In point of numbers it is the second largest party in the Douma.

Although the Socialists, together with the Laborites, muster about forty per cent of the total membership of the Douma, yet the balance of power is held by the Constitutional Democrats. The failure of the peasantry to respond to the Viborg Manifesto has dispelled whatever revolutionary illusions the Cadets may have cherished in the past, and has strengthened the conservative faction of the party led by Professor Milukov and the National Committee.

The division within the opposition engendered during the campaign a great deal of factional bitterness and cost them the loss of a few great cities, which were carried by extreme reactionists, such as Bishop Plato of Kiev, or by conservatives like Professor Kapustin of Kasan. The lesson was not lost. All parties of the opposition have realized the necessity of showing a united front to the government. An "Information Committee," composed of representatives of all opposition parties, has been created for the purpose. Friction must be expected should the Douma be allowed to legislate; yet some compromise land bill could ultimately be agreed upon which would satisfy the peasantry, and the passage of effective laws for the protection of labor would be assured. There would be considerable difference of opinion, if it came to framing laws to insure freedom of speech, freedom of press, and the like:

¹ There are very fine-spun distinctions drawn by the party theorists between "nationalization," "municipalization," and "socialization." This is, however, not the place for such subtle disquisitions.

the Laborites and the Socialists would follow the American example, whereas the Constitutional Democrats take their model in Continental Europe, and would leave the police clothed with a great deal of discretionary power over newspapers, public meetings, libraries, schools, etc. By virtue of their position the Constitutional Democrats could force these restrictions into the law.

The first Douma was "a meeting of talkers;" it had to make room for "a businesslike Douma," — such was the claim of the government. It must be clear to every unbiased observer that the second Douma has been from the first both willing and able to do business. The truth is, however, that a businesslike Douma means to the Bureaucracy one that would do its bidding. In this Mr. Stolypin's hopes were woefully disappointed. Since neither side would yield, one must go. But the opposition firmly decided to give the government no excuse for dissolving the Douma, so that when the inevitable comes, the responsibility should be placed by the public where it belongs. From the first days of the session the government began an aggressive campaign against the Douma.

The law insures to the representatives of the people immunity from arrest and imprisonment during the sessions of the Douma. This privilege was grossly violated by the government in the case of Father Gregory Petrov, member of the Douma from St. Petersburg. Father Gregory is a noted speaker and writer, and though a priest of the established church, has allied himself with the cause of freedom. For this offense he was sentenced by the Holy Synod to do penance at a monastery in the backwoods of the province of Novgorod. A few days later he was elected to the Douma on the Constitutional Democratic ticket. Thereupon his colleagues from St. Petersburg applied to the government for suspension of his sentence, under the law. The Procurator of the Holy Synod, however, re-

fused to release him. Worse things were yet to come.

One victory Premier Stolypin may, without fear of contradiction, claim for himself as campaign manager: by striking every head that was rising above the average level, he created "a headless Douma." The Constitutional Democrats still succeeded in electing a few of their leaders; for instance, the two Hessens, Mr. Peter Struve, and others. The Labor and Socialist parties sent a great many peasants and factory workers and a few stump speakers; but hardly any of them were fit for committee work. This scarcity of parliamentary talent had to be made up for by the coöperation of each party delegation in the Douma with its national committee, which sought the advice of experts whenever needed.

But the government would not have it. Rigid regulations were issued for the isolation of the representatives from the public. No one was admitted to the Douma without a ticket, which was granted by the police after a searching investigation, by detectives, of the applicant's political "character." That is not enough, however, for the galleries for the public are cut off from all communication with the lobby and restaurant. Even newspaper men are put to considerable difficulty in procuring seats in the Russian press gallery. Moreover, the chief of the Guard of the Douma, Baron Osten-Saken, acting under orders from the cabinet, barred Russian newspaper correspondents from interviewing members of the Douma. The reason for this order is apparently to be found in the fact that most of the Russian correspondents are in sympathy with one or another of the Socialist parties; some of them might even be National Committeemen.

Still there was danger that the representatives might confer with their party leaders in the privacy of their own homes. Therefore orders were given to the police to prevent all meetings at the houses of members of the Douma; in obedience to their instructions the police invaded the

house of Representative Maharadze and for two hours detained all his guests under arrest, awaiting the arrival of a magistrate. Mr. Maharadze complained personally to the President of the Cabinet, but received no satisfaction. This incident was followed by a raid upon the house of Representative Ozol, whose guests were taken to police headquarters and locked up there.

Next the public prosecutor preferred charges against several of the Social Democratic members of the Douma for affiliation with "a criminal confederacy known as the Social Democratic party;" whereupon the Minister of Justice applied to the Douma for a resolution suspending them from office. Inasmuch as all parties of the opposition are treated by the government as unlawful combinations, this application endangered the very existence of the Douma: what is there to prevent the Department of Justice, through its prosecuting attorneys, from preferring similar charges against every member of the opposition, thus leaving the Douma without a quorum? The matter was referred by the Douma to a committee, where it is resting for the present.

It is common belief among men of all parties that, in spite of all its moderation, the days of the Douma are numbered. The government is confident of its ability

to crush resistance by force of arms. That it will succeed for a time, I do not question. Yet it is worthy of note that the Cossack Group, which includes all representatives of the Cossack territories in the Douma, has just one supporter of the government, all others being affiliated with the opposition; they have chosen for their chairman Mr. Stcherbina, a noted economist and statistician, who has spent many years as a political exile in Northern Russia, and is affiliated with the Populistic Socialist party. The meaning of this fact was made plain by a member of this Group, Mr. Petrovsky, in his address on the abolition of drumhead courts-martial, from which the following is quoted:—

"I am a Don Cossack. I bear with pride this glorious and grievous name. Glorious with the glory of the Cossacks' history; grievous, because of the part the Cossacks have lately been forced to play by the government. After deluding and demoralizing them with the semblance of special privileges, the government took advantage of the iron press of military discipline to mobilize the Cossack regiments against the cause of liberty. But that can only continue for a time. I tell you, gentlemen of this High Chamber, the time is fast coming, and it will come, when not a single Cossack will raise his whip."

SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

IN the subject of his latest story, *Before Adam*¹, Mr. Jack London shows no diminution of his characteristic audacity. The hero is an ape-man of the Mid-Pleistocene period, by name Big-Tooth, who through the mouth of his latter-day descendant tells of his life among the Tree Folk and the Cave Folk and the Fire People.

That life was not destitute of adventure. One of his earliest memories is of being rescued by his mother—"she was like a large orang-utan, my mother, or like a chimpanzee, and yet in sharp and definite ways quite different"—from the ravenous tusks of a wild boar that had come upon him in the fern-brake. Clutching her with hand and foot he was borne to safety in the tree overhead. Some years later, as soon as his age permitted, he was cast forth to shift for himself. He joined the community of the Cave Folk. He foraged for roots and eggs and berries. He lived in terror of darkness and snakes, of Red-Eye,—who it seems "was an atavism,"—and of the mysterious North-east whence appeared the smoke of the Fire People. He went on a journey with Lop-Ear, his cave-mate, through strange morasses and along unknown rivers, and finally, after an ardent if simple courtship, he was united to Swift-One.

Perhaps the most provocative passage in the book is that which describes the devotion of Lop-Ear to his comrade at a moment of danger. Big-Tooth had been pierced below the knee by one of the arrows of the murderous Fire-People, and his flight was cruelly impeded.

"Once again Lop-Ear tried to drag the arrow through the flesh and I angrily

stopped him. Then he bent down and began gnawing the shaft of the arrow with his teeth. . . . I often meditate upon this scene — the two of us, half-grown cubs, in the childhood of the race, the one mastering his fear, beating down his selfish impulses of flight, in order to stand by and succor the other. And there rises before me all that was there foreshadowed, and I see visions of Damon and Pythias, of life-saving crews and Red-Cross nurses, of martyrs and leaders of forlorn hopes, of Father Damien, and of the Christ himself, and of all the men of earth, mighty of stature, whose strength may trace back to the elemental loins of Lop-Ear and Big-Tooth and other denizens of the Younger World."

This is a brave endeavor to enlist our interest in these dim denizens; but it falls short of complete success. The story occasionally stirs our curiosity, but never our sympathy. We shudder a little before the exhibitions of Red-Eye's ferocity, much as we might in visiting a shambles; we admire the ingenuity and plausibility of Mr. London's psychology, his capacity for realizing primitive states of mind; but farther we do not go.

It may be that the very nature of his effort precludes this. The imaginative process in the present instance has not been that of investing brute life with human attributes, but that of divesting humanity of its human attributes. In interesting us in wolf-dogs and B'rer Rabbits Uncle Remus and Jack London have followed essentially the same process: they have made them seem human. They have brought them into the pale of affinity, given them a psychology in which we may share. But in the present instance the differences must be emphasized all the time rather than the like-

¹ *Before Adam*. By JACK LONDON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

nesses. It may be possible to see in the fidelity of Lop-Ear a foreglimpse of life-saving crews and Red-Cross nurses; but such telescopic vision does not greatly stir the heart. The affair of Big-Tooth and Swift-One is the inversion of romance. The most valued products of life are not greatly to be valued in their origins: the rudiments may have technical or scientific interest, and the author would doubtless claim some special merit for his story upon the score of scientific plausibility; but that is obviously a matter apart.

Mr. London's story is simply one further step — one could hope the last — in the development of a type of fiction with which of late we have been adequately supplied. It would be interesting to examine the publishers' announcements of the last two or three years with a view to computing the frequency of such phrases as "life drunk to the dregs," — "strong, primitive emotions," — "thrilling with fierce passion and the heat of it," — "human nature stripped naked, by salt water alchemy reduced to its rudiments" — whatever that may mean. The thing that impresses one most forcibly after perusing a successive half-dozen of these "red-blooded" novels (it seems superfluous to name them) is the sheer vulgarity of them, or perhaps, more definitely, their materiality. In them passion is no longer a fire for the annealing or fusing of character; it seems to have become an object in itself, hardly to be distinguished from appetite. The promoters of the type, in a noisy effort to get at "realities," have flung away the choicest and most significant of life's possessions, and the realities are discovered to be little more than raw sensations.

With the elimination of each subtler and more spiritual ingredient, personality is stripped of its distinctions. Men's bodies do not greatly differ from one another; neither do their elemental emotions. As we go downward the field is restricted instead of enlarged, for we have sacrificed what is of chiefest importance

in fiction: the individual. Lop-Ear and Big-Tooth are practically interchangeable, save for the mere accidents of physique which denominate them; and the love of Swift-One signifies little, as it is only the crude satisfaction of an instinct. And since the repetition of a raw sensation soon palls, if it does not become actually painful, the use of the primitive for its own sake — just because it is "red-blooded" — is sure to involve its own defeat.

Fortunately this is not the only end to which the primitive may be used. True though it be that elemental character lacks a degree of sharpness and individuality, it is also true that, seen in its relations, it often gains a certain largeness and dignity which are impressive. In looking at the sower at nightfall, Victor Hugo saw his shadow extending mysteriously across the face of the world. Millet felt that reverence too, and imbued humble things with the same augustness.

Our modern approach to nature is one which especially favors this use of the primitive subject. To the poets and romancers of an earlier generation Nature was a benignant friend, clad in beauty and goodness; she was man's best teacher in high things. The moralistic and decorative uses of nature were chiefly emphasized. But with the triumph of evolutionary philosophy the shores were struck from under this conception. Parasite and host were seen to be produced by the self-same process; there was no distinction in nature between good and bad; there was no mercy, no benevolence. Irresistibly and irrevocably the activities of life were borne forward; types appeared, struggled, disappeared, were forgotten. The whole process in its first shock upon the imagination seemed cruelly impersonal. Reverence had been attacked in her very temple; it was gloomily predicted that the scalpel of science would bring death to imagination.

Undeniably the old gods are gone; and it can hardly be asserted that we are as

yet fully assured of the new. But imagination is too integral a human function to be eradicated by a change in philosophy. The nature-worshipping instinct holds its place in the heart against all comers; only it expresses itself in different forms. One means, and perhaps the most promising, by which nature has been reclaimed and revitalized for the imagination is through the recognition of its genetic relationship with all life. We are also her offspring. Our landscape setting, our social environment (the notion of "nature" must be extended beyond fauna and flora and rurality), has a vital rôle in the drama; is no longer a mere moral for it, or a pictured curtain let down behind it and removable at will. This interplay of personal and extra-personal forces is most apprehensible of course where neither "environment" nor "individual" is over-complex. A simple personality is in more clearly perceptible ways the product of its circumstances — akin to them — than a highly-developed personality. In this fact lies, I think, much of the characteristically modern appeal which the primitive in human life makes to the poetic imagination.

The appearance of three fairly remarkable novels, each of which expresses in its special way this sense of relationship between man and nature, is the justification for this — I fear too protracted — generalization. The reference is to *The Whirlwind*, by Eden Phillpotts, *The Call of the Blood*, by Robert Hichens, and *The Turn of the Balance*, by Brand Whitlock.¹ In each of them the synthesis is distinctively of to-day. In the first the external force always playing its secret but vital part in the drama is the open country of Dartmoor; in the second it is the sundrenched hills, the happy indo-

lence, of Sicily; in the third, the organized society of a present-day American city.

Mr. Phillpotts has never given us anything so effectively composed as the present novel. Aside from the comedy scenes where a group of loquacious villagers interminably discuss the construction of a water-lead and other unprofitable matters (the comedy is laborious), the story gives one a sense of constructive mastery quite unusual: sure, deliberate, and impressive. Dartmoor, the land of his heart, has never been rendered by Mr. Phillpotts so intimately and at the same time so robustly.

"Dartmoor has been chosen by Nature for a theatre of worship and of work — a hypæthral temple, wherein she ministers before the throne of the sun, nurtures life, ripens her harvest, and buries her uncounted dead. Each year springtime breaks the bud joyfully and lifts the little lark into the blue; each year the summer builds and the autumn gleams; each year when the sun's lamp is lowered, when the curtain of cloud is drawn, sleep and death pass by together along the winter silences. Thus the punctual rite and round are accomplished century after century, and at each year's end arise immemorial threnodies of many waters and fierce winds. Rivers roar a requiem; and their inevitable dirge is neither joyful nor mournful, but only glorious. The singers also are mortal; the wind and the wave are creatures, even as the perishing heath, crumbling stone, and falling foliage; they too rise and set, triumph and expire; they too are a part of the only miracle of the universe: the miracle of matter made manifest in pomp and wonder, in beauty and mystery, where Nature rolls her endless frieze along the entablature of Time."

Here is a nature-worshiper in truth; but he is a nature-worshiper after the newer type. There is something of the universal genetrix about his nature which fills the imagination quite as effectively as was ever possible with the older conceptions.

¹ *The Whirlwind*. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1907.

The Call of the Blood. By ROBERT HICHENS. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1906.

The Turn of the Balance. By BRAND WHITLOCK. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1907.

The children of the moor — the moor's true children — are simple, candid, large-natured beings, richly endowed by instinct, yet always consciously living in the presence of primeval things. Pre-historic cairns link them backward with an undiscoverable past, and the elemental forces of nature, so unimpeded and irresistible, make thought of death and change familiar to them.

Daniel Brendon combines in his personality the more rugged and passionate aspects of the moor. Tremendous of frame and muscle, ardent in labor, fiercely devoted to his God who is the Jehovah of Sinai, baffled by any intellectual problem, but swift in action when the issue is clear, Daniel makes, despite all the homely circumstances of his life, an almost august figure. He is a laborer on the farm of Hilary Woodrow, and Hilary Woodrow is in love with Daniel's wife, Sarah Jane.

Sarah Jane is devoted to her husband; but she cannot care greatly for his God. She is so much the laughter and sunshine of the moor, with all its mellowness and various beauty, its sweet impulsiveness and rich maternity, that there seems to be no place in her life for a grim and exacting deity. Undisciplined by the ordinary social relations, she is instinctively true to herself; convention is non-existent for her. She admires Hilary because of his learning, she likes him as a friend because of his liberal and candid mind, she pities him because of his poor health and isolation. Though in the end she yields to his passion, she is never in her heart disloyal to Daniel, — only glad that she may have a part in assuring his promotion. The issue is not presented to her chiefly as a moral issue; and it is impossible to feel that her character is sullied by her one act of faithlessness. Years later she denies to Hilary that she had a sin to repent of. "Never," she said. "I wept fire for a week after; I was half raving for joy and half raving for misery — mad like. Then I put it all behind me.

Things stronger than me — or you — worked that deed."

The secret was kept for a long time. Daniel's affairs prospered. With Hilary, failing strength (Mr. Phillpotts tells us) brought a gradual weakening of intellectual independence. He was drawn into the shelter of formal religion with its sure hope and its forgiveness of sins. He longed to confess his offense to his friend Daniel; but the woman restrained him, knowing that her husband's fiery nature could not endure it. Thus Hilary dies before the secret is discovered. When Daniel finally learns the truth the inevitable thing happens: his God is a God of vengeance — "He who once drowned every little child in the whole world . . . who slew Uzzah for steadying his ark; who killed seventy thousand innocent men because David numbered the people." The biblical penalty for the sin that had been committed was axiomatic to his passion-rent intelligence.

But we are saved that. Sarah Jane was told that her husband had made the discovery, and she knew what he would do. Without a shadow of fear or hesitation she climbed the moor toward the cairn. "Like a dream picture painted in milk and gold, rich with magic light even in the pearly shadows, overflowing with the lustre and fervor of June, Devon spread before her feet and rolled in sunlit leagues to the horizons of the sea. There lacked no gracious beauty proper to that scene. It rose beyond perfection to sublimity, lifting her watching spirit higher than any praise; begot the serene still sadness that reigns above all joy." Her life was ended by her own hand before the avenger reached her. Later Daniel sold all his property, burned the notes of payment, and entered the Salvation Army.

Mr. Phillpotts gives one the impression of constantly growing power; more than ever it is out of the question to look upon him as a literary *paysagiste*. There is not a landscape in *The Whirlwind* that seems external to the movement of the story. And through his unremitting intensive

study of the land he loves and its people, there is an authenticity about his work which puts its spell on the reader. Highly localized as is his material, the spirit of it is as far as possible from parochiality. Mr. Phillpotts's point of view, his spiritual discernment, the human relations that lure his consideration, are almost ultra-modern.

In the present story the development of the triangular situation, though fastidiously presented, is in conception extremely daring. Here is no arraignment of society for the condemnation it metes out to those who infringe its code; the woman is perfectly ready to accept all that; she takes social retribution gladly: it has no part in the real significance to her — the ultimate meaning — of the experience. No malign president of the immortals is stage manager in the career of Sarah Jane; there is no petty perversity of fate; God does not make nettles grow in churchyards. In its culminating situation the action moves serenely upon the heights of real tragedy, and leaves one with the same richly complex yet elevated sense of peace.

As for Mr. Hichens, one could easily think of him as by nature a sun-worshiper. The impression made by *The Garden of Allah* is no less vigorously re-conveyed by *The Call of the Blood*. He revels in exotic and tropical luxuriances. His temperament is a sort of "suspended lute" upon which every motion of the fragrant and sun-heated breeze strikes its distinct harmony. His delight in things of sense is almost riotous.

"They were drowned in a sea of odor as they passed some buildings where lemons were being packed for shipping. This smell seemed to Maurice to be the very breath of the island. He drank it in eagerly. Lemons, lemons, and the sun! Oranges, lemons, yellow flowers under the lemons, and the sun! Always yellow, pale yellow, gold-yellow, red-gold yellow, and white, and silver white, the white of roads, the silver white of dusty olive leaves, and green, the dark lustrous pol-

ished green of orange leaves, and purple and blue, the purple of sea, the blue of sky."

But this is something more than a bombardment of sensations: it is the heady atmosphere in which Maurice, the lovable, high-spirited, eager young hero of the story, finally loses control of himself and yields to the temptation he has been irresolutely staving off.

The story in brief is this: Maurice Delarey and his wife, Hermione, have come to Sicily from London for their honeymoon. Mental alertness and beauty of spirit are the qualities Maurice reverences in his wife; while Hermione, conscious as she has always been of her own lack of physical charm, seems to have found in this adorable and lithe-limbed youth — in whose veins runs a trace of southern blood — the outward complement of her personality. Sicily she had herself always loved; but its effect upon her husband was a revelation to her. It was as if he had then first come to his own. She was gazing in rapture upon that "mask of spring; but he had instinctively taken his place in it. . . . She had traveled out to be in Sicily; but he, without knowing it, had traveled out to be Sicily."

Hermione is called across the Mediterranean to attend her lifelong friend and comrade, Artois, in a dangerous illness; and Maurice is left alone among the friendly and admiring peasants, to whose impulsive nature his own is so dangerously akin. The very day of Hermione's return is the day that Maurice yields to the call of the blood. But she never learns that. Maurice meets his death at the hands of Maddelina's father; but Hermione is led to believe that his death was accidental. "I want to tell you," she says to Artois, "I want you to know, how perfect he always was to me. . . . He loved life and the sun — oh, how he loved them! . . . He was the deathless boy. . . . He was like my youth and my youth has gone with him."

It is impossible, I think, not to wish

that Mr. Hichens had shown a little more boldness in his conclusion. That Hermione should be kept from a knowledge of the facts is, one would say, a questionable mercy, especially since her ignorance might be at almost any moment shattered,—a mere scrap of paper or a chance word could do it. Such sheltering may be a necessity to weakness; but Hermione is a woman of uncommon spiritual calibre. She sees things in their just relations. If Maurice was the deathless boy, his faults were faults of boyhood, and, so considered, were fitter to arouse tenderness and pity than bitterness. The author goes so far as to suggest that in the great scheme of things the underlying reason for those powerful appetites “which are not without their glory, but which wreck so many human lives,” may be found in the “sacredness of pity.” Surely the truth, if the truth can be borne, keeps its immemorial right of making free. The fact, however, that such a question as this should insist upon statement, is a testimony to the admirable reality with which the author has endowed his characters.

Mr. Hichens writes out of his abundance, and in the result there is great unevenness. When the emotional impulse is lacking, his ideas become singularly dull and his manner quite without distinction. But at the first sting of sensation, the style leaps into vitality; and if always deficient in a certain finality of touch, it continually delights with its resiliency and exuberance.

The impression I find persisting most distinctly a month after a perusal of *The Turn of the Balance* — and a re-reading only confirms it — is of the fullness with which Mr. Whitlock envisages the life of a modern metropolis. I do not know where else in American or British fiction, with the possible exception of Frank Norris's *The Pit*, the city has been so keenly realized as an organism — an organism at war with itself, wasteful of energy, reckless of the individual life, yet somehow, through endless processes of

readjustment, working toward an integration of its multifarious functions.

Not that Mr. Whitlock gives us all aspects of the city's life with equal veracity. He is too much a special pleader for that. So intense is his sympathy for those who unjustly suffer that it has aroused in him an almost perverse indignation against all the traditional machinery of society. Against the Common Law, hoary and anachronistic, the conservator of barbarity, he directs his most fiery attack. Institutional justice and philanthropy are bitterly arraigned. His hospital nurses are obsequious to wealth and station, neglectful of poverty; his charity organizations are mercenary and professional; society is utterly trivial (and more than insipid, too, if his specimens of drawing-room dialogue are to be accepted); the church is pharisaical; servants of the commonwealth are brutalized by the business of injustice; judges, jurymen — but why prolong the tale? Such distortion would be fatal were it not for the burning human sympathy and fine idealism which are its reverse aspect. To have perceived out of a passionate sense of brotherhood all the steps of the slow, inveterate destruction of character under the “normal” working of the machinery of society, may certainly excuse a certain intolerance of those forces that seem acquiescent in the hideous procedure.

It is Archie Koerner in whom we are chiefly interested. After three years of service in the Philippines, where army life has given him a distaste for hard work, he has returned home with the reputation of being a good fellow and a clever marksman. Always delaying the unwelcome day when he must settle down to a steady job, he becomes implicated in some petty lawbreaking frolic, and is “sent up” for fifty days. This settles his future. No doors of self-respecting employment are any longer open to him; policemen eye him suspiciously; old friends of the better class have dropped him. But he is welcomed into the free-masonry of another social level, and

eventually, through irrevocable stages, becomes a professional yeggman. For a murder he did not commit, society takes its final revenge on Archie. The same society has in the meantime driven his sister Gusta to ruin, and through the eternal delays of a damage suit wrecked the life of his old German father and mother.

There is much in this story which is worthy of the author of *L'Assommoir*. There is the same astonishing knowledge of the obscurer life of a great city, the same faculty of seeing relations, — everything strangely bound up with everything, — and the same poetic apprehension of the city as a whole, possessed of its million voices, teeming with beauty and ugliness, love and tears and hatred. Mr. Whitlock has a vigorous pictorial sense. He knows not only how to throw strong colors effectively upon a tremendous canvas, but also how to add detail to detail with deliberate and painstaking accuracy, into a cumulative whole that deeply stirs the imagination. Something in Zola's later manner is his use of a special group of characters to express his own intellectual "reaction" upon this baffling phenomenon; and it must be confessed that he shows quite as serious an inability to give actuality to them. This is of course the familiar failure of naturalism, whatever the explanation of it may be. It is the broader moulding forces — the drift and measure of the whole — that Mr. Whitlock senses most clearly; and grim as his story is, it must claim attention both for its passionate devotion to an ideal of mercy and charity, and for its profound recognition of the organic and indestructible unity of human life.

Whether or not in her most recently published novelette Mrs. Wharton gives a just evaluation to the ideals of another race, there can be no two opinions of the story's literary merits.¹ *Madame de Treymes* is marvelously well executed. At a time when American fiction seems more and more generally to be produced according to correspondence-school

standards, it is an especial delight to contemplate the work of a master-craftsman, one who retains the older pride in the temper and delicacy of tools and to whom marketability is no test of excellence. Workmanship means so much after all. The acquisition of it is not to be whiffed up, like trench-water by a locomotive under full headway. Mrs. Wharton has put herself through a long and ardent apprenticeship, and her masters have been of the best, each in his sort.

It surely is not going too far to discover, in the present instance, an acknowledged indebtedness to the one from whom she has perhaps learned most. What Mr. Henry James has done more amply, with his careful distribution of light and his strange penumbral iridescences, Mrs. Wharton has successfully attempted on a restricted surface and through the more refractory medium of dry point. What we lose in repleteness and nuance we gain in focus, brilliancy, and definition. There is not a negligible sentence in Mrs. Wharton's story. With an ease which is the perfection of conscious art, with the conciseness of an Ibsen first act, the situation with all its essential antecedents is brought before us; and once established in its sharply-demarcated milieu, the story proceeds directly, neither dawdling nor hurrying, to its striking conclusion. The criticism of the intimate standards of another people is a bold undertaking. The Americans in *Madame de Treymes* we recognize as in their various ways representative, and — especially after Lily Bart's irresolute lover — it is gratifying to have for hero a man whom we may look upon as at once typical and worthy of respect. Americans of this type, as a French critic recently asserted, "chivalrous in their relations with all women, fraternally devoted in circumstances where other men would be merely gallant . . . do exist: they even make up the majority;" and we like to meet them.

¹ *Madame de Treymes*. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

The accuracy of portraiture is of less importance to us in the case of Madame de Treymes herself, whose infinite variety, subterfuge, coquettishness, and pathos, all part of a preordained scheme, and in the final analysis possessed of a certain dignity, are manifestly an effort at interpretation from an alien point of view. Though one's instinctive feeling is that Mrs. Wharton must have done it right, French comment indicates that there is at least plenty of room for question. Madame de Treymes *seems* actual enough; in the Faubourg that the author constructs for us she surely lives in flesh and blood; but Mrs. Wharton has a way of sharpening the boundaries of her action until the break between it and the unconsidered world outside is as sudden as between the edge of a chess-board and the table it lies on. One feels quite certain that, once the parts had been assigned, the game would have been played by the same moves and to the same conclusion that we find in this story.

In Miss Wilkinson's novel, *The Silent Door*,¹ one recognizes the promise rather than the achievement. The story taken as a whole is unimpressive. The plot is mildly preposterous, and none of the characters, not even little Rue herself, seems ever quite detachable from the printed page. But the details of Miss Wilkinson's work are a constant delight. You keep remarking the graceful sentence, the shrewd or naïve or spiritually-discerned observation, the single word that gives a sudden poetic outlook. If the style often strikes one as a little over-conscious, it at least avoids smartness; indeed its consciousness is no more than the result of an unremitting endeavor to say the thing in the best way. Miss Wilkinson is eager to perfect herself in her tools. She has a faculty of seeing things at first hand,—a sign of the poet in her: you remember her Jerusalem River and the country through which it meanders;

you remember the theatrical employment agency; the snapshots of New York "L" trains, of Broadway, and of the old house in Greenwich Village with its "purple-hung wistaria vine and the stone steps worn in grooves by generations of visiting feet."

Little Rue Penrith, the heroine of *The Silent Door*, can scarcely be called a "temperamental" child, because in spite of all the untoward fruits of her imagination, she has a counterbalancing abundance of plain childishness. Yet Miss Wilkinson trims her sails close enough to those risky shoals to make one hope that she will not venture any closer—at least for the present. The temptation might naturally be strong, for she clearly is interested in the special problems that beset the path of the highly sensitized and self-conscious individual. There is a time, I imagine, in the development of every artist, whatever his medium, when he is especially alive to these problems; and the fact that he must meet them so constantly himself may lead him to believe that they have an equal interest and significance for the world at large. But whether for better or worse, the world at large is incorrigibly normal: it does not bother itself greatly with "temperament;" and frankly there is no very effective reason why it should. The widely significant conflicts of life are for the most part to be found elsewhere. An authoritative and unpartisan study of temperament must of course claim attention always; the trouble is that in most cases studies of temperament are undertaken by the very persons least fitted for them—by those who lack perspective through the fact of their being themselves so deeply submerged; and this often gives to their work the guise of special pleading or helpless protest. Such illiberality tries one's patience.

I do not see how any one can be greatly drawn to Mrs. Wilkins Freeman's latest novel, *By the Light of the Soul*.² It seems

¹ *The Silent Door*. By FLORENCE WILKINSON. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1907.

² *By the Light of the Soul*. By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1907.

to me to exemplify all that the temperamental novel should not be. One stands almost dazed by so gratuitously painful a plot: the futility of it, its barrenness of spiritual meanings. To be sure, everything might really have happened that way; each of the crucial incidents is very carefully protected. Maria Edgham, hyperæsthetic, self-conscious, forced by circumstances to be at odds with the world in which she lived and in which her girlhood was just beginning to blossom, might have been suddenly bound in a secret and merely nominal marriage with a boy under twenty, through the clumsy misunderstanding of a city parson; and if she had been, no doubt her life would have been shipwrecked much in the way Mrs. Freeman describes; yes, and the ultimate solution of it might have been Maria's deliberate disappearance from the scene under cover of pretended suicide, so that her younger sister might marry the liberated husband; but this seems a needlessly perverse and unconstructive complication. Suppose — and suppose — and suppose — what would have happened then? The conditions are too fantastic to have any important bearings, despite the author's endeavor to make the situation illuminate the meaning of sacrifice. It is useless to speak in this connection of Mrs. Freeman's gifts, — of the direct and uncompromising way in which she presents her characters, of her impatience with mediocrity, of the stinging satire which she occasionally uses so effectively, — the pity is that she should not have put her ability to a more profitable employment.

A study of temperament which, if lacking in a certain full-bodied realism of treatment, has the advantage of being conceived in a humane and winsome spirit is *Felicity*,¹ by Clara E. Laughlin. The sub-title, "The Making of a Comedienne," and the dedication "To lonely folk, on the heights or otherwheres," indicate the atmosphere in which the story

¹ *Felicity*. By CLARA E. LAUGHLIN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

has its being. It follows the steps of Felicity's development from the days when, still a small girl, she played the leading rôle in a home-made version of *Mary, Queen of Scots*, in the barnloft, to the time when she stood at the head of her profession, surrounded by every luxury, talked of, courted, and envied. Yet always she must carry with her, under cover of a gay exterior, the unsatisfied longings of genius; she must suffer the loneliness of publicity, the fear of successes that pass, and the irreconcilable dualism of a personality in which the actress is always present to observe the woman, even in moments of the most sacred grief. The character of Felicity is very charmingly conceived; one would have liked to see her act. "She makes you feel" (said a woman coming out of the theatre) "as if she had . . . showed yourself to you, — yourself and herself and the fat woman beside you in the purple waist, and the thin girl in front with the plain face and the passionate eyes, and — all human nature; so you never can look at any of it again and see it single, in its meanness or its might, but always see it double, in its weakness and its strength." The story is told with an unassuming fluency and simplicity, and it leaves you with the pleasant feeling that the world is full of gentle and brave people; that suffering is accounted for by the sweetening of character under its ministry; and that love will not pass by on the other side if one's heart is ready to receive it. No one would think of calling *Felicity* an important novel; but it is one of those books for which a welcome is always sure because they make people feel happy. Such books rarely call for extensive comment. Once their special purpose has been accomplished, "ther is namore to seye."

The *New Chronicles of Rebecca*,² by Kate Douglas Wiggin, is eminently to be listed in this pleasant class. You do not concern yourself to inquire whether

² *New Chronicles of Rebecca*. By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1907.

Rebecca is not just the least bit too nice to be true; whether she would really have written that wonderful Thought-Book with all its delicious absurdities. The stories are brimming with mirth and kindly sentiment; and to find fault with them for not being what they do not pretend to be were more than ungrateful.

In something the same spirit — surely not to carp at its rather too conspicuous defects — one should approach O. Henry's new volume of stories, *The Trimmed Lamp*.¹ O. Henry seems to possess the happy gift of picking up gold pieces from the asphalt pavement. If occasionally his finds turn out to be tobacco-tags instead, you easily forgive him, it's so clearly a part of the jubilant and irresponsible game he is playing. It is the unpremeditated element that lends half the characteristic charm to O. Henry's writing. His faculty of vernacular observation rarely fails him. "Eight months," he tells us, "went by as smoothly and surely as though they had 'elapsed' on a theatre program." To Raggles, the tramp who was a poet, other cities had yielded their secrets as quickly as country maidens, "but here was one [New York] as cold, glittering, serene, impossible, as a four-carat diamond in a window to a lover outside, fingering damply in his pocket his ribbon-counter salary." O. Henry's stories are as disorderly as the streets of the city he loves so well. This newer collection shows not the least growth in the quality of his perceptions (always shrewd, but never deep), nor any hoped-for attention to good workmanship. Having learned a trick or two of construction, — the three-line surprise ending, for example, — he seems quite satisfied to go no further. Yet there is something irresistible about the stories, with all their crimes upon them; they are so buoyant and careless, so genial in their commentary, and so pleasantly colored by a sentiment which, if as sophisti-

cated as Broadway itself, is still perfectly spontaneous and sincere.

Miss Edith Rickert's novel, *The Golden Hawk*,² coming as it does after the rather blasé trivialities of *Folly* and the grimness of *The Reaper*, proves at least an unusual versatility in the author. It is a merry open-air romance of Provence — the sort of thing that could be easily turned into operetta. Trillon, who calls himself the Golden Hawk, because (though his grandmother keeps a sausage shop in Avignon) he will entertain no baser ambition himself than to fly straight into the sun — Trillon would wed Madeloun, whose harsh, intractable, and avaricious mother is *patronne* of the inn at Castelar, near the famous ruin. Trillon's passion is of the kind that alternately blazes and grows cool; he is a reckless, arrogant, gay-hearted, fascinating ne'er-do-well, ready to cut the gilt buttons from his new coat to pay his lodging, and then to go singing on his way, certain that his luck will not play him false. Madeloun has her adventures, too, as she waits behind, faithful — that is, faithful within reason, for you cannot risk everything on a vagrant's promise — to her absent sweetheart. And there are persecutions for her, and lovers' jealousies, and packings-off to a convent, and moonlight wooings; and in the end Trillon carries her away in triumph, *balin-balant* on his long-eared steed — "away from that grim ruin on the height, built by men who achieved their purpose a thousand years ago, out into the world that is a-making to-day. And everywhere they will have sunshine and love and hope; and what more do men need?" Facility, cleverness, and a certain literary bravura are scarcely defects in a creation of this type; and whether or not Miss Rickert has given us a picture of the real Provence, she has introduced us to a land where we are well-content to sing and sigh and sit i' the sun — never forgetting that one is "playing

¹ *The Trimmed Lamp*. By O. HENRY. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1907.

² *The Golden Hawk*. By EDITH RICKERT. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company. 1907.

the comedy," rather than having a part in the dull business of actual life.

It would be unfair to close this review without a reference to a little story by Miss Tarbell which has recently been brought out in book form: *He Knew Lincoln*.¹—"Did I know Lincoln? Well, I should say. See that chair there? Take it, set down. That's right;" and the speaker, who, one learns, is an old Springfield pharmacist, launches forth upon a rambling and anecdotal account of his acquaintance with the Lincoln of the earlier provincial days and with

¹ *He Knew Lincoln*. By IDA M. TARBELL. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1907.

the Lincoln of the times that tried men's souls. There is an appearance of artless spontaneity in the story, which will not be dissipated until, considering it retrospectively, one discovers how adequate and well-rounded is the impression it has conveyed of that greatest, most human figure in our history. It is a reverent and at the same time a singularly idiomatic piece of portraiture, more authentic somehow in its quality than any merely first-hand likeness of similar proportions could have been; and it is sure to take its place among the permanent and valued tributes to the memory of its hero.

THE BOOK-WORMS

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

Ho, thou, through the dim folio fondly mining,
We near the end.
A moment in thy sleeping and thy dining
Arrest thee, friend!

Only a little way art thou behind me,
But in my place
The world has grown so thin that now I find me
Close upon space.

Is it some larger leaf than we have burrowed,
In tinct and pale
And blazon of the title-page we furrowed
With sinuous trail?

Is it the answer to some wild of dreaming
Before me there?
Some airy lift, some hint of boundless gleaming,
Which way I fare?

Life! And, beyond, outlook of glorious weather,—
Wide wanderings!
Ho, friend, bestir thee in thy fragrant leather!
I feel my wings!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HID TREASURE

I MUST begin by saying how much I enjoyed the Club paper on "Rag-bags." Though ours has long dwindled to the usual modern size, I want to tell you of certain substitutes which, after long service, are just beginning now to fail me. They are the Cuddy, the "Office," and the Closet under the Stairs.

First the Cuddy!

It runs the whole length of the house, of which it has long formed the grand general lumber-room. It is low but not dark, for there are windows at its two ends. They afforded just light enough to read by, when in my childhood I used to go there to pore over certain novels of Mrs. Southworth contained in a stack of old story-papers there slightly thrust away. Beneath that sloping ceiling, by one of those tiny windows, how often did I weep over the sorrows of the Lost Heir-ess! With what rapt attention did I follow the fortunes of Miriam the Avenger as she fulfilled her "Fatal Vow!" But this was a pleasure that soon gave place to others more lasting. The Cuddy was filled not so much with literary rubbish as with the stores of the usual lumber-room. There were the cast-off toys of my elder brothers; there pieces of furniture broken or out of use; there various household articles found all at once behind the times. It was just after the War, Our War. Gone were the old aunts and mammies who had used the big wheel, the cut-reel, the winding-blade. Here in the Cuddy were all three, amid broken andirons, disused fenders, and the like. It was said by some that open fire-places were going the way of homespun cloth. Though this did not prove, in our case at least, quite true, the above accumulation was there. It has always been there more or less — till lately. Nothing else about the home

place has ever given me such a sense of reserved force as this Cuddy. Though (as I have known) it has not contained all the luxuries, I have long felt as if the necessities of life were there, and at a pinch would not fail one. Did one want a towel-rack? There was the cut-reel. With the help of white paint, behold it! transformed in hue and beautiful not in shape alone! Did one need a new fender? Lo! an old one which, being cut down by the cross-roads blacksmith and polished, is also a thing of beauty! When, two years ago, we were discussing (of course, quite seriously) making a party for the Coronation, someone suggested crowns as a necessary equipment. We are all heirs to titles here. They must be crowns — and "parcel-gilt." The question was raised, where to get them. I said, "O doubters and scoffers! do you think they could not be found either in the Cuddy, the Office, or the Closet under the Stairs?" Though we did not (as happened) go, I assure you it was not for want of faith in those crowns.

Now to describe the Office. The one of which I write was once a veritable country doctor's office. When I was a child its shelves were filled with medicine jars and bottles. There were box-bookcases of big books, and a terrifying collection of bones — skulls and cross-bones — with which our big brother, then studying medicine under our grandfather, used to scare and yet fascinate us. Now for years this too has been a sort of lumber-room. Books, bottles, and bones have disappeared. It is used in summer for a servant's sleeping-room. A certain degenerate member of the family has long wanted to keep a Miss-Hepzibah-Pyncheon-store there. But its shelves, its cupboards, have till lately been still capable of yielding rewards to the explorer. Was it not there we found the Civil War relics,

the breastplate, the bayonets, now so prized? Was it not there we found the bunch of old brass keys that we came near trading off for a door-knocker, and that now adorns our parlor? When people have talked of relics of any sort, has not the possession of the Office — not to mention the Cuddy — given me a feeling as of endless resources to draw on? How sad to think — But never mind just now!

And now, last but not least, the Closet! The Little Dark Closet under the stairs! Thank Heaven, that still holds its own to some extent! I can go there, chiefly for old magazines or other treasures of like sort (for this is a book-closet), without yet fearing that it will quite fail me. But how long will this last? The cry of "Pass it on!" grows daily louder and more inexorable. How long will it spare this last cherished hoard? A Virginia conscience is capable, when under strong pressure, of being almost as bad as a New England one. Have I not lately gone to the inmost depths of the Closet and raked forth one of the most cherished possessions of my youth? They were given to me, those numbers of *Scribner's* with purple covers, *to keep!* In those days people did such things. We did n't know it was wrong. We even kept things for the sake of people who gave them. Well, to go back to that batch of old *Scribner's*! Oh, with what delight were they first read — *Old Creole Days*, *The Granddissimes*, *Louisiana!* With what memories, what almost tears, I hang over them now! They are worn, they are dirty — but oh! why — why, just because I have had a box of new ones given me, must I "pass these on"? Can't I keep them — can't I keep the Closet as it is a while longer? Long years of "doing up" things, of wearing out and giving away, have stripped the Cuddy almost bare. Only one four-poster there is left to give a sense of antiquarian resources. (N. B. I have secret doubts now about those crowns, though a pile of old irons in one corner still may hold something.)

Though the Office still holds two or three things worth doing up, that too will soon be bare. There is now talk of doing even it up, converting it into a respectable summer bedroom. Standing as it does under a giant walnut-tree, surrounded by syringa bushes, it would be indeed a pleasant place to sleep. But what soothing consciousness of dim, half-explored places, yielding a possible "find," will be after a while left to us! I strive to harden my heart. Unless I can do so and hold on a while longer to that Closet, we shall indeed be desolate!

Will the members of the Contributors' Club pray for me that I may be allowed, by making some sort of compromise, to keep those purple-backed *Scribner's*?

DECORATED MARGINS

IN a town which I know very well is a certain street, ugly and insignificant even in a town of ugly and insignificant streets, down which I often had occasion to pass. One day I happened to read as I walked — in defiance of prudence and the oculist — a story written in a style and spirit somewhat above the average; a story with a window or two open toward the ideal, the infinite. Ever since, I have found that street most pleasant: interesting figures frequent it, and attractive vistas open out from its unalluring alleys. During one winter in Chicago, I often made the trip from the South Side to the city in a cable-car — that clanging, jerking abomination, most nerve-racking of all possible modes of locomotion. Within the car weary humanity; without, miles of assorted sign-boards. Not that I particularly minded the cable-car; for I was interested in most things, and in those days I had no nerves worth racking. But at least I never associated the cable-car with the glory and the dream. One day, however, I took with me *Vanity Fair*: and to this day a cable-car brings back to me the wonderful battle-chapter; and the chapter, when I read it in other scenes, finds me riding in a sort of apotheosis

of a cable-car, which summarizes and spiritualizes the city's very soul, — its rush of life, its sense of possibilities, its ever-recurring appeal to something deep and incorrigible in the heart of man.

In this way every book in my library — and a good many that are not there in the flesh — is a mystic storehouse to which I alone carry the key. Places long unvisited, long-lost faces, vanished years — they are pressed like dried leaves between the pages of my books, lending fragrance to the musings of some old philosopher, and borrowing, in return, a more touching dignity and grace. And if sometimes, amid the hurrying days, the desire assails me to go in search of my earlier selves, — those strange-eyed creatures of the past, — I turn to my bookshelves. There are the halls wherein these dim ghosts walk — strangely friendly and familiar if I seek them there.

I have mentioned *Vanity Fair*; it is one of the best examples. The mere name calls up visions. The first is of a meagre little college library, — one room lined with half-filled shelves, — an Eldorado to me and to many more besides. The college itself was one of those small denominational institutions, holding its head high in the proud consciousness of being self-supporting — a distinction indeed in that land of impecunious colleges and mendicant "universities." Behind her little table in the corner sat the librarian, a short-haired, round-eyed girl, the sister of one of the professors; herself neither teacher nor pupil, but a sort of mysterious amphibian. Across the room from me sat the divinity-student with the Napoleonic profile, a co-laborer with me in "Beginning Latin," who sometimes responded to my anxious "Datne regina puellæ rosam?" after a harrowing period of suspense, with a negative of laborious finality. The queen never did give the girl a rose; and to this day I somehow feel that it is the fault of the divinity-student; it was his influence, I am sure, that discouraged her unselfish impulses. It was in this library that I read *The Old*

Curiosity Shop, *Ivanhoe*, *Adam Bede* — and began *Vanity Fair*. For I merely began it. I read Dickens eagerly, and found George Eliot's great mind and heart a most alluring and congenial country from the first; but I abandoned *Vanity Fair* in disgust at the scene where Jos calls Becky his "diddle-iddle darling," under the inspiration of the rack punch at Vauxhall. My inherited and acquired Puritanism, the arrogance of my inexperience, revolted at that, and I put *Vanity Fair* back on the shelf in disgrace. Years afterward, when I again passed through the gates of that teeming, glittering, brilliantly-lighted city of Thackeray's mind, I wore the wedding-garment; and I shall never forget my solitary jubilee of surprise and rapture. To this day the opening chapters find me back on the golden sand of the beach, the happiest young soul who ever looked up from a book to take blue sky and racing wind into a silent partnership of joy. It is this dear alchemy of books that I wish to celebrate: this power to transmute the baser metals of every-day experience into the fine gold of memory. At least two epochs of my life are already shut up in the pages of *Vanity Fair*.

The bulky novels of the elder days have this charm to an extraordinary degree; perhaps this is one reason that they have a surer hold upon the memory than the more closely-pruned products of our impatient age. We live with them; they soak up the association of days, even of weeks and months — if we are leisurely readers, and understand reading as a luxury. I have always been glad that a busy household of which I was once a part made *Dombey and Son* last through a whole blessed season of winter evenings. How many shades of character, tricks of voice, household vicissitudes, and incidents of the day's work, are stored up in the lavender of its wit and pathos! Old days lie there like folded garments; one has but to unclasp the cedar chest again, and lift them out. Captain Cuttle has rejoiced in my joys; and I have shared

many a disappointment with the inimitable, sympathizing Toots.

Did you ever turn over your old school-books after a lapse of years, — “the dog-eared Virgil” and the rest? There is a certain slim, worn, old-maidenish textbook Emerson — “Compensation,” “Self-Reliance,” and “The American Scholar” — that transports me instantly back into the storm and stress period, when to reconcile Emerson with “revealed religion” seemed at once the most difficult task in the universe and the whole duty of man. Ruskin, too, and Carlyle: we plunged into them all, wrote copious essays about them, and — at least I can answer for myself and the boy who wrote poetry — actually discussed them out of school. Many immortal phrases get their connotation established once for all in the schoolroom. In my final year at the academy we read “Sohrab and Rustum;” and still the beautiful lines,

“— Like some rich hyacinth, which by the
 seythe

Of some unskilful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom
On the mown, dying grass, —”

take me back to our own fragrant little triangular garden on a Sunday evening after church (where we had listened to a sermon on Predestination), with the boy who wrote poetry quoting ardently in the moonlight.

And if you have ever chanced to teach English literature, and have chanced, further, to use some little school-edition which has survived from your own school days, that same little text will have been to you the unique meeting-place of two antipodal sets of associations. It would be hard to find two points of view more clamorously divergent than those of teacher and taught. The *Idylls of the King* calls up more insistently than any of the rest, I think, my own pedagogical days. A world-famous example of alliteration connotes the freckled grin of the boy who took lizards out of his pockets during study-period; beside the imper-

ishable face of the Lily-Maid rises the disgusted visage of the girl who thought “Elaine was silly to go moping round that way after Lancelot!”

Indeed, as Lamb says, “much depends on when and where you read a book;” and of no book is this truer than of one like Lamb’s own. Those pages beyond praise, — one would think they were already packed with vagrant echoes, delicate reminiscences, flavors fine and fugitive. Yet how readily they receive and keep one’s own — the intimate personal ones we put into them! “New Year’s Eve,” for instance, finds me sitting in a college library (not the remote, provincial one this time, but the decorous, unsocial “department library” of a big university) and leaves me far from the great highways of the world’s life, looking up from the strange light on my page to marvel at the wonderful coppery radiance of a sunset sky after storm, under which the stretches of rank grass and the masses of the wet green trees show startlingly, unbelievably bright. Since that time, every sunset after storm is sacred to Elia, and brings with it some whisper from his gentle ghost.

If you will think, you will find a book, an essay, perhaps a mere phrase or couplet, for every place where you have lingered on the journey; and which holds in solution, as it were, all that was most characteristic and significant in that phase of your life. Those perfect little lines,

“Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky,”

were not Wordsworth’s any more than they are mine. They belonged to one who used to mount to the high window in the great empty third-floor hall, — it was only a boarding-school, not a prison, gentle-hearted reader, — to look away across the Virginia hills and find renewal for the day’s petty havoc in watching the evening star light its holy taper at the dying bonfire in the west. Even a young impatient heart could not complain at the monotony of its days in the presence of

that joyous routine, lovely from everlasting to everlasting! I learned *Lycidas* on a series of long rambles; and the gray, ragged, mist-wrapped stretches of that unpretentious landscape merge, as I repeat it, into those "high lawns . . . under the opening eyelids of the morn." It is a pity ever to read anything but masterpieces; for the place will keep record of the book, as surely as the book keeps record of the time and place.

AN EYE FOR COLOR

I SUFFER — and I am blessed — with an eye. Like our good friend Elia, who bemoaned his lack of an ear, my difficulties come not from physical qualities or imperfections, but from an inner sense of which the optic nerve is the outward sentinel. My eyes are externally as those of my neighbors, not too beautiful for daily use, demanding the aid of spectacles when I take fine stitches, calm and gray and noncommittal — but educated.

Herein lies my cause for self-searching. Are the entries greater upon the credit or debit side of my ledger of joy in life, because of the years and money spent in training the instinct for beauty with which I was born? At the age of ten, my desire for artistic expression led me to perpetrate an object of yellow plush, shaped like a palette, bedizened with bright blue ribbons, and hand-painted (by myself) with daisies and forget-me-nots, and supporting a useless thermometer two inches long. My joy in this production was almost complete, though marred by the artist feeling that I had not yet brought forth the best that was in me.

At twenty-five, after a course in an art school, a long attendance upon exhibitions, lectures, and various sources of culture, as a bride I was saddened by daily association with yellow oak dining-room furniture and dumpy plated silver hand-me-downs, not to be dignified by the name of heirlooms, when my soul would have been satisfied to its deeps by the

vision of slender Colonial silver, reflected in polished mahogany.

The bosom friend of my childhood, married to a common-place pudgy little man, and living in a common-place pudgy little house, was perfectly complacent and happy with her blue plush parlor set, her cerise "throw" on the mantel, tastefully tied back with blue ribbons, and her gilt and onyx table topped with her hand-painted lamp.

Did she get more out of life or did I, looking ruefully at my yellow oak sideboard, but thrilling with secret satisfaction because I could appreciate the high-bred arch of my husband's nose, and the subtle strength in the lines of his brow and cheek? Was my pleasure in my one piece of Favrite glass — a lovely bit of flame cooled in dew and moonlight — a purer satisfaction, tempered as it was by the aforesaid yellow oak, than her complete happiness with her blue parlor set and her cerise "throw"? Was I happier at ten, when the yellow plush thermometer satisfied my desire to create the beautiful, or at twenty-five, when I knew?

On October days the little tide river which my windows overlook flashes like a cut sapphire to a sparkling sky, while the tawny browns of the long sedge grasses make a wonderful color harmony enriched by the deep russet tones of the distant hills. It is wonderful enough to take my breath away and I am deeply thankful that I have eyes to see it; but — from another window I see my neighbor's costly house decked out with the domes and minarets of a Turkish mosque, I see his front lawn decorated with a star of variegated colors, and blue spruces set about like exclamation points of painted tin.

Would it be better to be comfortably blind alike to blue spruce and blue river? Strangely enough the color sense seems often not to become more acute as people advance intellectually. I feel hurt when my sallow friends wear squirrel furs, or jackets of that dead color known as covert cloth. I am offended when a red-

haired girl wears a peacock-blue dress, but I forgive the world all its buffets when I meet a woman with copper-colored hair, red-brown eyes, a fair, pale skin, and a brown velvet gown. It is my sincere and deep conviction that magenta is the unpardonable sin.

But scientists tell us that in the world of flowers magenta has its definite and useful place in the evolution of a type. The flowers of reddish purple and its allied shades are the great middle class, which attract the crowds of commonplace, middle-class insects, while the stately lily, the pale yellow primrose, the fragrant honeysuckle, the long trumpet flower, high-bred creatures of delicate form and color, set a table for special highly organized visitors, not trying to make themselves so attractive to the multitudes of humble bees. Hence the majority of magenta blossoms.

I believe that some such truth holds in the world of people, who must at a certain time pass through the magenta stage before they reach the plane of a finer vision. I am certain that my neighbor is now in the magenta period of development. Many things prove my contention. A large crimson rambler rose climbs on a lattice over his piazza which, when it has reached the stage of last summer's millinery, is joined by the prolific purplish pink roses which share the lattice. His peonies are purplish pink, likewise his phlox, his petunias, and his altheas, which bloom modestly against a background of goldenglow. Even his little daughter is a magenta-colored child, with carrot hair and pale blue eyes, whose mother dresses her in pink! That man is a good husband and father, he has made money, much of it, and he is entirely unaware that he is a crime against society. He is simply in the process of evolution, and it may be that the grandchildren of that magenta little girl will be quite as alive as I am to the charm in the tracery of a green lichen on a gray rock, or the beauty of color in a velvety chestnut burr with the rich brown of the smooth nuts within. They may see as

much and be as poor according to material standards as I.

But the question remains — does my neighbor get more out of life, or do I? Is he happier with his automobile, his yacht, his hideous luxuries which satisfy him, and his blindness, or am I happier with my treasures which he would regard as puerile? I believe that, after all, I would not exchange for several diamond tiaras the memory that I have of one perfect day under a sapphire sky, with a sapphire ocean rolling off to the horizon, and great dunes of golden sand with their clumps of grayish-green beach grass making a perfect chord of color. My neighbor could never have seen that gold and green and heavenly blue as anything but sandhills. I am sure my home is happier because I see beauty in the glow of flame under the ashy tip of a cigar, than it would be if I nagged because I don't like the smell of tobacco.

SUN-DIAL MOTTOES

THE poets of all ages view the rapid flight of time with much anxiety and despair.

"Eheu fugaces labuntur anni!"

"A moment's Halt — a momentary taste
Of Being from the Well amid the Waste —
And Lo! the phantom Caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from — Oh make haste!"

"Art is long and time is fleeting."

Did they never attend a church sociable? Did they never pass hours at the dentist's, or take interminable ocean voyages? Why should they not occasionally consider the subject in its more cheerful aspects?"

However, so long as such melancholy sentiments are found "only in some rotten book," — to quote Harold in *The Golden Age*, — it does not much matter. But when they appear as mottoes on sun-dials one is surely justified in protesting. The breathless, desperate feeling of haste induced by the average sun-dial motto, the feeling that there is much to do, with

little or no time in which to do it, is one which the true garden lover should never allow to penetrate within his garden walls. Are not the walls there to keep out the rush and worry of the busy world? Why disturb the peace and quiet within by voluntarily introducing so severe and threatening an atmosphere? "Vigilate et orate," "Tempus fugit," or "Ex hoc momento pendet æternitas," are hardly ideas conducive to mental and physical relaxation. Lying idly on your back under some spreading tree, watching the summer clouds drift by lazily, listening to the hum of bees among your mignonette and lilies, is it possible to enjoy yourself completely while you have staring you in the face the solemn warning, "Volat irrevocabilis hora," "Memento mori," or the like? The cynical country friend who, in the throes of despair over an appropriate motto, ornamented his dial with the inscription, "The train goes at 8.20," hit the mark as well as most people, I think, by supplying each guest with the knowledge necessary to suburban life, and at the same time introducing that agitated atmosphere which he felt precedent had established around sun-dials.

Since no two gardeners are ever quite alike, and their gardens all differ in plan and conception, their mottoes should be chosen with more individuality than is usually the case, and not follow so imitatively the lines of convention. You may, for instance, take your garden as a place in which to be reminded of the irrevocable flight of time. Or perhaps you may find it the spot where you first learned the "joy of work." Or you may count your garden the best spot in which, after the day's work, to dream and rest and gain strength for the next day's problems. There are mottoes enough to fit all these different frames of mind. Which shall we choose?

It would seem as if only a morbid pessimist would give standing room in the garden to a dial with a motto fitting the first mood. Yet in how many gardens at home and abroad do the dials, covered with

vines and moss, bear half obliterated inscriptions like "Volani l' ori, i giorni, gl' anni, e i mesi," and

"Life's but a shadow, man's but dust
This diall says, dy all we must."

And instead of being depressed we are charmed at this archaic, uncompromising sentiment, put there by some shadowy man long since become the dust he anticipated. Perhaps some modern gardeners copy the stern mottoes of their forebears more from sentiment and a love of the antique than because of any really despondent outlook on life.

Of quite another class is the ardent worker who has been up before sunrise, pursuing on his hands and knees the wily and insidious weed, and is still found at sundown, exhausted but brave of heart, making his final rounds with the hose and watering-pot. To him there may be added stimulus in the strenuous motto, "Deus adest laborantibus." "Qui laborat orat." "Time wasted is existence, used is life." How little should the crick in the back weigh against such high rewards! How could he long refrain from hunting cut-worms or plying the hellebore spray with such an incentive before him! And yet the gardener who burns with the real fire should need no incentive to work in his own garden. To such as he, the day should be all too short in which to care for his treasures. An extra spur to activity should indeed be a mockery.

No, most of us are of the third class, and it is the restful motto that brings us the truest happiness in the end. "L'heure passe, l'amitié reste." What matter whether time slips away if our friends stay by us?

"How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?"

Is not the air redolent with thyme and lavender? And does not "Datur hora quieti" call up long shadows, birds going to bed and a general air of peace? Even the misleading optimism of the well-worn "Horas non numero nisi serenas" is quite in place here. The garden is without doubt the field of all others for

work while you must work; but the garden that produces only the effect of activity and toil defeats its own end. You must remember, too, that no one except yourself wants to work in your garden, and for the rest of the world you must provide happy, peaceful, sweet-scented surroundings.

"Here shall ye see no enemy
But winter and rough weather,"

was over the gate of a garden that I went into the other day. And once inside you felt that the entrance had indeed been carefully guarded. Roses, lilies, larkspurs, foxgloves, all your best friends, did their bravest and prettiest to make life bright and sweet for you, and help you to forget for the time being your cares and problems. Here, at peace with the world and your surroundings, you came at last upon the sun-dial, and found your contentment quite complete as you read its motto—quiet, sunny, and cheerful,—

"Noiseless falls the foot of time
Which only treads on flowers."

A DEGENERATE

WHEN a lady asked once to borrow my copy of Barrie's *My Lady Nicotine*, I inwardly commended her taste and marveled at her catholicity. When she borrowed it again, and — under the plea of reading it to a friend — yet again, I appended the quality of persistency to my inward analysis of her. And when, at last, lending it to her once more, I discovered in her library a copy of the self-same book, my wonderment became so great as to draw forth, as it were a magnet, a plenary confession from her. I discovered that my own copy was impregnated with the perfume of some Arcadian mixture, which gave to the writing a realistic charm which in her copy was, naturally, wanting. So completely did this coincide with my own appreciations, that I presented the book forthwith. It was accepted, on condition that I receive her copy in return and promise to continue the exchanges *in perpetuo*, so as to

keep always one of the two volumes in a state of — let me say — smoky realism. And this may explain, perhaps, why I remained a degenerate. But to me, the history of my unregeneration] was less tranquil.

For long I had been contemplating socialism, anarchy, anything that would promise, however vaguely, to remove the barrier of price between me and the many books I wanted. Books, cousins of those already overfilling my shelves; books heard of, dipped into, longed for, but never owned; books whose cost seemed so small beside the value received and so large beside my pocket-book; books—I wanted. Book and pipe spelled heaven on earth — the truest Nirvana. And one night, with a total of sixty-two dollars before me as the necessary equivalent for the latest group of my desire, I desperately decided that something must be done.

It was a simple problem, on the face of it, — get sixty-two dollars. Where? And suddenly a great calm fell upon me. My Puritan ancestors asserted themselves, and melodrama melted into the homeliest consideration of personal ways and means. I turned to my cash account. Sixty-two dollars I must save, somehow. How or where — what sacrifice to make, in short — was now the problem. Thus it was that my eye fell on the yearly total for "cigars and tobacco" of seventy-eight dollars. Thus it was that I, for the first time in my history as a smoker, a bachelor husband of the Goddess of Nicotine, meditated the surrender of tobacco to the purchase of books.

For a young bachelor whose salary came mainly in the pleasure of a chosen profession, the slight financial *anhang* being hardly more than sufficient to the equilibrium of a modest domestic economy, financial excesses in one direction meant financial restrictions in another. A worthy young man was I, — it was those ancestors, — and my one vice was tobacco. And now had come the crucial temptation for infidelity to my chosen

worship. Pipe and pouch hung in the balance.

It was a clear-cut issue, I saw from the first. To smoke a pipe without having also cigars was insufficient, — like free thought without free expression. No, I must smoke all, or not at all; and I squared myself to the fact that I was considering swearing off. In one flash, the argument for the plaintiff bore upon me, — the loss of a mere habit, the gain of library luxury. Virtue was at its full. Now, I felt, I was a gladiator for the contest, or never would I appear in the lists. The wide world of my understanding echoed with the challenge, "Shall I swear off?"

Yes, a thousand times yes, I thought wildly, hoping by bravado to force the issue. To smoke — what is it? A sacrificial rite to god habit, — the slaughter of books at the pyre, or the pipe, — the auto-da-fé of realities, by dreams. It is a sacrifice too long maintained. It must go. To be sure, even that would be in its turn a sacrifice, — but a slight one — oh, very. Sometimes it would not even be realized; and even on the very fittest time, when the bitter, clouded out-doors is copied in the saddened, heavy self, to come in to the old chair, to confide one's self to the old smoke, to caress the old, true goddess, and forget the new, traitorous troubles, even then it is an easy — well, not easy, but a — a — heroic — yes, mightily heroic — sacrifice.

And see the result. Books — books! I imagine this one, which I desire much, now in my hands. I lean back, open it, revel in its title-page, pass my fingers over its soft, responsive cover, light my pipe — no, not my pipe, of course, *the gas* — and read. The hours pass; the new land has received me; my pipe rejoices with me — *on the shelf*, of course, — and all is bliss. Page after page goes past, and no pause except to fill my pipe — no! no pause, I mean, even for that! — and then — I know; alas, I know — and then the

old, old longing for that sympathetic companion — *on the shelf*. Ah, but I will get over that: surely, yes, but — but *how*! Heaven only knows! Alas, I was a poor gladiator, indeed, — unless I was fighting on the wrong side.

The true debater — I remembered — studied the opposition as carefully as the defense. Calming my conscience with this maxim, I relinquished myself to soft adherence to fair tobacco. I will argue now, quoth I to myself, for the defendant.

Argue? What argument needs tobacco? Tell me, continued I to myself, where words can even impinge upon the luxurious sphere of the smoker's content. It was yesterday — no longer ago — that I entered my den with dark and evil thoughts — thoughts heavy with regrets, misgivings, and despondency. What was it that in twenty minutes turned me into a new man, refreshed for the contest, light of heart, sobered in judgment, confident for the future? The answer was already upon my lips — nay, even within them — *my pipe*.

My pipe! And I was, even in its subtle embrace, plotting treason against it! Well I knew that without this companion I should at that minute be lost to all meditative serenity, pacing my room vacantly, incapable of an honest judgment upon anything, be it pipe, book, or salvation. I — give up smoking — sacrifice tobacco — I? Never.

The still, small voice said, "But — the books." Conscience? The fiend it was! No conscience of mine would disharmonize the glory of that loyal resolve. Books — yes, I know. Books are like happiness — the real thing in life. But tobacco — ah, tobacco is life itself.

I must have both, even if my next winter's suit must pay for it. This settled, I knocked the ashes from my briar, filled it again; and in the cordial flash of the match I saw my way clear before me.

Barrie was *real* — and the lady should know it!